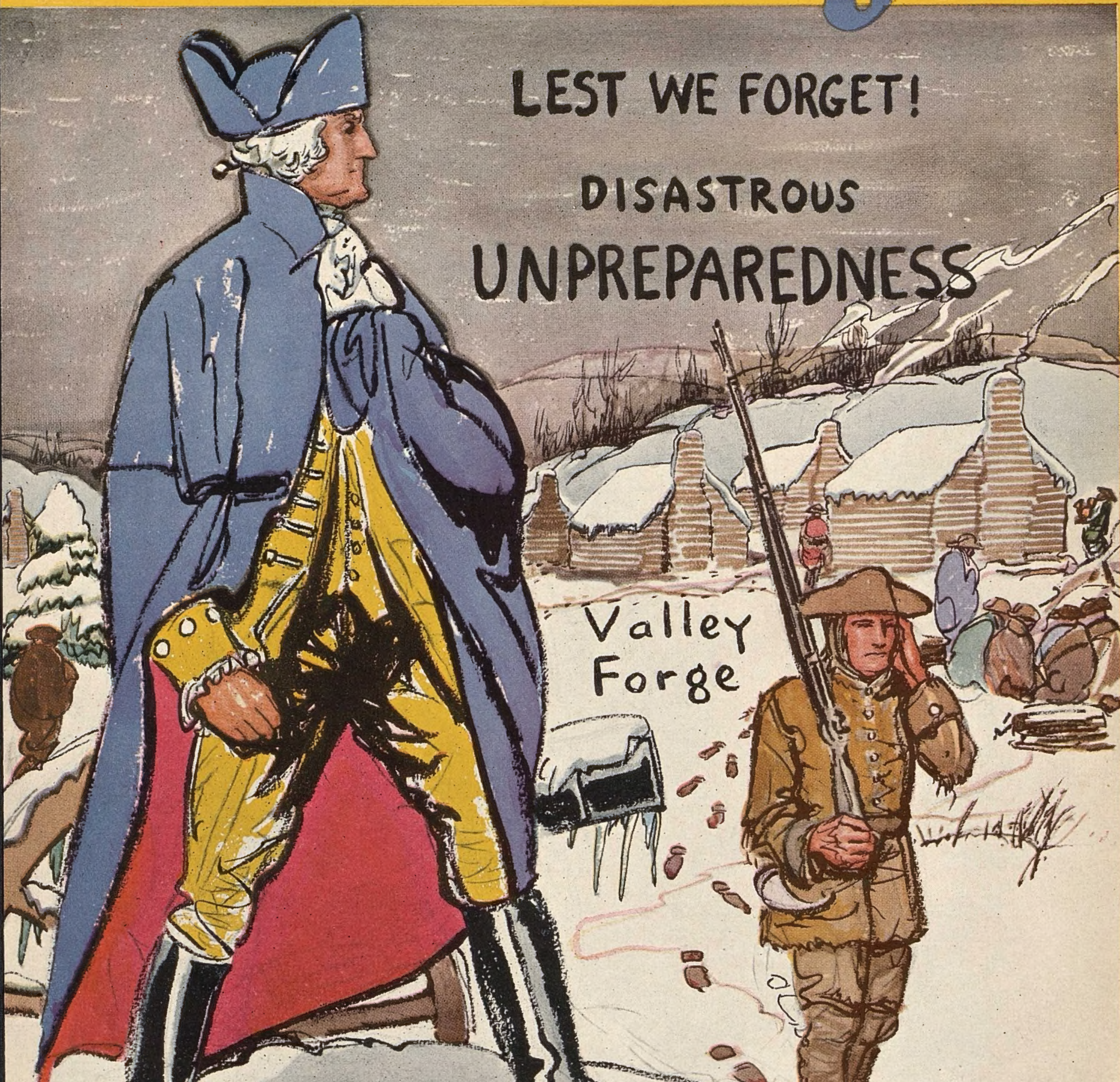
Plan of Life for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor by Upton Sinclair

EB. 26,
1938

★ Liberty

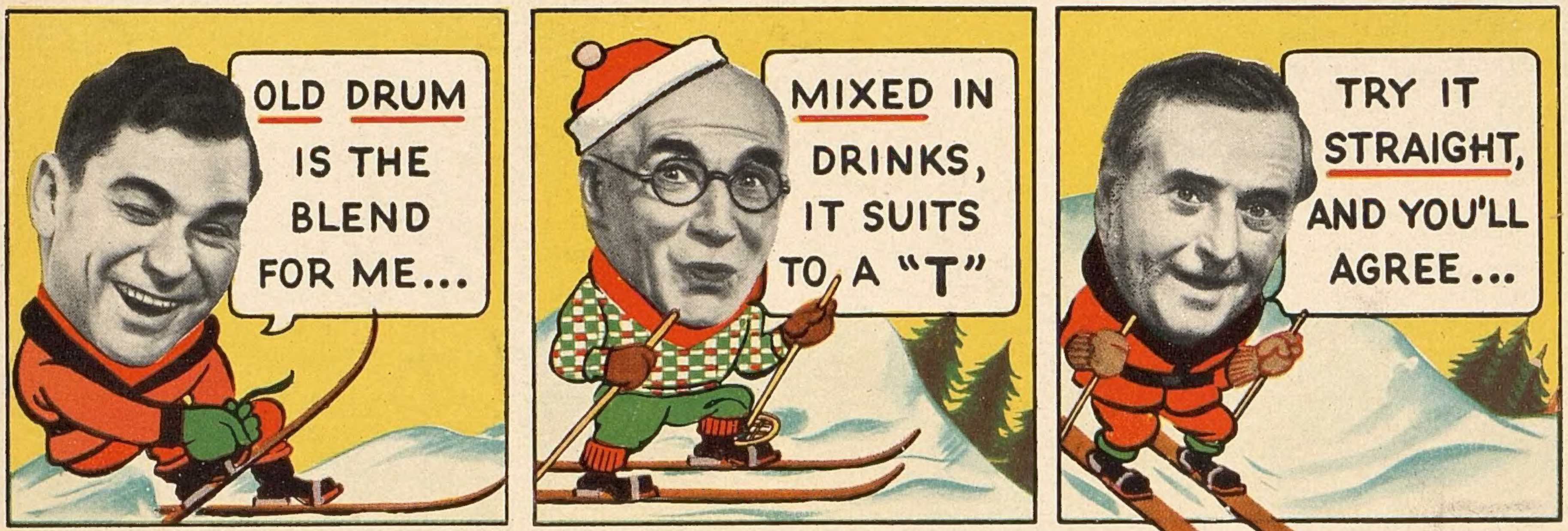
5¢

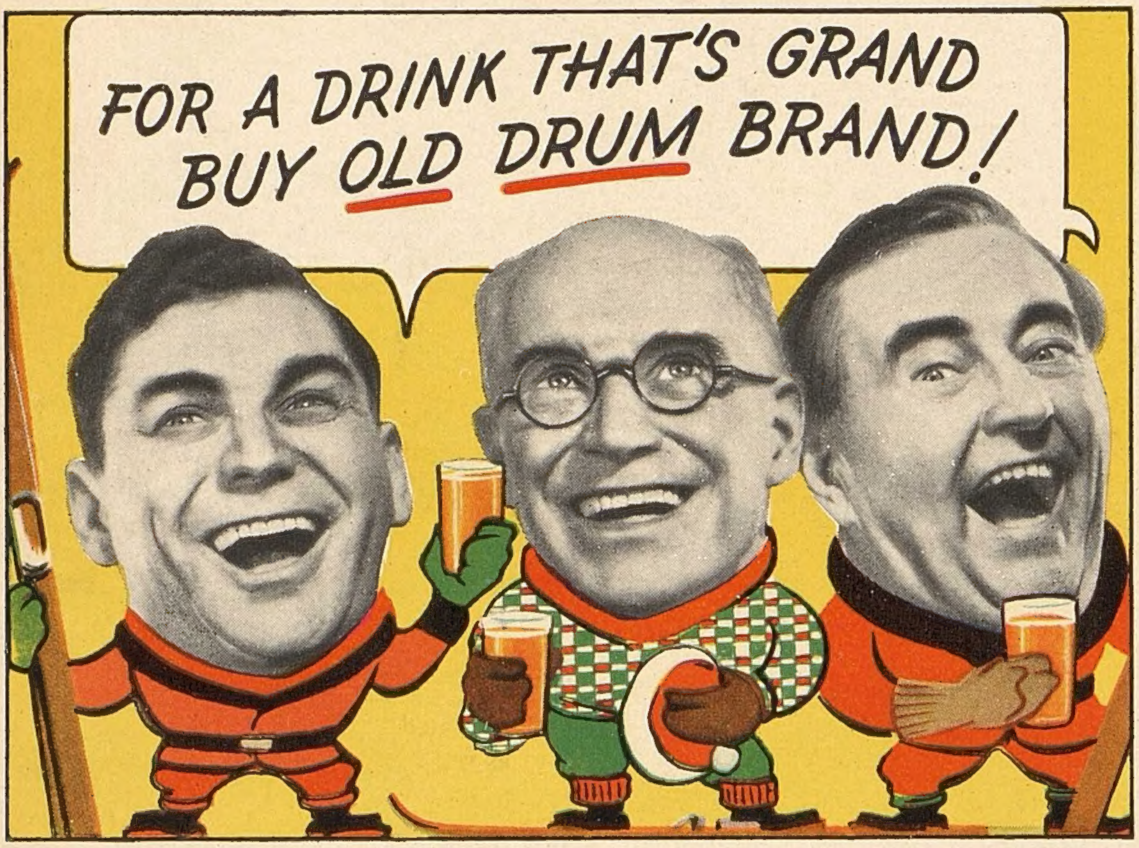

LEST WE FORGET!
DISASTROUS
UNPREPAREDNESS
Valley
Forge

WHY MARRIED MEN BECOME CHAMPIONS by Joe Louis

OCTORS DON'T TELL— ONE PHYSICIAN DARES TO REVEAL THE GLORIES

SMOOTH GOING WITH OLD DRUM BRAND!


OLD DRUM IS THE BLEND FOR ME...
MIXED IN DRINKS, IT SUITS TO A "T"
TRY IT STRAIGHT, AND YOU'LL AGREE...


FOR A DRINK THAT'S GRAND BUY OLD DRUM BRAND!

Two First-rate Recipes

FOR A PAIR OF GRAND OLD FAVORITES

HOT TODDY

For each toddy, 1 lump of sugar; 1 twist of lemon rind; 1 jigger of Old Drum. Add boiling water to nearly fill up an Old Fashioned glass. A stick of cinnamon or clove provides the perfect "finishing touch."

MANHATTAN

For each cocktail, 1 dash Orange Bitters; ½ Italian Vermouth; ½ Old Drum. Stir (or shake) with cracked ice. Maraschino cherry in each glass. For "Dry" Manhattan, French Vermouth instead of Italian.

Honestly —YOU'VE GOT A REAL TREAT IN STORE!

Try Old Drum straight or in a mixed drink—either way, you'll enjoy the smooth body and full, rich flavor of this fine *blended* whiskey—full 90 proof. When you *taste* it, you'll see for yourself: "You can't beat Old Drum!"

OLD DRUM Brand
OLD DRUM BRAND
Blended Whiskey
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT

OLD DRUM
BRAND *Blended Whiskey*

BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Copyright 1938 Calvert Distillers Corporation. Distilleries: Relay, Maryland, and Louisville, Kentucky. Executive Offices: Chrysler Building, N. Y. C.

A Future Star of the Stage and Screen just can't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

LITTLE girls have ambitions, too! And what could be more important to a future young star of the stage and screen than a lovely, attractive and *winning* smile. That's why she is guarding that smile *now*...practicing faithfully at home the important lesson her teacher taught her—daily massage of the gums for firmer gums and sounder teeth.

Thousands of children will some day thank their teachers for pointing out the danger of today's soft foods. For today's fiberless, rich foods rob gums of the work they require for health. Lacking exercise, they tend to grow flabby, tender, weak—and sooner or later that warning tinge of "pink" may appear on your tooth brush.

"Pink tooth brush" means—*see your dentist at once!* You may not be threatened by serious gum trouble—but only your dentist can be the judge. Usually, however, it is a simple warning of underworked gums—gums that need more vigorous exercise—and, as so many dentists suggest, "Gums that need the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to aid the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused in the gum tissues—gums tend to become stronger. Teeth have a brighter look.

Let Ipana, *with massage*, help you to *sparkling* teeth, *healthier* gums, a *brighter, more attractive smile!*

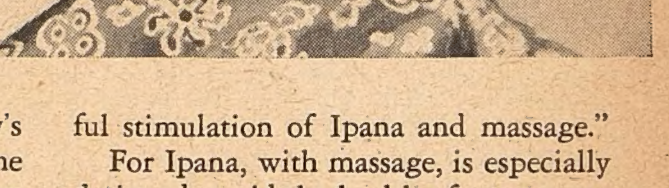
* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

GIVE YOUR SMILE THE HELP OF IPANA AND MASSAGE!

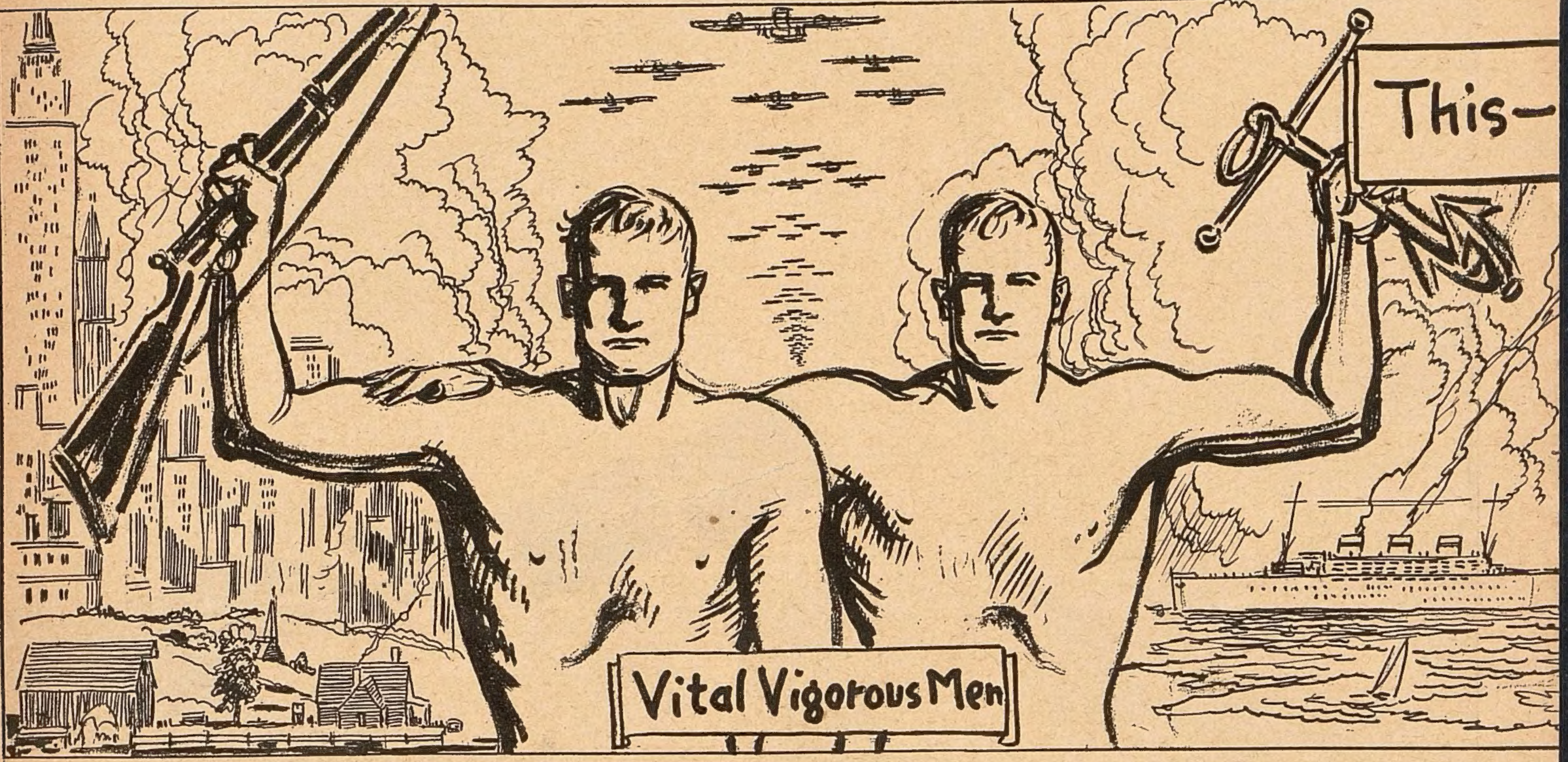
THAT'S RIGHT, CHILDREN! AND REMEMBER, THIS IS PART OF YOUR HOMEWORK FOR TONIGHT!
LIKE THIS MUMMY— THAT'S THE WAY TEACHER TAUGHT US TO DO IT!
TOO BAD MOTHER AND I DON'T GO TO YOUR SCHOOL, MARY. I KNOW WE'D GET 100 FOR GUM MASSAGE!

IPANA
Tooth Paste


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

FEBRUARY 26, 1938 VOL. 15, NO. 9 BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER Lib

PREPARE TO FIGHT OR



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Some people can be nonchalant when they face death, regardless of how brutal the experience may be; but when we view the barbarism . . . the wanton and brutal destruction of human life in China, where noncombatants are murdered like rats in a trap, and we realize that the guilt must be assumed by a war-glorifying nation which ignores international law, and which many of us believe has been for years preparing for war with this country, and when at the same time we view the struggle now going on in Washington's legislative arena between selfish groups, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that we are just a lot of dumb fools.

The majority of the farmers of this country do not want free gifts, but when they are being passed around and they realize that ultimately they will be taxed for their share, you can hardly blame them for accepting them.

The business men of this country do not want the government meddling in the management of their affairs. Labor may want higher wages, but when higher wages mean the destruction of the source of their jobs . . . when they mean boosting prices with lessened demand, all of our intelligent workers would rather accept lower wages with a guaranty of permanent employment.

And it is to these problems that Congress is giving its attention at the present time. They have given but little, if any, consideration to the possibility of a massacre of our citizens, with bombing planes over New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, or many of our great cities.

And yet that is a definite possibility which any intelligent citizen will willingly acknowledge.

Oh, yes, we are isolated, so some say; but it is about time we discarded that foolish dream. We are not isolated from Mexico, Peru, or any one of the South American nations which could easily become a base for operations in a war against us.

Yes, and some say the billion-dollar demand by the President indicates the serious attitude at Washington regarding this menacing situation.

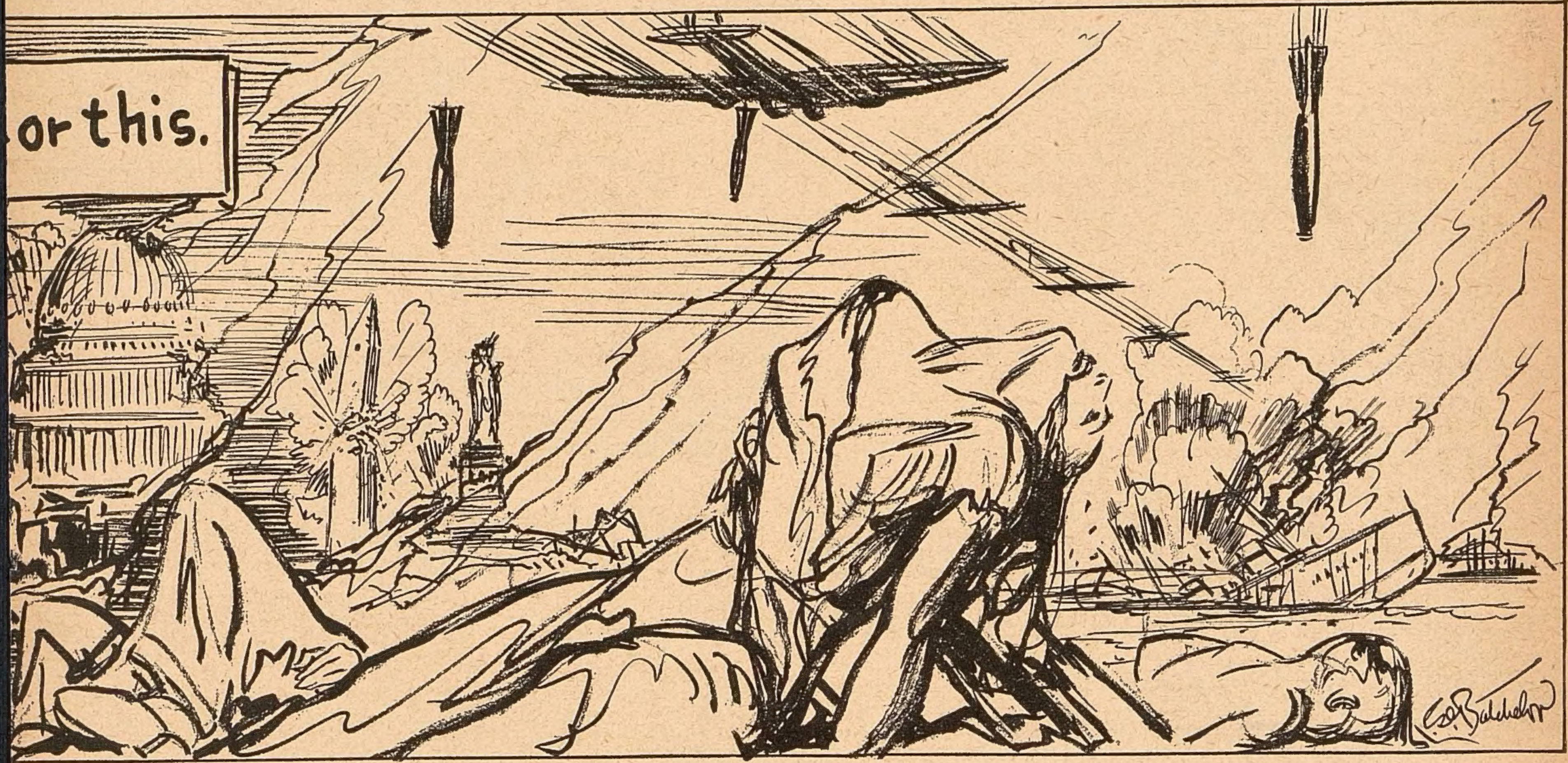
But what has been done beyond this financial recommendation? What can be done to awaken this nation to the necessity for immediate action to prepare for war?

Every possible effort should be made to arouse intense interest in athletics on the part of our young men throughout the entire country.

I made a demonstration in the State of Alabama three years ago, associated with heavy expense, with the hope that the National Youth movement would conduct a similar campaign in every state, but this national activity simmered down mostly

erty FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF ROBERT S. STAPLES, ART EDITOR

FACE NATIONAL DEATH



to making donations to students to help defray their educational expenses.

What is the first requirement in war?

Vital, vigorous men.

And the manner in which the value of such an asset has been officially ignored in this country is an outstanding disgrace. No other country in the world has been so neglectful. Physical examination of our young men during the World War told a story that shocked the entire nation, and what have we done since that period to help the situation? A few ciphers will answer that question.

Every dollar spent on the dole at the present time, or on WPA activity should be associated with certain requirements which would help build up the health of the nation.

With all the billions we have spent to feed our victims of unemployment, no outstanding effort has been made to point out the vitality-building character of whole-grain foods in contrast to the bolted products which nearly everybody uses.

Maybe if we were being menaced with national oblivion, the conscientious scruples of our officials would come to life and some effort would be made to teach our citizens how to eat to build the vitality and vigor required of fighting men.

The importance of aerial warfare is everywhere recognized. We have made a few experiments and we are supposed to have the fastest and most effective fighting airplanes, but instead of counting them by dozens, they should be enumerated in hundreds and thousands.

And the way this country has neglected the education of pilots is bordering closely on criminal negligence. Every other country gives every possible encouragement to pilots . . . pays bonuses to schools for graduating them, while efficient pilots in this country find it difficult to make a living. These appalling abuses should be corrected!

Our only hope is the awakening of the people of this country to the menace of a situation that may bring penalties too horrible to contemplate.

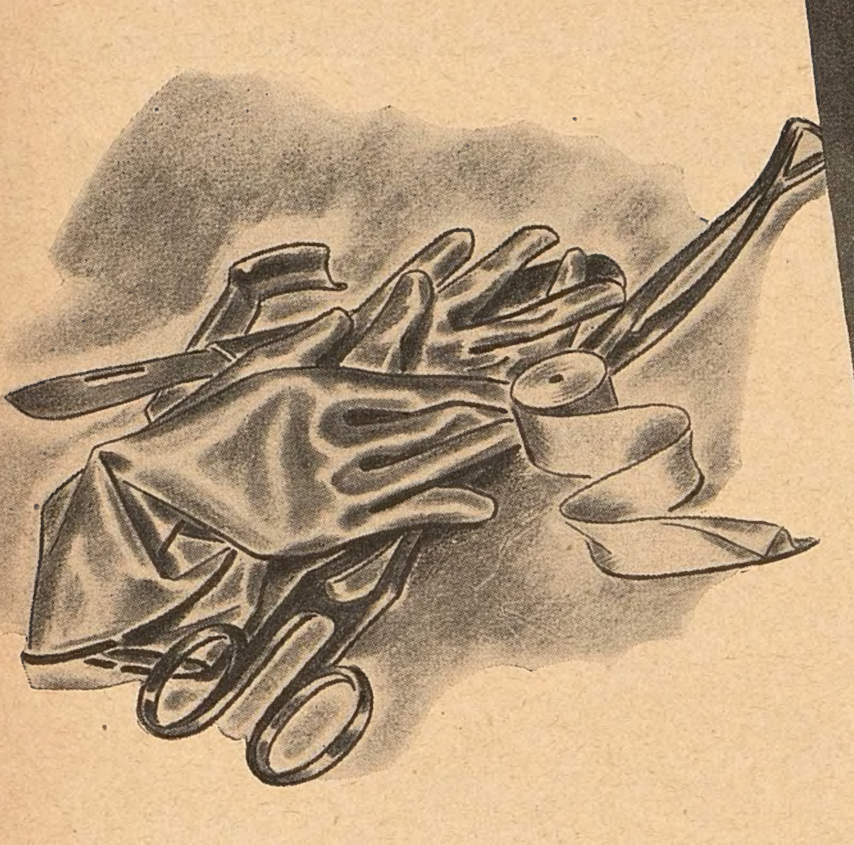
Spain and China have paid dearly for their mistakes. These countries have been turned into human slaughterhouses. Shall we face a similar fate? is a pertinent question at this time.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras. British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

BEGINNING



Doctors DON'T Tell

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Liberty does not offer this as a record of a typical case—nor as that of a unique and isolated one. There are many such doctors and many such medical schools as those described in these pages. And if the profession itself should clean its house of such persons and things, the world would be a better, safer place.

No finer man or woman exists than a good doctor—and the world is full of them. No human needs are better served than those which are met by the conscientious, intelligent, and self-sacrificing members of the profession. That the picture has its darker sides is a tragic fact which Liberty believes should not be hidden if it is to be remedied. Hence this series.

The facts in this story are true, but all the names and places have been changed beyond the possibility of identification.

PART ONE—I LEARN ABOUT "MEDICAL ETHICS"

I HAVE just read a great book, The Citadel, by A. J. Cronin.

Hundreds of thousands of other Americans are reading it too, although it deals with a problem which we, in our national pride, may think has no place in the American scene.

The man in Dr. Cronin's book tries to practice medicine honestly—first in the far-away valleys of South Wales and later in London—and the terrible things that happen to him at the hands of his own profession constitute the tale.

But, after a good many years of trying in my humble way to do the same thing right here in our own country, I am convinced that the problem is in no sense national or geographical. To begin, let it be said that it isn't easy to be an honest doctor anywhere—and, to their shame be it said, many doctors themselves help to make it hard.

Don't misunderstand me. I am proud of being a physician. I am proud of the triumphs of honest physicians everywhere, and of their honorable defeats. But for many in the medical profession I can hold no brief.

There are fine men in the medical ranks—as can be said of almost any group of citizens—but there are many less fine men, too. In neither respect is the profession different from any other collection of men and women.

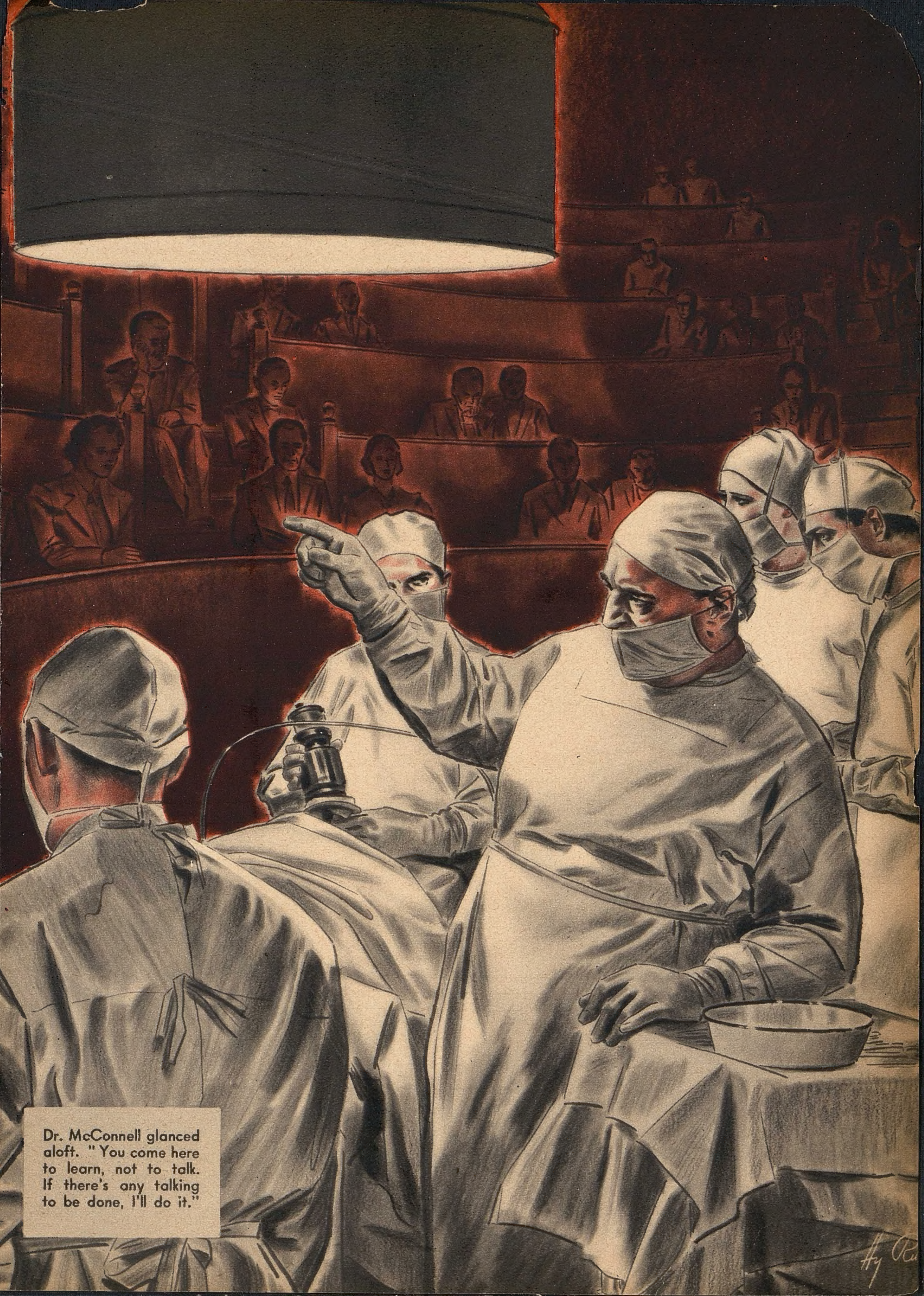
There may be more heroes among us doctors. There may be more villains. There are certainly more mediocrities. And these mediocrities are often more dangerous than the germs which they are supposed to fight.

At least, that is my opinion; and it is an opinion uttered without bitterness. The practice of medicine has brought me many thrilling and inspiring experiences, many loyal and valued friends, a fair share of professional repute and worldly success.

I have no kick, and I make none; but I do have a knowledge of medicine as it is practiced in America today which can be obtained only from the inside, and I propose to use that knowledge for the benefit and for the protection of patients and possible patients and the honest, conscientious physicians everywhere.

In short, I do not come to praise Hippocrates or to bury him; but to unveil him. If I do it a bit roughly at times, I hope you will bear with me. I am just a plain American doctor—a real person, though "George B. Raymond" is not my real name—talking about something that is important to every other American.

An amazing human document! . . . One physician dares to reveal the glories and secret tragedies of his profession



Dr. McConnell glanced aloft. "You come here to learn, not to talk. If there's any talking to be done, I'll do it."

But by telling without reserve the story of my own life, as medical student, as interne, as practicing physician, and as consultant, I can draw aside the mantle of secrecy which has too long enveloped the intimate lives of doctors, and show for what they are the glories—and horrors—of my profession.

And, with your permission, I'll begin at the beginning, with my first day in medical school—a small school in a large city; the United States has many such schools graduating physicians today.

I was told to report to Professor Dawall in the anatomy department. He was very nice to me, but got down to business awfully fast. "Have you your dissecting kit, razor, and grocer's coat?" he asked.

I nodded assent.

"All right. Here, Mr. Boldan!" he called to a slim, slightly bald, redheaded student. "Meet Mr. Raymond. He is to be your partner. Go down to the morgue with Mr. Raymond, see Joe, and get a cadaver—a male. And bring up an extra male and female for me."

Boldan was a second-year man. At least, he would have been if he hadn't come down with pleurisy and lost practically all the first year's work.

He guided my none too willing footsteps down the dark cellar stairs to a room about twenty feet square filled with large rectangular tin boxes. I could distinguish carbolic acid and formaldehyde among its smells.

An old man, evidently Joe the embalmer, turned from his workbench under a green-shaded light and helped us get the required specimens into the freight elevator.

Professor Dawall was waiting for us upstairs.

"You feel all right?" he asked me, when our future anatomy dissection had been laid on a zinc-covered table.

"Yes, sir," I stammered; and I really was reviving fast in the comparatively pure air of the lab.

It is extraordinary how fast you get used to things.

Ike Boldan and I got along well. We were both older than the average medical student. He had started out to be a chemist, and I had been for some years a practicing engineer. But both of us had felt that we had a call to be a doctor and couldn't resist it.

I had complicated my situation—and theirs—by acquiring along the road one wife and two children, all of them dependent on me for support. But when Dean Witherspoon had told me that the faculty of Duggan Medical College had accepted my engineering degree in lieu of two years' premedical work and was prepared to enter me in the freshman class, I was prepared too—or thought I was.

My wife was proud and happy when I broke the news to her. We had worked so hard to get together money to take care of the two children and ourselves for the next five years.

Now, instead of having only inanimate things to deal with, I would have humans—frail, strong, queer, sane, whining, stoical—and life and death.

I had had a long conference with Dean Witherspoon. He spoke solemnly, in a high-pitched oratorical voice, of the high ideals of the profession. I mustn't confuse it with material things. It dealt in people's lives—souls. Tremendously impressed, I came away expecting great things from my studies and from my teachers.

THE day I heard the good news was my birthday. I could think of nothing better for a birthday gift than the privilege of actually studying medicine. It was a venture, though, to begin at thirty-three years of age, with a wife and two children to think about.

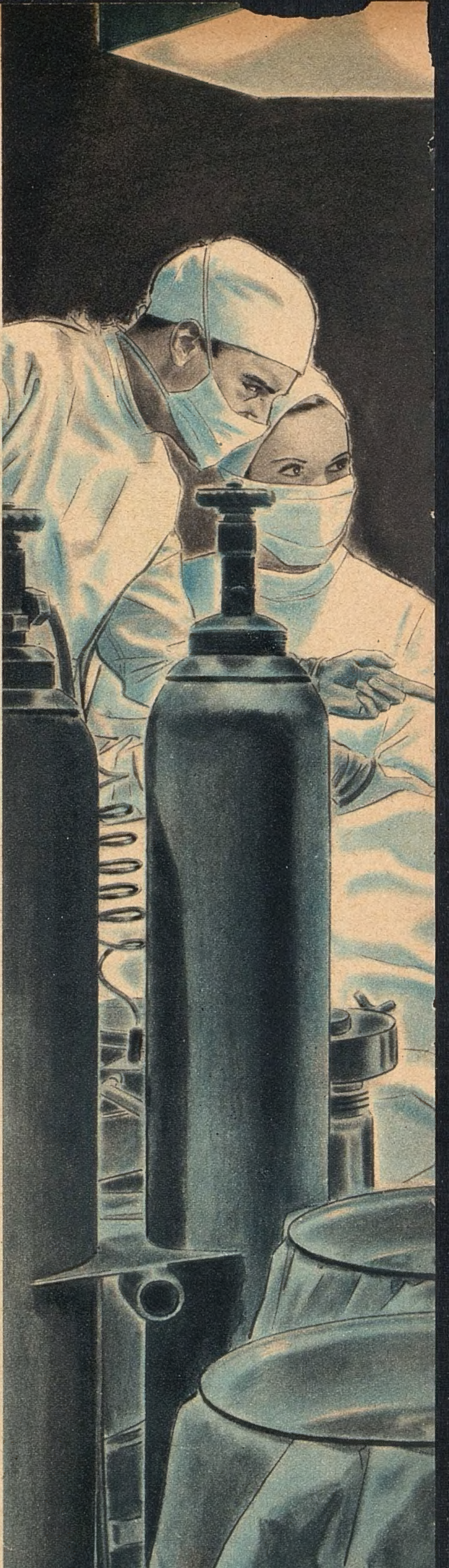
Duggan was a small medical school, typical of dozens scattered through the country. With the exception of Boldan and me, the members of the class were youngsters, from twenty to twenty-three: Italian, Jewish, Irish, and a lot of others named Smith, Jones, Brown. Some were the sons of the rich, some the sons of the poor—a representative cross section.

There were also two girls. Edith Jolley was the queen of the class. She was a fine girl and a fine-looking one, deservedly popular with all of the boys. She was the daughter of a chiropractor who had always wanted to be a doctor and who was realizing his ambition in his girl. Her companion, Charlotte Sidway, was another fine young woman who, though she lacked some of Edith's physical charm, made up for that in brains.

My first dissection consisted of learning the origin, insertion, and nerve supply of the trapezius, rhomboideus, and latissimus dorsi muscles. Boldan and I quizzed each other as we went along.

There were no classes on Saturdays, so when the first one came around I went over to Trinity Hospital, where my dad's lifelong pal, Dr. William Mann, was surgeon in chief. He brought me into the world.

Uncle Billy, as I have always called Dr. Mann, had a prosperous private practice, and also operated every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings at the hospital. Starting as early as five in the morning and usually finishing about one in the afternoon, he would at times do as



"So when I got in there they were arguing as to which was the thing to tie off. Two surgeons arguing like fishwives!"

many as twenty major operations in a day, with no interruptions, except to scrub between jobs.

When I arrived at the surgeons' room on the clinic floor, I found Uncle Billy resting between operations. "What the deuce you doing here?" was his cordial greeting. "Who's sick?"

"Nobody. I just want to see a real doctor do his stuff."

"Well," he grunted, scratching his bald head, "get your coat off. Here, nurse, get the 'doctor' an outfit." Then, turning to me: "I want to see you here every Saturday morning. You can learn more here than in the books. Remember, every Saturday morning. And I'll expect you here every Tuesday and Thursday when you haven't school, or during the summer season. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

Only a freshman medical student, and I was going to work with the greatest surgeon in our half of the state! My knees shook.

"Now, let's get down to limerick on the present," continued Uncle Billy brusquely. "Our next operation is a gastroenterostomy, which means making a new opening between the stomach and the intestine, usually done to relieve ulcers of the stomach, or when cancer blocks the outlet of the stomach. Today's case is an ulcer type. Watch. Do as you are told. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open. I will explain the steps and the anatomy as we go along. Clarence Metz is my assistant. Do you know him?"

I nodded assent and shook hands with Dr. Metz.

"Good. Now get scrubbed. Clarence, show George how to scrub. He is going to be with us on Saturdays from now on. Tell him anything he wants to know. He's rather older than the usual medical student, and perhaps we can make something out of him."

SOMEHOW, with Dr. Metz' assistance, I scrubbed correctly and got into the operating room. Once there, I watched Uncle Billy and Dr. Metz get on their gowns and gloves. I did the same, so I thought. But Uncle Billy didn't. I had touched the outside of my glove against my finger, and I had to put on a new pair.

Old Dr. Brown was giving the anesthetic. I had known him for years. He took care of me when Uncle Billy was in Europe and I down with scarlet fever.

How I performed at my first "assist," I don't know. Pretty rotten, I guess. Once I passed the wrong instrument; and once I let the retractor I was holding get in the way. While the operation was progressing Uncle Billy called attention to each of the anatomical parts and their relations and functions.

"Know two things, young man," he said, "your anatomy and your physical signs and symptoms. If you want to learn anatomy thoroughly, study it blindfolded. Put on a rubber glove, blindfold your eyes, then see if your finger can tell you the muscles, et cetera. If you can do that, you will be started right; and when you get out you will know your work so well that you won't have to worry as to whether you're doing a job right—you will know."

I resolved that Ike and I were going to learn our anatomy both by sight and by sense of touch.

Between our fourth and fifth jobs, while we were resting in the washroom, Miss Cline, the clinic supervisor, whispered to Uncle Billy that Drs. Holley and Fowler, who were operating in room B, requested his presence at once.

The surgeons she mentioned had practiced general medicine for many years. Both had recently been abroad, and since returning home had let it be known that they were taking up surgery in a rather large way.

Uncle Billy left, and returned in a few moments with a look of astonishment and amusement on his face.

"Gosh!" he blurted. "This public of ours sure does play guinea pig at times. What the devil do you think was going on in there? They are doing a hernia and suspension. When I arrived, they had the patient under, the incision made, and had gotten down far enough to expose both the inguinal ligament and the iliac artery and vein. That's the large artery that branches from the aorta and feeds the entire leg."

"So?" asked Dr. Metz.

"So when I got in there they were arguing with each other as to whether the ligament was the thing to tie off, or the artery. Holley said the artery was the ligament. Fowler said the ligament—well, he just didn't know where or what it was, but he was sure the thing Holley was going to put a clamp on was not the ligament. Two surgeons arguing like a couple of fishwives! And, to tell the truth, they had hold of the artery."

"What would have happened," I asked, "if they hadn't called you and they had put the clamp on the artery?"

"Nothing much, except that the patient would in all probability have developed a thrombosis or gangrene, and might have lost his leg."

Thanks to Uncle Billy's advice about learning anatomy by the touch method, in my first examination in the subject I got a 93, which was tenth highest in the class. Poor Ike got a 79. I decided to quiz him harder from then on. Ike was also unlucky in the daily "snowball" fight, in which he *would* join in spite of my protests—a horrible pastime which some of the students considered "great fun."

Class, you see, started at one thirty—that is, the professors showed up at that time—but the laboratory was opened at twelve thirty. It promptly became the scene of a miniature Château-Thierry, in which the irresponsible youngsters of the class—and Ike!—did battle, with human bits for shrapnel. I don't mean I was a prude. I didn't blame the kids for having their fun, but, after all, I was a grown man with a wife and two children and a consuming ambition. So I declared myself out.

I passed my midyear exams. Got a B in histology and a C in embryology. Now for biochemistry and bacteriology.

Dr. Mountain, a protégé of the famous Dr. Becker, was the professor of biochemistry. He was a tall hungry-looking man with a slight stoop and a harelip. He always reminded me of Washington Irving's description of Ichabod Crane.

This professor lisped and mumbled, yet he delighted to give lectures. He was known to take off as much as five points on an otherwise creditable quiz because of one misspelled word.

His assistant, Horace Percival Helder, M. A., Ph. D., associate professor of biological chemistry, could talk, and gave good lectures. But he had been a precocious child, one of those who translate Latin at three, Greek at four, do problems in Euclid at six, and at seven hate the world.

Helder was a runt—an untidy runt. Due to the shellackings he received in early life from less precocious youths, he hated especially all full-rounded specimens of manhood. Any of these in his classes were apt to be ridden hard, and if they protested, to get poor marks.

He had a trick of sneaking up behind some student who had laboriously worked out a difficult experiment, seizing a test tube or flask from the experimenter's hand, emptying it in the sink, and remarking disgustedly, "Tish-tish! Poor technique—poor technique! Do it over. Poor technique—tish-tish!"

But, as every desert has an oasis, so did the freshman medics have a haven: Mike Schlitz, assistant in biochemistry, a man with an understanding heart.

As the marks were set up three ways—Mountain, one third credit; Helder, one third credit; Schlitz, one third—Mike always managed to put his marks in last. If the other marks showed some youngster getting an unfair deal, Mike would give him a high enough mark for a passing average.

Mr. Will Thorpe taught bacteriology in the department over which presided the famous Dr. Henry Willson, whose nearest approach to modern medical needs was a consuming interest in the Peruvian mummy. Mummy Willson the boys called him. Thorpe was a new man who came from Williams College. He had been at Duggan two years. He was tall, well built, bald, and an all-around nice fellow.

MARKS were fair in bacteriology when Thorpe had anything to do with them. Mummy Willson's, if you kowtowed frequently and low, were passable.

Willson was a short, bald, repellent man of about sixty-five, with very sharp features, who paced up and down the laboratory—at times gesturing as if to implore high heaven, at other times, scratching.

He was given to condescending effusions on "What I think of Pasteur," and pontifical assertions that "Metchnikoff, in *my* opinion, was a visionary, not a professor in the sense that I know professors today."

The boys, though young, learned fast. They listened flatteringly, and all passed, even the morons. The only two casualties were the girls, Edith Jolley and Charlotte Sidway. They refused to play up to Willson, and he "flunked" them both.

Willson was overheard growling to a sympathetic colleague:

"Medicine's no place for a girl—in *my* opinion."

Edith left us and finished with Charlotte at Penn State. Today she is rated as one of the good baby specialists in America; and Charlotte is a general practitioner with a substantial practice in a middle-sized Eastern city.

As a freshman, I wasn't supposed to be far enough advanced to benefit by attendance at the surgical clinic classes of Professor McConnell, but my work with Uncle Billy had fired my curiosity about surgical matters in general, so, having a free morning, I went.

Arriving at the clinic, I managed to get in the first row of the balcony, where I could get an unobstructed view. A patient had been brought in and was being anesthetized by Dr. Grace Ring, when in lumbered Dr. McConnell, with his two assistants, freshly scrubbed. They received their sterile gowns from the suture nurses, and proceeded to put them on.

Dr. McConnell seemed to have difficulty finding the sleeve holes, and twice he teetered and swayed as if about to fall. The boys in the bleachers began to snicker.

"Quiet in the gallery!" roared a voice from below.

McConnell must have weighed two hundred and sixty pounds. He had a huge stomach—so huge that I wondered how he would be able to get close enough to the table to operate. He did so by standing sidewise to it. He worked first with one hand, then turned to get his stomach out of the way, and worked with the other hand. Fantastic as this sounds, it is strictly true.

His mask covered only his mouth. His puffed eyelids, small eyes, and red nose were plainly visible. He was perspiring freely from the forehead; in fact, dripping.

THE class quieted down. Dr. McConnell glanced aloft. "I want you fellows to know that this is a surgical class, not an old maids' sewing circle. You come here to learn, not talk. If there's any talking to be done, I'll do it."

Once more he swayed, then steadied himself while Dr. Brush read a short history of the case: Boy, eighteen years old; diagnosis, appendicitis.

The assistants then cleaned the skin at the site of operation with iodine and alcohol, put on the field cloth. Dr. McConnell then lurched up to operate.

Turning to one side, he reached for a knife. Missed it. The suture nurse handed it to him. Placing his right hand on the patient's abdomen to support himself, he tried with his left hand to make an incision, but he had such a tremor in his hand he couldn't use the knife.

Again he tried. This time he succeeded, but the wound he made was so deep and long that I gasped. The assistants finally stopped the hemorrhage. He had hacked through and cut the external oblique muscle fibers. More hemorrhage.

At last, after more difficulty opening the peritoneum, and very nearly cutting an intestine, he got the appendix into view so he could cut it off. Then he had a troublesome time getting a purse-string suture around the stump of the appendix. If one of the assistants had not called his attention to a gauze sponge back of the large bowel, it would not have been removed. Finally Dr. Brush and the interne sewed up.

Looking at the clock when they finished, I found that the head of the Duggan surgical department had taken one hour and fifty minutes to do a fifteen-minute job.

On my way out I bumped into a junior, Russ Leonard, who had been attending these clinics all year.

"Old Mac must be sick," I volunteered.

"Sick, me eye!" grunted Russ. "He's pie-eyed. Always is. Where have you been all your life?"

"But how does he hold his job?"

"Say, young feller, there's one disease that even we experienced medical men haven't found a cure for."

"And that is?"

"Politics."

"But why don't the doctors expose him?"

"Ethics, boy, medical ethics. Doctors don't tell!"

"Having your tonsils out" is supposed to be a trivial operation. What it can be, if one of the doctors concerned is less thorough and conscientious than "Uncle Billy," you will learn from next week's installment of Dr. Raymond's own story in which he will lay bare some of the startling disillusionment of his earlier years as a medical student.

A Plan of Life for the DUKE and DUCHESS of WINDSOR

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

This could come true!—A remarkable letter from an eminent American to a harassed and baffled former king

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE editor of Liberty has invited me to discuss the question of a suitable career for a man who has renounced the greatest throne in the world and has made himself the hero of one of the great love stories of history. I trust I may be forgiven if I put my answer in the form of a letter to you personally. I am taking the assignment not as an ordinary writing job but as a human and friendly action which not merely interests my mind but touches my heart and conscience.

Not long ago I was discussing your action in renouncing the throne for the woman of your choice with one of the best known writers of Europe. He summed up his view in a brief sentence: “History will forget them.” My answer was: “It may be that history will forget them, but will poetry forget them? Will drama forget them?” Some day, I predict, a Shakespeare will imagine what you and your wife went through and will set it forth. This will happen regardless of what you may do with the rest of your life—whether you make of it an heroic drama or a tragedy. But all who believe in the love of man and woman and honor it as a great constructive force must be concerned to see you and your wife succeed in your desire to make something useful out of your life together.

You were born heir to a throne, and you wished to be a democrat. Now you have abdicated your throne, but still it is not permitted you to become a democrat, and understanding men watch with sincere concern your efforts to achieve this great end.

It is because of my sympathy with this end that I venture to speak frankly of your recent efforts toward it. You expressed your intention to undertake a study of the important problems of poverty and labor. But it was naïve of you to begin such a study in a slave state such as Hitler has built. It was a mistake to accept the hospitality of a slave driver who would use your prestige to build up his own. It was a mistake to offer to come to the United States to study labor problems under the guidance of a friend, no matter how true to you, who is not regarded by labor as its friend. It is evident to us that your carefully watched and guided life as a monarch has not prepared you to discern such pitfalls.

The question of your future activities is one of real difficulty. You cannot undertake any purely commercial venture. You cannot lend your historic name to the selling of anything. You cannot enter upon any career which involves political strife and ambition, because, if you do so, you will wound family feelings which it is evident that you deeply respect. Your family is one of the institutions of the British Empire, of which you are still a poignant symbol.

In your effort to study labor conditions in the United States, I fear you would have had difficulties even under the wisest auspices. You would have been caught up in a blind tumult of crowds which would have been friendly, but no less dangerous for that. If you had visited any factory or working-class neighborhood, you would have been in the same position as Lindbergh after his return from the flight across the Atlantic. It would have taken an army of policemen to protect you and your wife from being physically trampled, and all naturalness would have disappeared from the experience. This is a predicament which you can never escape entirely.

You might write, and no doubt you have been besieged with offers of publication. But writing, I can assure you, is a laborious task. It requires training which can rarely be acquired except under stern competitive conditions. The writer whom the public wishes to read is rarely indeed an amateur. Of course, anything you wrote would be widely published, but unless it was extraordinarily good it would constitute an anticlimax. You could, of course, employ some one to assist you in this writing, but that wouldn't be much fun for you, and I doubt if it would satisfy your public.

You might speak; and you may be sure that if you would make a lecture tour, the largest halls in our largest cities would be inadequate to hold the crowds which would come. But there would be reception committees and tea parties, and I fear that even your training as Prince of Wales would not enable you to enjoy them all.

There is another medium, far more effective. You have already used it, and with enormous success. I don't think that any one who heard you abdicate your throne will forget either the beautiful tones of your voice or the perfectly chosen words you spoke.

Thirty years ago I wrote a comedy called The Millennium, in which I imagined what human life would be like in the year 2000. I pictured the rich having had things their own way and having taken Central Park in New York and built themselves a pleasure palace a hundred stories high. I imagined an invention whereby a man could speak into a machine and his voice would be heard by the entire world. At a grand state ball this device was being used by a society reporter describing the costumes of the guests and giving a chatter of gossip. Truth has proved to be stranger than fiction. At present we may listen once a week to a symphony concert which lasts for an hour and a half and is directed by one of the great conductors of our time. Lovers of music do not have to crowd into a concert hall, but can sit quietly in a darkened study and have the great masters come to them and pour out their treasures. I am about to suggest that you use this miraculous medium of the radio as the means of rendering to the peoples of the earth a service of which they stand in great need.

To talk to the people of the whole world once a week and say something vital and important is a task which would tax the most versatile of minds. I am not suggesting that you have such a mind, and I am sure your modesty would forbid you to claim it. The role I am proposing is a less exacting one but no less useful, and one for which your earnestness, your social gifts, and your prestige constitute a complete endowment.

The great task of our time is to reconcile the clashes of nations, of classes, of creeds and opinions. More and more we are hearing the statement that we have to choose between the extreme alternatives of Bolshevism and Fascism. The rich do not know how the poor live or what they suffer. The poor believe that the rich do not care, and hate them for this cruel indifference. The so-called "have not" nations hate those which are believed to have more than their share. One after another we see great nations fall into the hands of predatory groups which use the powers of government to the ends of private greed, and turn the creative power of the peoples to preparing instruments of slaughter.

In such a world there is most urgent need for moderators, arbitrators, and judges; for voices which all men and women will recognize as friendly, as honest and incorruptible; for some who will say, "Let us try to understand one another; let us try to find the way to peace and fair dealing."

IT is my suggestion that you come to New York or Washington, where you may avail yourself of the enormous facilities of the American radio. This radio is far from free, but for commercial reasons, if for no other, the masters of it would leap to provide you with whatever you might see fit to demand. You could lay down your own conditions and, unless I am greatly mistaken, you could also solve a financial problem.

There would no doubt be anxiety in your family if you should adopt this suggestion. There would be pressure upon you to keep you in your present condition of harmless idleness; and so it might be a relief to you if you could gain financial independence. I think I am safe in saying that one of our radio chains would pay you a king's ransom for a radio feature which would put all others into total eclipse. There indeed would be ready-made a priceless combination of glamour, service, and dignity.

What would be a suitable subject for the opening radio hour of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor? I suggest the question of collective security for the peoples of the world. I run over in mind the names of men and women who have been active in the advocacy of collective agreement among the nations, and I think of H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells is one of the masters of English letters and one of the great minds of our time. He is able to take care of himself in a discussion, and I assume that if you were to invite him to come to New York or Washington to take part in such a broadcast, he would accept.

We hear over the radio that voice which we heard. It tells us that you have found the way back . . .

To think of some one to oppose the idea of collective security is not so easy, since generally those who take that point of view are limited to national reputations. Our own Senator Borah is a statesman and orator who is perhaps not entirely unknown in your country and abroad. He, too, is a man who can take care of himself, and would probably accept your invitation.

The hour is set—let us say from one to two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, for convenience of reception in Europe. There are assembled in the study of your home in or near New York or Washington, Mr. Wells, Senator Borah, yourself and your wife. The radio public would insist that "the woman I love" should take part in the program, and I, as a man who for many hazardous years has profited by the companionship and advice of a wife, think it would be safer!

You will understand why the broadcast is to be made from your home. It is not merely a matter of your own convenience, but also is symbolic of the fact that the procedure will not be official or formal but as homelike and human as it can be made. It is easy to wire any room for broadcasting purposes, and four persons can sit at ease, with microphones in front of them, and what they say can be heard by the peoples of every civilized state in which the government permits it.

We hear over the radio that voice which we heard on a fateful occasion and which we have not forgotten. It explained to us the plight of a man confronted by the choice of destroying the life of a loving and beloved woman, as well as his own life, or of giving up opportunities of service for which he had been trained all his days.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

This voice now tells us that you have found the way back to service. You are undertaking, in a time of great public need, to bring the minds of people together in conference upon questions of importance to all.

You have invited to be present on this occasion two men who are specialists on a chosen subject. You are not going to exercise any censorship over them; you are merely going to endeavor to draw them out, to find out where they agree and where they disagree. You are acting in the faith that the truth, fairly presented, will prevail in the end. You invite the millions listening to weigh the arguments presented and form their judgments, since public opinion is the final arbiter of the issue.

The discussion ought to be carried on as informally as possible, but obviously it is necessary to have a definite plan of procedure, since the time is limited to one hour. You have prepared in advance a series of questions to put. You have done this in consultation with each of the two guests, who, of course, know best what questions will bring out their points of view. Mr. Wells, who takes the affirmative position, is questioned first. You and your wife ask him five or six questions. You have agreed that he shall have two minutes in which to answer each question. This takes altogether, say, fifteen minutes.

You then repeat the performance with Senator Borah, who has fifteen minutes in which to state his reasons for believing that the United States should not take part in any movement for collective security. You then invite Mr. Wells to ask a series of questions of the senator and you invite the senator to ask questions of Mr. Wells. This will use another fifteen minutes of the broadcast. You then give Mr. Wells three or four minutes in which to sum up, and an equal time to Senator Borah. Then you invite your wife to say what she thinks about the discussion, and you conclude by saying what you yourself think about it. I don't know either of you well enough to imagine what you would say, but you need not claim to say anything authoritative or final. It would be sufficient if you and your wife would convince the listening audience that you were sincerely concerned about the problem, and had done your best to be friendly and fair in bringing out the truth.

On the following Sunday you would deal, let us say, with the problem of poverty in the midst of abundance. You would take up the question of whether or not it is possible to plan the economic affairs of men. You would invite, for example, Harold Loeb, a real authority upon the subject of planning, and on the other side Walter Lippmann, who is quite sure that the idea is wholly without meaning. On the Sunday after that you would take up problems of labor. You would invite John L. Lewis to discuss with William Green the question of industrial versus craft unions in industry. Later on you might invite Homer Martin, president of the United Automobile Workers, to explain why he believes that it is necessary for the workers to organize democratically and be represented collectively, and Henry Ford to defend his opinion that freedom for the workers requires that they shall deal individually with their employers.

THERE are many powerful persons who hide themselves behind a screen of silence. It might be that you could serve the public interest by bringing the masters of industry and finance out into the light of day.

I am sure it would be of interest if you would invite some thoughtful man and some equally thoughtful woman to discuss the problem of marriage, and the reason why so many marriages break up in our modern world. I am sure that you could make an interesting hour out of the problem of birth control. You have recently adopted more liberal divorce laws in Great Britain, and I am sure we should like to hear Mr. A. P. Herbert, your Member of Parliament who is credited with this change, explain his reasons and answer the arguments of a British statesman who opposed the laws.

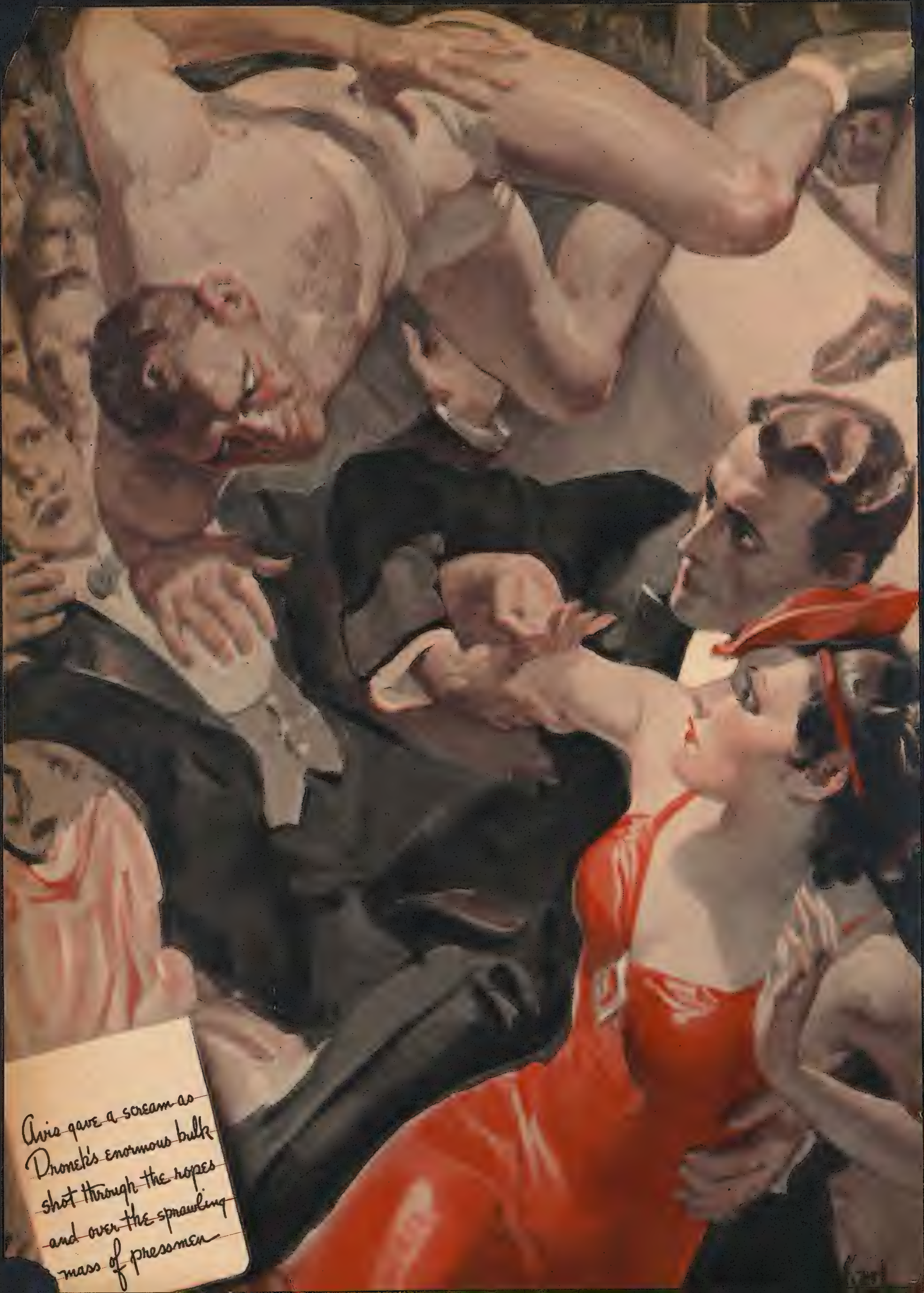
Or consider the wars now going on or preparing. You could perform a service to humanity if you would invite the Spanish Ambassador in Washington, Don Fernando de los Rios, to debate with some conservative senator the right of the Spanish government to purchase munitions for its own defense. You could throw light on the Far Eastern question if you would invite a representative of Japan to debate, let us say, with Mr. Upton Close or Mrs. Pearl Buck. Both Mussolini and Hitler have their partisans in the United States, and it would be a most gratifying thing if they could be persuaded to meet face to face an historian and champion of democracy such as W. E. Woodward. If the dictator governments did not permit their own people to hear such a debate, that in itself would be a victory for free institutions.

One could go on to suggest interesting subjects enough for a season of twenty-five or thirty weeks. I am sure I do not exaggerate in saying that these discussions would be the Number One feature of the radio world, and indeed of public life in English-speaking countries. They would be translated into many languages and rebroadcast in many countries. They would have an audience the like of which has never been known in the world. They would be in every way worthy of your own ideals and your ideas of the dignity of your station.

They would, of course, be a great responsibility, and would involve a mass of work. You would have to find competent experts to advise you in selecting speakers and arranging programs. You would receive literally tons of letters from all over the world. The millions of Vox Poppers of Liberty would surely be heard from, and I doubt not that Liberty would be glad to have the chance to publish selections from these letters.

In short, you have abandoned one kind of kingship and you would now acquire a new kind. Millions of people who have been brought up in democratic countries do not believe in kings in the present sense of the word; but we believe in kings of the mind and spirit, kings freely chosen by the loving hearts and sound judgment of the people. The world was never more in need of such than it is today, and you have an opportunity to build such a throne. I am sure that millions of voiceless persons will join in offering you this dignity. If you decide to accept, I promise to be among the democratic crowds which will cheer your coronation procession.

THE END



Avis gave a scream as Dronek's enormous bulk shot through the ropes and over the sprawling mass of pressmen

TOUGH or Tender

Here's fun! . . . The lively love story of a rash young man with too much sex appeal—and what fate did about it

BY PATRICK QUENTIN

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

PETE FORREST knew all about women. They were his job. In six months, as Hazelstein & Roche's youngest and best-looking fabric salesman, he had perfected the art of handling the female buyer.

He knew just when to send flowers and when to suggest an intimate little dinner. He could be soft as the velvet he sold his customers, frivolous as chiffon, and tough as whipcord. And when he switched on his persuasive smile, he got away with murder—or with orders which made even Mr. Roche blink. Pete Forrest was heaven's gift to Hazelstein & Roche and also to the female buyer of fabrics.

But Pete Forrest never wanted to see a female buyer again. They were getting him down, smothering him in the silks and satins they bought from him. That was what he had come to tell Mr. Roche.

His handsome face was haggard as he leaned over the boss's desk.

" A man can take so much," he urged. " I can't go on, Mr. Roche. You'll have to switch me to tweeds and male buyers."

" But you're doing fine, Forrest."

" Fine! " Pete ran a desperate hand through his crisp curly hair. " How would you like spending every minute of your life with female buyers, Mr. Roche? Lugging 'em around the floor at night clubs—hand-holding and footy-footy with each meal—and calling 'em all darling because you can't remember their names? How would you like it? "

Mr. Roche looked rather enviously at the Hollywood profile, the nose whose chiseled straightness Pete had grown to hate.

" I can't waste that--er—you on tweeds or male buyers, Forrest," he said shrewdly. " You have a successful line with the ladies. That's what we hired you for."

" I was hired as a salesman, Mr. Roche, not a gigolo." Pete squared broad shoulders determinedly. " I want a man-size job."

" A man-size job, eh? All right. I'll give you one." Mr. Roche chuckled fatly. " It's a tough assignment, but maybe you'll swing it. The Maison Coterie's expanding in a big way and they've fired old Mrs. Horstman."

" Thank the Lord for that," broke in Pete irrelevantly. " Cyclamen perfume and soft-shelled crabs."

" They've got the smartest young purchasing agent in the country," Mr. Roche went on. " Hard-boiled as an income-tax collector; but the Coterie business will be worth all your other accounts put together." His keen little eyes saw the enthusiasm returning to Pete's face. " And I warn you, Forrest, from now on it's going to take real salesmanship to sell to the Maison Coterie."

" And the buyer? " asked Pete eagerly. " What's his name? "

" *Her* name," corrected Mr. Roche. " Avis Bernard."

" A dame," groaned Pete. " Say, Mr. Roche, I thought . . ."

" Quit that hankering after tweeds and male buyers, Forrest. The Bernard woman will keep you busy all right. I tell you she's different. I got all the dope on her for you." He pulled out a piece of paper and read: " ' Age twenty-six; college graduate; lives with younger brother, cub reporter on sports paper; unmarried; only known male friend, Jo Dronek, wrestler."

" Dronek! " exclaimed Pete. " The Man with the Scissors? "

" Yeah, and it'll be your job to cut him out." Mr. Roche laughed at his own witticism.

ON the way to his new assignment, Pete ran hurriedly through Avis Bernard's record. He hated it and he hated her. He hated the impressive list of institutions where she had held important posts.

Small, dark, and quite plainly dressed, she wasn't too pretty, but she had style and a passable figure. There was nothing about her to suggest a tough proposition; nothing that made Pete feel the necessity to change his usually successful tactics.

" Mrs. Horstman used to buy from us almost exclusively," he began, giving her the head-on view which included his perfect teeth and famous smile. " Some new patterns have come in and I want you to be the first to see them."

He treated Miss Bernard to the profile, but if it registered, she remained remarkably calm. She was bending over the pattern book.

" That's a swell buy," murmured Pete, maneuvering his hand so that it touched hers on the sample in question. " Don't you think so? "

" I was thinking," said Miss Bernard, moving her hand to another pattern, " that it was a very cheap line."

If she was referring to the fabric, Pete reflected, she was right. But when he recommended a thing that way, his other female customers didn't usually bother to look at the material.

Avis Bernard was running the remaining fabrics through competent fingers. Finally she indicated the best of them.

" I could use a hundred of this if it isn't more than--" she named a price about ten per cent lower than the quotation.

" I might let you have two hundred at that figure." Pete temporized.

"It's one hundred or nothing," Avis told him coolly.

Pete looked at her in surprise. There was no reaction at all. Well, if she didn't fall for the profile, she'd be a pushover for flattery. They all were.

"You certainly know your stuff, Miss Bernard," he said, almost sincerely. "A genuine feeling for quality fabrics. Couldn't we get together sometime and you give me some pointers? I know a place for dinner."

"So do I, but I never mix business with food."

Pete's comeback was cut short by the entrance of an assistant. "There's a Mr. Dronek on the phone, Miss Bernard. Says he's arranged that interview your brother wanted and he'll be at the same place for lunch."

"Thank you." Avis Bernard looked pointedly at her watch.

"Apparently you don't mind mixing wrestlers with food," said Pete, gripping his hat.

"Why should I?" Avis Bernard's smile was just a shade too sweet. "They're such a pleasant change from the men one meets in the fabric business. Good morning."

Mr. Roche wasn't any too pleased when Pete reported back at the office. He was still less pleased when he heard, two days later, that Maison Coterie had placed a large order for winter damasks and printed crepes with Tugwells, whose salesman was faded, fat, and fifty. He called a dispirited Pete Forrest on to the mat about it.

"Sure the dame's tough," said Mr. Roche ominously. "But it's your job to make her tender."

Tenderness, however, was another of the things she did not mix with business. Pete's daily siege was endured with patience and politeness, but it was only when he showed her something particularly good that she capitulated to the extent of a small order. And there were no fancy prices like the ones he got out of old Mrs. Horstman over the soft-shelled crabs.

Pete tried flowers; he read up on the latest plays and pulled the old gag about a friend sending him two tickets. He actually read a couple of books and tried the intellectual approach. But Miss Bernard still didn't react—at least, not with orders. Sometimes her eyes would crinkle at the corners in an attractive amused way, but she never bought anything she didn't want.

"Tell you, Forrest," exclaimed Mr. Roche even more ominously, "where there's a Woman there's a Weakness! Try the kid brother's career or try the wrastling angle."

But the kid brother's newspaper career had taken him out of town. There was nothing for it but the wrestling. Pete haunted the Arena and mugged up on the vernacular. He even went to a gym, where he hardened his muscles and inadvertently made himself even more disgustingly handsome by sun-lamp treatment. He dressed tougher, too. But Miss Bernard remained utterly immune.

At first it made him mad to have to go to all that trouble for a Female Buyer. But gradually he found himself looking forward to his daily spats with Avis.

"If you were a man!" he exclaimed one day after she had refused a brand-new line of marquisette.

"If I were, I'd probably be stupid enough to let you sell me stuff women wouldn't wear," she retorted.

Pete sighed as he picked up his pattern book. "Mr. Roche told me to wrestle for the Coterie business. Well, I guess I take a fall."

Then the impossible happened. Avis smiled. She looked cute when she smiled.

"Since you go in for wrestling, Mr. Forrest, perhaps you'd like to go to the Schmutz-Dronek fight tonight. Jo gave me two front-row seats, and my brother's away . . ."

"You mean you're inviting me?"

"Exactly."

"Well, for the love of Pete!" murmured Pete, though he suspected it wasn't.

AVIS did not show up at the Arena until the interval which preceded the main event of the evening. Pete, who had been waiting for her at the entrance, hardly recognized the Maison Coterie's chief buyer in the red costume and little red hat which tilted forward over her dark hair. He'd never seen her outside her office before; never realized she could look so stunning.

They had barely got to their front-row seats when a succession of catcalls and whistles heralded the entrance of the antagonists. Pete was aware of a gigantic bathrobed figure standing beside Avis.

"Good Luck, Jo," she whispered, squeezing the wrestler's hand. "Good luck to the home-town team."

"Luck!" retorted Dronek. Then, for the benefit of a near-by pressman, "It's the champ needs the luck. I twist 'em into pretzels and eat 'em alive."

With a contemptuous glance at Pete, he jumped into the ring.

Pete was all set to impress Miss Bernard with correctly professional comments. But as Dronek and the champ went into one clinch after another, he found himself forgetting everything except the cute way Avis' eyebrows went and the way her lips half parted when anything particularly mayhem occurred in the ring.

DRONEK was a dirty fighter and unpopular with the crowd. But he seemed to thrive and get dirtier the more they showed their hostility. Whenever he had Schmutz' head in chancery, he'd walk to the blind side of the ref and give a vicious punch to his adversary's ear. At first it looked as though Jo had the champ where he wanted him, but Schmutz had the real leverage.

"Break it off, break it off!" roared the crowd when he whitened Jo's left hand and wrist in a particularly unpleasant Japanese arm lock.

"My brother tells me that left wrist's Jo's weak spot," whispered Avis, her face rather pale.

But somehow Jo managed to extricate himself. Flicking his wrist up and down to restore circulation, he avoided clinches for a while; then, with a sudden change of tactics, he caught the champ off guard and clamped on the famous scissors hold. The Arena rocked with frenzied excitement as Schmutz writhed and gasped in that pythonlike grip.

After five grueling minutes, the champ managed to wriggle under the ropes on the side nearest Pete and Avis. He lay there panting until the eighth count, when he rose shakily and scrambled back into the ring.

Jo tensed himself against the opposite ropes, waiting . . .

Then he hurled himself across the ring like a Mack truck, his head aimed at the champ's stomach.

"Look out!" yelled some one.

Schmutz had side-stepped deftly. Avis gave a little scream as Dronek's enormous bulk shot through the ropes and over the sprawling expostulating mass of pressmen.

Pete was just in time to jerk her away before the wrestler crashed to the floor, carrying Avis' empty chair with him.

In the confusion that followed, Pete found himself hopelessly involved with Jo's flailing limbs. While he was trying to escape, he trod very hard on something alive and yielding. He looked down. It was Dronek's wrist—the bum left wrist.

Yelling unprintable epithets, Jo struggled to rise, but he was still tied up in a couple of chairs. Pete released him, tugged at the great sweating shoulders, and somehow managed to help Dronek back into the ring before the referee completed his count.

The crowd greeted Jo's return with a good-humored roar. Dronek was grunting blasphemies and nursing his left wrist.

"I'm afraid your friend didn't appreciate my effort," said Pete as he assisted a breathless Miss Bernard back to her seat.

"Well, I do." The chief buyer from Maison Coterie restored her hat to its previous angle. "You saved me from being squashed and you saved Jo from being counted out. Not that he'll last much longer anyway."

Avis proved prophetic. The wily Schmutz had spotted the weak wrist and played on its weakness relentlessly. At last Dronek made a desperate attempt at a scissors hold. Dropping suddenly on his back, he threw his legs around the champ's body. It was fatal. Schmutz seized his feet and, lifting him by them, started to swing him around—again and again.

Then, as the crowd yelled, he dropped his victim like a sack of hot coals. The crowd yelled even louder, but

Dronek couldn't have heard them. He was pressed against the mat somewhere beneath the triumphant torso of the champion.

"Well," said Pete, "that's that."

"Yes," said Avis faintly. "It is."

WHEN his car drew up outside her home, Avis invited Pete in. Amazingly she added:

"I want to talk business."

Even more amazingly, Pete realized that business was the last thing he wanted to talk about with Avis Bernard. The wrestling must have made them both dizzy.

Her apartment was swell—just the way he'd guessed it would be. She disappeared into a kitchenette and returned with several bottles of beer.

"Nothing stronger," she said. "I never mix spirits with business."

She took off the little red hat, and somehow her dark hair didn't look a bit businesslike. Pete found himself saying: "That's awfully cute—the way you do your hair."

Avis sat down. "How many other female buyers have you said that to?"

Pete went rather red. He'd said it to fill conversational gaps with Mrs. Delacroix of Costumes, Inc., to Miss Tunis of Bernstein & Parks, to the cyclamen-scented Mrs. Horstman. But this time . . .

"I mean it," he said.

"I expect you always do."

"Get this straight, Avis Bernard." Pete took a gulp of his beer. "I do like the way your hair curls around your ears. I like it very much. I only wish I could say the same about your friends."

"Meaning Jo?"

"Meaning Jo. I can't see why you're so crazy about wrastling."

"I'm not," said Miss Bernard mildly. "In fact I shake like an aspen every moment I'm at the Arena."

"Then why in heaven's name do you go around with a great mug like Jo Dronek?"

"My brother's covering ring sports for his paper. Jo has all the inside dope. He's from our home town and . . ."

"Childhood sweetheart, eh?"

"No—my equivalent of the female buyer." Avis stared at him serenely. "Of course it's cheaper for me than for you. I don't have to send him orchids each time he takes me out, but . . ."

She broke off suddenly and looked at the door. So did Pete. It had been thrown violently open to reveal the colossal figure of Jo Dronek. His left wrist was bandaged and there was a piece of adhesive tape above his eye; otherwise he was all too intact.

He slammed the door behind him, locked it, and moved ponderously forward. His glare was fixed upon Pete.

"Kinda thought I'd find you here," he snarled. "So you mashed my wrist and made me lose to that palooka Schmutz, eh? Think you can get away with it, eh?"

"Don't be dumber than you need, Jo," said Avis calmly. "If Pete hadn't helped you into the ring you'd never have got back."

"Maybe he didn't want to get back," suggested Pete.

Jo made a noise like a bull moose and advanced.

"Jo!"

Avis stepped forward, but before Pete could interfere, Dronek had picked her up, carried her to the kitchenette, and locked her in.

"Alone at last, handsome!" He grinned nastily at Pete.

Pete moved to rescue Avis, but that was the last voluntary move he made for some time. It's difficult to do much roving when you're enveloped in wrestler.

"Like it, eh?"

Pete Forrest could hardly have answered with two hundred and fifty pounds of Dronek sitting on his face. Nor could he make any articulate protest when Jo started tying knots in his legs and went into an enthusiastic exhibition of arm locks, cradles, and scissors.

PATRICK QUENTIN

is English by birth, but has become an American by adoption. He is unmarried, admits to having an equable disposition, and says he is fond of fishing. He is the author of one mystery novel—A Puzzle for Fools—which was published in the fall of 1936.

At last a hand flung out at random struck something hard and cold, closed around it. Slowly he realized he was gripping a beer bottle—a full one.

Dronek's bullet head was turned away and invitingly within range. Putting out every last ounce of strength, Pete raised the bottle, took aim, and crashed it down.

Jo Dronek lurched backward, completely smothering Pete with his limp body.

Pete followed him into unconsciousness.

AS he came to, Pete was vaguely aware that an arm was around his neck. "Strangle!" he muttered, and made a snatch for another bottle. His hand touched something soft. Painfully he turned his head and saw Avis sitting on the rug at his side.

"There's a doctor coming," she said.

"Where's your friend?"

"The management heard me yelling. It removed Jo. He was out cold, by the way. You did wonders."

"So did he," groaned Pete.

Somehow he staggered to an upright position against the mantel. Another man, blurred, out of focus, was standing close at his side, staring at him—a villainous-looking individual with no tie and disheveled hair.

"Who's that?" he asked weakly. "The management?"

Avis laughed—a nice sympathetic laugh.

"It's you in the mirror. I think Jo's broken your nose. Isn't it marvelous?"

"Marvelous!" echoed Pete hollowly. "Try breaking your own nose sometime."

But somehow he didn't feel very badly about it.

The doctor came and went, leaving Pete's face beribboned with adhesive tape.

"This may all be good clean fun to a female buyer," he said despondently, "but as far as Mr. Roche is concerned, my face is—was my fortune."

"The doctor said plastic surgery would fix it," soothed Avis. "But I think it's far nicer the way it is. Pete Forrest, I hate too handsome men."

"You do?" Pete felt suddenly and unaccountably exhilarated. "In that case, hooey with the nose and hooey with Mr. Roche!"

"Swell." Avis gripped his arm. "Listen to me, Pete Forrest. Tomorrow morning you're going to Mr. Roche just as you are now. You're going to take off the adhesive, show him your cuts, your scars, and your nose, take off your clothes, show him how you've wrestled to get the Coterie business."

"But . . ."

"Don't interrupt! Show him everything. And then lean across the desk, bare your teeth—I'm glad they're intact, by the way—fix him with your one remaining eye and say '*Nerts, Mr. Roche!*' And if there's a Mr. Hazelstein, say 'Nerts, Mr. Hazelstein.'" Avis' eyes were shining. "And when they fire you, come right around to see my boss."

"Do I have to say 'Nerts, Mr. Maison Coterie,' too?" Pete inquired.

"No." Avis became very official. "I said I wanted to talk business. Maison Coterie is looking for a new sales manager. I told the boss you were a swell salesman ruined by a cheap sex-appeal line. But a swell salesman. You've often had me on the verge of buying junk!"

"And you've almost had me with my head in a gas oven."

"The boss told me to get angles on you. That's why I asked you to the wrestling. Of course Jo barged in and gave me a few more angles than I'd expected. But now your profile is much more the type we need. And the job's yours if you want it."

Pete crossed to her side. "What's the department?"

"Tweeds."

"Darling!"

The chief buyer from the Maison Coterie didn't seem to mind being kissed through adhesive tape.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

MORE and more business women take vacation trips during the late winter. Quite a few big firms employing women at good pay now expect the girls to lay off from a couple of weeks to a month between January and April. Some of the smart dress establishments encourage their cleverer salesladies to go winter cruising, in hopes they will pick up future customers.

Elizabeth Whitmore—she operates a travel agency of her own—gave me the following tips to pass on to any of you who may be planning excursions of this kind. Women generally globe-trot in pairs, or in parties of three or four; yet the girl who goes traveling all by herself usually has just as good a time, if not better. . . . Don't be afraid to barge off alone. . . . Count on spending at least a hundred dollars more than you intend to spend. . . . Average expenses for a winter tour run from $300 to $500. . . . Favorite cruises are those to Florida, New Orleans, Sea Islands, Georgia, and to the West Indies. . . . It's a mistake to pack too many fancy clothes, as most girls do. Limit your travel wardrobe to one dinner dress, one evening gown, one suit, and two or three sports outfits with interchangeable accessories. . . . Best *bon voyage* gift for a girl friend embarking upon a winter cruise is an assortment of relishes and spreads for concocting canapés. She will want to repay other passengers' cabin hospitalities, and the cocktail snacks from the boat's buffet are apt to be pretty dismal.

Elizabeth Whitmore was Connecticut-born; went to the Spence School; is an expert at traveling on a shoestring. Of course you know that's the fashionable way to travel now.

The girl who travels alone usually has a good time.

☆ *Real-life romance from California:* With an arm around the girl, the young man lost control of his car, which plunged off the road, straight into one of those outdoor antique shops that try to do business in so many front yards bordering West Coast highways. Before it could be stopped, the car plowed through half a dozen chairs, a sideboard, a gate-leg table, and a four-poster bed, rendering them all considerably more antique in appearance.

The antique dealer refused to compromise; demanded full settlement for everything. This left the young man with a truckload of damaged furniture on his hands. But the girl *adored* antiques, and he had a flair for amateur carpentering—so what could they do but get married?

☆ Can it happen here? . . . One evening last month a spontaneous rattle of hand clapping broke out at Maxim's famous old restaurant in Paris when a lady entered the dining room wearing a perfect dream of a little black hat with a lovely red feather in it. She wasn't a mannequin; there was no fashion show going on. She was just an incidental lady in an exquisitely distinguished hat. The people at the other tables were strangers to her, but they couldn't help showing their appreciation of her hat, so they simply sat back and applauded as though they were at the theater. . . . Some women and I were discussing the subject and wondering if such a thing ever could happen anywhere in this country. . . . Do you think it could? If so, name the place.

☆ Glass window shelves are being sold now with ready-made brackets of enameled metal—all shipshape to hang up easily in any window. Small flowering plants, pots of trailing ivy, and fine pieces of old glassware will brighten the dullest room when arranged on shelves across a window. One of the new ready-made sets is called windoshelf, has two shelves, and the brackets come in six different colors. Costs about two dollars.

☆ Throbs from China's distant agony have reached local institutions as unalike as our great American art museums and our five-and-ten-cent stores. Loot from ravaged China drifts into this country secretly through rather ignorant Oriental hands. In Chinatown, New York City, some weeks ago a lady bought a vase for a few dollars—just because she liked the looks of it; not because she knew anything about its value, which she didn't. An expert saw the vase in her home; raved over it; reported it to the museums. She is now being offered thousands of dollars for it. Authorities say it is one of the finest examples of ancient Chinese porcelain. . . . Another story: Twelve-year-old son of an American missionary to China is here now for the first time. His folks are refugees. Born and reared in China, the little boy knows no other business psychology than that of the Chinese, who always try to drive a bargain, and never expect to be paid the price they ask. In our five-and-ten-cent stores, the little missionary lad bids two cents for a toy marked ten cents. He can't understand why the salesgirl won't split the difference and sell him the toy for six cents.

☆ Easy to read—enjoyable for any novice believer in the stars—is Theodore B. Lyon's new book on astrology, It's All About You. (Published by Longmans, Green & Co.)

☆ Her complete name is *Emma Jane Jackson Beauregard Jefferson Davis Lincoln Christian.* Born during the Civil War, she's a real kitchen mammy of the Old South. Blanche Elbert Moncure of Williamsburg, Virginia, has now collected Emma Jane's recipes in booklet form, writing them up in Emma Jane's own language. Here am de one whut Emmy Jane done calls *A Nice Way to Cook Apples:* "Make a syrup of 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water. Boil this while preparing the apples. Core and peel apples; drop in the syrup. Slice an orange (without peeling) and drop the slices in with the apples. Boil uncovered until the fruit has a glazed appearance. Do not let cook until apples fall apart. Serve one orange slice on top of each apple."

An excellent dessert for winter, when we need vitamins and sugar.

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MUST JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES GO TO WAR?

BY HIROSI SAITO

Japanese Ambassador to the United States

Editor's Note: This is an historic article. One of its astonishing points is that Mr. Saito frankly admits that Japan is partly at fault in her Chinese adventure.

THE editors of Liberty have asked me to write an article about the Far Eastern situation and to include in it a discussion of the possibility of war between Japan and the United States.

I do not believe there is going to be a war between our two countries, and holding this conviction I can comply with the request.

There has never been such a war—though for more than thirty years its probability has been proclaimed by some speakers and some writers and considerable effort has been made to arouse American dislike and distrust of Japan. The reason that peace has been maintained is that both peoples and both governments want it. Both see that such a conflict would be the height of folly, the struggle bringing about nothing to the advantage of either, accomplishing only bloodshed and material—to say nothing of moral—losses.

For the Japanese to permit themselves to go to war with a nation five thousand miles away from them, one that does not menace their welfare or security and one that is at least as powerful as any in the world, is inconceivable. Japan's problem of welfare and security is in eastern Asia, and that problem, in her immediate sphere, is sufficiently grave and lasting to absorb all her attention.

And what could the American people accomplish by going to war with Japan? Do they want any more Asiatic territory? Would they make the situation across the Pacific any better? Could they increase their trade over there? Japan is by all odds America's best trans-Pacific customer, buying more from her annually than all the rest of Asia combined; and at least for the duration of the war that trade would be destroyed. As I see it, the United States would accomplish nothing but the punishment of her adversary, and—though many American tempers are now running high—I do not believe the American people want to undertake that mission.

The Panay affair—about which the editors have also asked me to speak—was about as serious a matter as could occur between two friendly countries. For the armed forces of a state at peace with another suddenly to attack and sink, with loss of life, a naval vessel of the other could easily have been made a reason for war. It was in 1898, when the Maine was sunk in Havana harbor. But the Panay affair was closed within two weeks. This was due to the disposition on both sides, the Japanese government and people showing their feelings by immediate expressions of profound regret and offering to make whatever amends were required; and the American government and people displaying willingness to accept our apologies, indemnities, and assurances. If there had been reason or desire for war on either side the solution would not have come so quickly.

There is no vital issue between the two countries. Neither is menaced by the other and the rivalry in trade is almost negligible. The issue between the American and Japanese peoples over the China problem is largely one of opinion, Americans believing us to be aggressors waging an undeclared war for selfish purposes, and we believing we had no alternative.

This brings up the question why Japan has not declared war on China. That is a question often asked. Seldom is it asked, however, why China has not declared war on Japan. To answer the latter is not my province; but for Japan I can say that we do not regard ourselves as waging war on China. We are fighting the armies of a number of Chinese war lords whose activities in connection with Communism have made the situation in their country intolerable for our people and the condition in the Far East insecure for our country.

Although it is difficult for soldiers in active combat in the field to distinguish at all times between a conflict with armies and the people in general whose men form those armies, the Japanese government distinguishes the difference definitely. Our highest officials have repeatedly said we are not waging war on China. We wish the Chinese people only well. We must live beside them for all time, and our thinking men realize that their welfare and ours are bound together by geographical ties. One of the many reasons why we deplore the present conflict is that it endangers the good feeling so highly important to both our peoples.

At the beginning of this trouble our government hoped and strove for a settlement. We had many reasons for wanting the fighting which started outside Peiping cut short and the incident settled quickly. The cost of an extensive campaign was one, the risks involved another, and the impairing of the friendship between the two peoples a third. But the quick local settlement we sought was refused by the Nanking government. We had no alternative, therefore, but to accept the challenge.

Any Western country could withdraw entirely from China with only a measure of hardship to a relatively few of its people. The interests of no European country or the United States are such that the well-being or security of its people as a whole depends on China's trade or safety from outside invasion. This is not the case, unhappily, with Japan. To our country China's trade is highly important. Our people must buy from the Chinese and must sell to them. And, what is more important, Japan cannot permit China to be controlled by Communists with policies aimed at destruction of her form of government. The vast country is too close to us. Its disordered condition has brought war from Europe repeatedly in the past century, and Japan wants the menacing uncertainty to end.

There was promise of reform in China, under General Chiang Kai-shek, up to a year ago. This outstanding leader, called the Strong Man of China, was making progress toward the unification of the country and the extension of law and order through the many provinces. The progress was, of course, slow. A country centuries behind others in modern attainments cannot be reconstructed in a decade. But the change being made was noticeable and gave rise to much hope.

All, however, was abruptly ended a year ago, in December, 1936, when the General, by a crafty piece of trickery, was induced to attend a conference at Sianfu, a town in Shensi Province. There, as will be remembered, the bodyguard he took with him were suddenly slain and he was made prisoner by one of his trusted colleagues, the young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. At first it was thought that he would be executed, but his liberty was obtained by his wife, an American-educated lady who flew to his rescue in an American-made airplane.

The terms of the General's release are said to have been not only the payment of a considerable sum of money but also his agreement to cease fighting the Chinese Communist armies—with which he had been at war for nearly ten years—and to unite his forces with theirs to make war upon Japan. This report was evidently correct, for on his return to the capital the policy of his government abruptly changed. His campaigns against the Communists ceased and the agitation for war with Japan was openly and widely conducted by his political party, the Kuomintang, as well as the Communists.

The Kuomintang and the government seemed to believe that, now that the commanders of the principal armies of China had reached an agreement, the country was powerful enough to challenge Japan.

In all there were nearly three million Chinese soldiers in the field. The standing army of Japan was only about a tenth the size of those of China when numbered together. Moreover, the best of the Chinese armies were equipped with modern implements of war. For many years most of the taxes imposed by the Chinese war lords upon their people had been expended for military equipment. Modern arms had been purchased from abroad, including airplanes from the United States, and German, Italian, and American experts had been employed to give the troops instruction. The Americans were engaged to instruct the Chinese aviators.

There were other factors, too, influencing the Kuomintang's calculation. Since the days of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the great leader of China's revolution, American-educated Chinese have been prominent in the party. These men have labored with Americans to win sympathy for their country and promote opposition to Japan, and they believed American feeling would lead the United States to support China actively. They also expected support from the League of Nations. In any event, they believed they could count on help from Soviet Russia.

THEY were therefore unwilling to let Japan escape from serious trouble when the incident at the Marco Polo Bridge, outside Peiping, occurred last July. Such incidents, firing between Chinese and foreign troops, had frequently been settled in former times, and for many reasons Japan was anxious to settle this one quickly and amicably. The Chinese government, however, would not permit a solution on the lines of precedent. It was in a mood to challenge Japan, and did so.

Contrary to agreements with the Japanese government, it sent strong forces up into the northern provinces, following that action with the sending, again contrary to agreement, of troops into the Shanghai area.

The Japanese government proposed to stand firm in the north, not permitting its people to be driven out. But, in order to avoid trouble along the Yangtze and in South China, it withdrew thousands of its people from interior cities—just as the British did in 1927, when there was an almost general exodus. But, also as the British did in that year, the Japanese stood fast at Shanghai.

There were thirty thousand Japanese civilians in that city who might have been massacred had our navy not landed forces to protect them. The fighting there began by airplane attacks upon the Japanese naval vessels and consulate. But few of the Chinese bombs came near their marks, while several, it will be remembered, fell into the crowded sections of the foreign-controlled city, killing and wounding many Chinese and several foreigners.

The development that has followed is a most unfortunate one. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed on both sides, and a number of foreigners, caught in the conflict, have also died, suffered bodily injuries, and sustained trade and property losses. Japan has many reasons to deplore the outcome—and no thinking Japanese believes his people entirely without blame. In no such conflict is either side entirely guiltless. Nevertheless, the burden of right we Japanese believe is on ours. And, incidentally, we believe that sentiment and emotion rather than understanding and judgment have swayed the opinion of Western peoples. Now, however, our people are united behind the government in determination to settle permanently the controversy with the Chinese Kuomintang and Communist parties.

CHINESE have tried in former years to drive other nationalities out of their country. Several times they have fought the British and the French—with resulting losses of territory. In 1900 the so-called Boxers tried to drive all foreigners, including even American missionaries, "into the sea"—with the result that the United States, as well as others, has since kept troops ashore in the Peiping-Tientsin region. In 1927 the Communists (whom the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen and the present General Chiang Kai-shek invited into the country) tried to drive out the "capitalists and imperialists"—with the result that the foreign powers augmented their forces at Shanghai and have since kept them there.

But no Western nation has suffered or been endangered by the anti-foreignism aroused among their people by the Chinese leaders to the extent Japan has. The effect of the rise of Communism in China is not gravely felt by any Occidental nation; it is by Japan. And our government and people feel they must terminate that menace now, once and for all.

They do not believe they will injure China. They hope their present action will in the long run benefit greatly the condition of the Chinese people, who have long been plundered by their ruthless self-seeking war lords. This is the hope of our people and the intention of our government. We want peace as quickly as it can be attained, but it must be on a permanent basis. We want no more of the madness that has brought the present disaster to both the Japanese and Chinese peoples.

A day of modern war on a great scale often costs a nation more than the profit it can make out of sales to the adversary country in a year. The participation of the United States in the World War has already cost the American people over forty billions of dollars, and the full debt is not yet paid. This sum is probably more than all the profits you made out of all your sales to foreign countries in the preceding century.

Japan is not engaged upon a profit-making venture, either. She is out to establish peace and human welfare in the Far East. It is our hope that we shall be more successful than the Allies who went to war against the Central Powers in 1914. If we do not make a wiser and more considerate peace than the Allies did at Versailles we shall make a similar terrible blunder.

We have heard much of late that commerce is fearful of Japan's attitude toward the "open door." When it is well understood that what Japan desires is nothing but the consolidation of lasting peace in the Far East through co-operation among Japan, China, and Manchukuo, and the economic advancement of that region, such misgivings will naturally be dissolved. The policy of the Japanese government will always be to respect foreign rights and interests in China. The co-operation of foreign powers in the peaceful economic development of China, which is essential to the attainment of Japan's object as above described, will be wholeheartedly welcomed.

THE END

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHY JAPAN IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED

BY MAYLING SOONG CHIANG

(Madame Chiang Kai-shek)

WHILE the Occident vigorously expanded by forcing a resolute way through the ignorance, superstition, and crudity of the Dark Ages, the Chinese race, content in the splendor of its culture, wished nothing better than to believe that it stood supreme and that other peoples—the "Outer Barbarians"—were of little or no consequence. Change was effected only by persistence in education, in addition to experience.

Let me illustrate what I mean. When the steam engine was invented in the Occident, people deemed it a menace to their livelihood and to their horses. How long ago it was that those people were all proved wrong! But only a decade or so ago, at the time of our revolution, dense and apparently satisfied ignorance had to be overcome before even the most ordinary modern aids to living could be introduced to my people. Yet the very people who then feared a motorcar now crowd the busses in China. You see, the metamorphosis is so belated that it is too close to the eyes of observers from already organized countries for them to get a focus on it. Especially if they are not well acquainted with China's past.

On the fringe of China—in the coastal ports where there has long been contact with foreigners and foreign methods—it is comparatively easy to make effective use of new ideas. But in interior China, where there is a population of over 400,000,000, one has to begin with quite fundamental education.

Correspondingly with the slowness in development of practical devices, political development was held back. It is not so many decades since the first pretense of a newspaper appeared, and then only the literati could understand it. China used to be controlled by an official class selected as the result of literary examination. Candidates did not necessarily have to possess executive ability or administrative capacity; though many of them developed it.

The reign of the Manchus saw the comparative stagnation of China. The masses knew nothing of administrative affairs. In fact, they were taught that to take an interest in such things would put their liberty in jeopardy; perhaps their lives. They paid their taxes, asking nothing in return. So, when the movement started toward a government by officials elected by popular will, years and years of ceaseless energetic effort had to be made to awaken sections of the population.

Many efforts, made during many years, failed to overthrow the Manchu dynasty. The Revolution that finally succeeded was started by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen—and he endured years of danger before the time came when he could safely rest his feet in his own country.

But when what is known as the Republic of China was inaugurated, the old official class, of course, contrived to obstruct and delay for some time the introduction of many new methods based on modern principles.

The Kuomintang Party, which fathered the Revolution, had the responsibility of preparing the people for self-government. Too precipitate at the outset, they gradually learned that a period of tutelage would have to be instituted before the masses were ready for the exercise of the franchise and a constitutional regime.

And there were other difficulties. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was made Provisional President. But Yuan Shih-kai, in command of what was then a united military force, effected the abdication of the Manchus on the condition that he be the first President of China. A Constitution was drafted by the representatives of the Revolutionary Party in circumstances which constrained those responsible to frame its clauses with the primary object of curtailing the powers of Yuan Shih-kai. He, however, quickly showed that he had no intention of abiding by republican principles cast on any other lines than those of his own devising.

Pretending to a high sense of legality, Yuan Shih-kai wished to be properly elected by a parliament. But he saw to it that only certain articles dealing with the election of President and Vice-President were selected from the entire Constitution, promulgated on October 4, 1913. His election to the Presidency took place two days later. And on November 4 of the same year he contrived the collapse of Parliament. His method was to accuse the Kuomintang members of conspiracy.

Dr. C. T. Wang, the present Chinese Ambassador in Washington, was president of the Senate in those hectic days. He narrowly escaped with his life.

Next it came about that, since the Revolutionary Party was in a decided majority in Parliament, their ejection by force caused constitutional government to collapse. And events plunged Yuan Shih-kai into a scheme to ascend the Dragon Throne as Emperor. His effort ended swiftly. A revolution started against him, and on the eve of his resignation or "abdication" he died.

His death, by the way, was due to neither suicide nor murder. His superstitious wife and his thirteen concubines prevented the utilization of foreign scientific methods to combat a physical ailment—that was all.

That ended the fiasco which was the first constitutional effort. Another was made as soon as Parliament was reconvened after the death of Yuan Shih-kai; but an attempt to insert a chapter on local government proved too much for the army leaders, and they effected the dissolution of Parliament. The then President, Li Yuan-hung, fled; the "Boy Emperor"—now Pu Yi of so-called Manchukuo—was restored to the throne for twelve days. And constitutionalism was wrecked for a long time.

The army, then united, quickly broke up into factions whose struggle brought China to the verge of chaos—a chaos which lasted a sufficient number of years to make the world think China not only incorrigible but beyond aid, until later progress gave reason to abandon that view.

There you have a cursory impression, in broad strokes, of the outstanding factors of our problem up to 1926.

THE END

WHY *Married*

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

MY wife answered the telephone. "Honey," she said, returning to our den where she had been playing the piano, "your friend Jesse Owens just arrived in town with a basketball team. Invite him out to dinner. Get up a stag party for him tonight."

Would I invite Jesse Owens out? Let me at that telephone! Soon the party was all arranged and we gathered in my apartment to show a great champion and grand fellow a good time.

My wife was directing a Christmas benefit play given by colored children of Chicago and spent most of her evenings before the holidays rehearsing her "kiddies." So we had the place to ourselves. It was a happy gang that sat down to turkey dinner and afterwards swapped stories, listened to music, and finally got around to talking fights.

And I thought how swell it was being married and owning my own home where I could entertain friends. Now suppose I was a bachelor and wanted to show a friend like Jesse Owens he was welcome in Chicago. I'd probably have taken him to some public place for dinner, and some scandalmonger would say: "Look, Joe Louis is stepping out." That would fire a chain of rumors, and before long people would have me doing things unbecoming to a world's heavyweight champion.

I'm partial toward my home. I enjoy having my friends in and seeing them happy and I like to swap stories with them. Above all, I find that being a married man keeps me contented with keeping myself in top condition all the time.

The master of the ring becomes a student in his kitchen. Mrs. Louis gives orders there.

Perhaps Jesse Owens was thinking about the same things. You know, he was a happily married man when he cracked all those Olympic records. All that boy talks about is his wife and two cute little daughters, the baby only a few months old. Jesse said to me: "Joe, I can't understand Gene Tunney at all. He says Max Schmeling will knock you out again, because he says you haven't kept yourself in the best condition. Now, I've been around with you a lot, and the only dissipation you ever did was to eat an extra dish of ice cream."

Jesse was right about my condition. If Schmeling repeats against me, it'll be because he's a better man, that's all. If Gene Tunney wants to pick him, well, Gene is entitled to his opinion. But I never get out of condition to fight, and one reason for my fine shape is that I'm a married man.

Folks keep asking me: "Joe, is it true you aren't as good since you got married?"

I can't understand their attitude. If people will look at the records they'll see that married men are our best athletes. I asked Owens about it.

"Joe," he said, "the best thing I ever did was get married. When a man is married to the right girl and happy with his home, why, he doesn't think about gallivanting around. So when he has a job to do—like break-

Men BECOME Champions

A famous fighter's frank and intimate confession of what he's learned about wives and having a home

BY JOE LOUIS

ing a record—he doesn't mess around about it. He breaks the record."

And I guess that's a good explanation. I'm happy and contented. Maybe you think this condition makes a fellow tame or less vicious. Why, it's just the opposite. Do you think Bob Pastor, who went ten rounds with me, was running for dear old alma mater? He was bicycling those dogs because it was his one chance of staying the limit and bouncing into big dough. He was fighting for his wife—to provide for her the way he wanted to provide.

And why do you think Henry Armstrong slashes chins to bits? Henry is a happily married man with a home to keep and a nest egg to save for the days when his career is history.

Jim Braddock came back off the docks and socked his way to the heavyweight crown because his wife and children were hungry. He loved them too much to let them exist on a dock hand's pay when his fists still could dig pay dirt.

When I hear people talk about marriage weakening a champion, I just have to laugh. Why, the only man to beat me since I started cracking chins for a living was the married Max Schmeling.

Some one once told me that the big things a man does, he does for a woman. When I quit working in an automobile factory and went out to fight, I was mighty anxious to buy my mother a nice house and furnish it with swell things.

In one of my early fights Otto Borschuk jarred me with a right-hand smash on the jaw. I was in danger of losing. "Well," I told myself, "you can't lose now, Joe. You gotta knock this guy out or mom won't get her house."

I gritted my teeth and began pitching leather, and very soon Borschuk was stretched in the resin.

After I had the deed to that house in my mother's safe-deposit box I might have become indifferent about the whole thing if I hadn't met and fallen in love with Marva Trotter. I've won the championship and saved a nest egg, but I still like to come home winner.

Now I long for the evening when the gong will send me back against Schmeling. Both of us will be in our best condition and both will be fighting for our women.

May the best married man win!

THE END

Former world's heavyweight champion James J. Braddock and family. His love for them cost Max Baer his crown.

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME—THE CASE —THE CHALLENGE

by Former Governor HAROLD G. HOFFMAN of New Jersey

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AT Madison Square Garden, on December 4, 1935, Governor Hoffman chanced to mention that Ellis Parker was working on the Lindbergh case. A news story resulted. The next day he was interviewed. Had he ever seen Hauptmann? "Yes," he said; "once." Where? "In the New Jersey State Prison." Thus it was that the avid press and the delirious public learned of his visit to the death cell.

January 17 was the new date set for the execution. In the evening of the 15th the Governor and Attorney General Wilentz, finding themselves in the same New York hotel, agreed upon a plan to try to get Hauptmann to tell the whole truth. As his part in the plan, the Governor was to see Mrs. Hauptmann in the morning in Trenton.

PART FIVE—WHILE THE WORLD WAITED

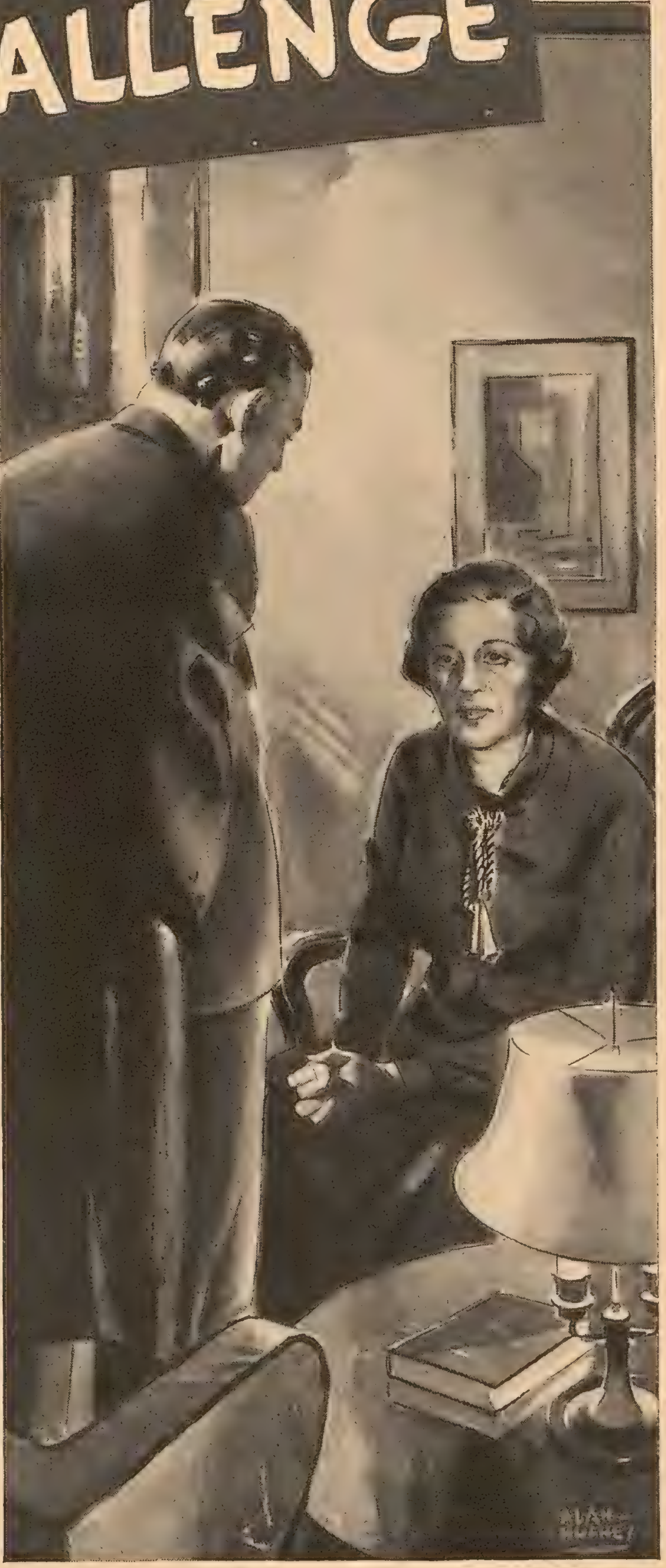
MRS. HAUPTMANN," I said, with an assumed air of finality, "tomorrow is the day when, under the law, your husband is to die. I wanted to help him, but he has not been telling me—or any one else—the truth."

"*No! No! No!*" Anna Hauptmann screamed. "Dot isn't so! Richard did tell the truth! He is telling the truth!"

Her face, which had gone almost chalky white, suddenly flushed with anger. She clenched her fists and started to beat them against my chest. "Listen to me, Gofe'nor, listen to me!"

In line with the arrangement made with Attorney General David Wilentz in the Hotel New Yorker the night before, I was in the Stacy Trent Hotel, in Trenton, facing the woman who was to have been made a widow the next day. Elliott, the executioner, had been engaged. Colonel

What happened after reprieve delayed Hauptmann's death? . . . Here, at first hand, is the sensational inside story



"He might even say something that will save his life."

Mark O. Kimberling, the prison keeper, had issued his invitations and had made the plans under which the switch was to be thrown to send to eternity the despised alien German carpenter who had been convicted of the cruel crime that had shocked the world.

I had returned from New York early in the morning, determined to go through relentlessly with the plan that had been evolved in a heated session with the Attorney General. Wilentz felt—and I had agreed with him—that when the last vestige of hope had been removed Hauptmann would tell everything he knew about the crime. If he had been involved only in the extortion plot, he would say so, and save his life. We had even planned to lay before him a method under which, even if he had concocted the diabolical kidnap and murder and had carried it out lone-handed, he might prolong his life.

Ever since I had started an earnest study of the case, I had been of the opinion that Hauptmann's life, compared to the value of the complete story, was unimportant. It *was* important to learn just how this unknown Bronx carpenter could have obtained information that the Lindbergh family would be at Hopewell, for the first time, on a Tuesday night; how he could have known about the unlocked window, the broken shutters, the layout of the nursery; how he could have executed the astounding physical feat of scaling that rickety ladder—climbing in the window after balancing himself on the top rung of that ladder thirty inches below the window ledge; how he could have skillfully avoided disturbing the stein on the window sill, the toy on the top of the suitcase, the suitcase itself.

It was important to learn—for the prevention of other kidnapings, for the safety of other children—how Hauptmann, if it was Hauptmann, could have carried the baby, alive or dead, out of its crib, otherwise undisturbed, and on through the window. It was vitally important to learn how, with his bundle, he could have closed the window, after leaving a note upon the window sill; how he could have fallen from the broken ladder without leaving the imprint of his body upon the soft earth; why he would have stopped, under such circumstances, to carry the telltale ladder seventy-five feet away from the house.

It was important to know how he could have eliminated all fingerprints from the nursery, the ladder, and all of the ransom notes; how he could have disguised his footprints. It was important to learn how, for two years, he could have baffled the best police brains of the country until he was picked up through the chance precaution of a gasoline-station attendant; how he could have disposed of $35,000 of the ransom bills—as they "proved" he did, at Flemington—without any of these bills, long in circulation, being picked up in any of the banks or in the Treasury Department. It was important to learn a hundred and one other things about this crime; things that Hauptmann, convicted as the cunning, heartless singlehanded master criminal, unbelievably stupid at times, was the only one who could tell the world.

WILENTZ had even agreed with me that the question of whether Hauptmann died in the chair or continued to live behind prison walls was relatively unimportant to getting this whole story.

So it was determined that I should go to Mrs. Hauptmann on this, the day before the one set as the day on which her husband was to die; tell her that I was powerless to act—that I was convinced her husband was lying—and then open up the way in which her Richard's life could be saved.

Immediately upon my return to Trenton I had gone to my suite in the Hotel Hildebrecht and summoned Colonel J. Fred Margerum, my military aide-de-camp. I requested him to go to the Stacy Trent Hotel, where Mrs. Hauptmann was then staying, and make arrangements under which I might see her—alone. The Colonel completed his mission and reported to me. He had seen George Crocker, manager of the hotel, and Mr. Crocker had placed his personal suite at the disposal of Mrs. Hauptmann. The grieving, almost frantic wife of the condemned man would be there in fifteen minutes.

Colonel Margerum had noted the presence in the hotel lobby of a battery of photographers and newsreel men, a swarming group of reporters. Consequently, in line with what he knew would be my wishes, he had arranged for my entrance by a rear door of the hotel and my use of a freight elevator to reach Mrs. Hauptmann. The choice bit of information, however, leaked out through a hotel employee. Subsequently I was criticized for going to see Mrs. Hauptmann in this manner.

I make no apology, but I must point out that, had I sent for her to come to my office, she would have had to proceed through a mob of newspapermen and -women, flanked by clicking cameras and the merciless flares of flashlight bulbs. Had I gone to see her in the way I would normally have preferred, I would have been subjected to the same treatment; the cry would then have been that I was making a bizarre bid for publicity.

The newspapers carried large and lurid headlines; the imagination of inventive reporters was taxed to the limit of guesswork to provide for the public stories of the things that didn't happen during the conference: "Smilingly, the Governor patted Mrs. Hauptmann on the shoulder and said, 'Don't worry. I will save your husband's life.'" "Mrs. Hauptmann's little boy Mannfried climbed up on the Governor's knees, put his little arms around his neck, and pleaded for the life of his father." "Mrs. Hauptmann, crying, kissed the Governor's hand time and again and thanked him for his efforts to save Bruno." And kindred falsities!

What did happen was this:

As I entered Mr. Crocker's apartment with Colonel Margerum I found that Mrs. Hauptmann was with Miss Jean Adams, a young newspaperwoman who had been her constant companion. Colonel Margerum indicated to Miss Adams that I would prefer to talk to Mrs. Hauptmann alone, and both he and Miss Adams withdrew.

AFTER a brief exchange of greetings I made the statement to Anna Hauptmann which I have quoted. Looking back upon it in the light of subsequent events, it seems to have been unnecessarily cruel and abrupt—but it was part of the plan to which I had been committed.

It was then that she made her vehement, shouting denial that her husband had been lying. But I continued:

"Things look bad for your husband, Mrs. Hauptmann. Every one seems to believe that he is guilty. There is only one way in which he can save his life."

Eagerly the frantic woman shot at me the question, "Vot vay is dot?"

"Well, Mrs. Hauptmann," I replied, "last night I met with Attorney General Wilentz, over in New York."

A bitter look came into Anna Hauptmann's eyes as I went on: "He thinks it is important—I do too—to get the whole true story of how this thing happened. If your husband committed this crime—"

"He didn't! He didn't! He didn't! He didn't do it, I tell you—he couldn't do it!" Once more she closed her hands into tiny threatening fists. I motioned to a chair and she sat down.

"Listen, Mrs. Hauptmann," I said, "until I finish. Your husband had some of the money. No one believes his story as to how he got it. He has been convicted; he has been sentenced to die tomorrow. But you can save him. The Attorney General says that if Richard will agree to tell the whole story, he will go—or send one of his assistants—to the prison with me, and if he is convinced that the story is true, even if it shows that your husband was the only one who committed the crime, he will go with me before the Court of Pardons and ask to have his sentence changed to life imprisonment. There is no doubt that the court, with both the Governor and the Attorney General making this request, will commute your husband's sentence."

The woman's face reflected at once defiance and disappointment—defiance at the implied accusation of her husband's guilt; disappointment that this charge, hurled so often and so vehemently in the courtroom, in the press, on the air, was coming from a man who, she had been given to understand through the sources of news, was "on her husband's side."

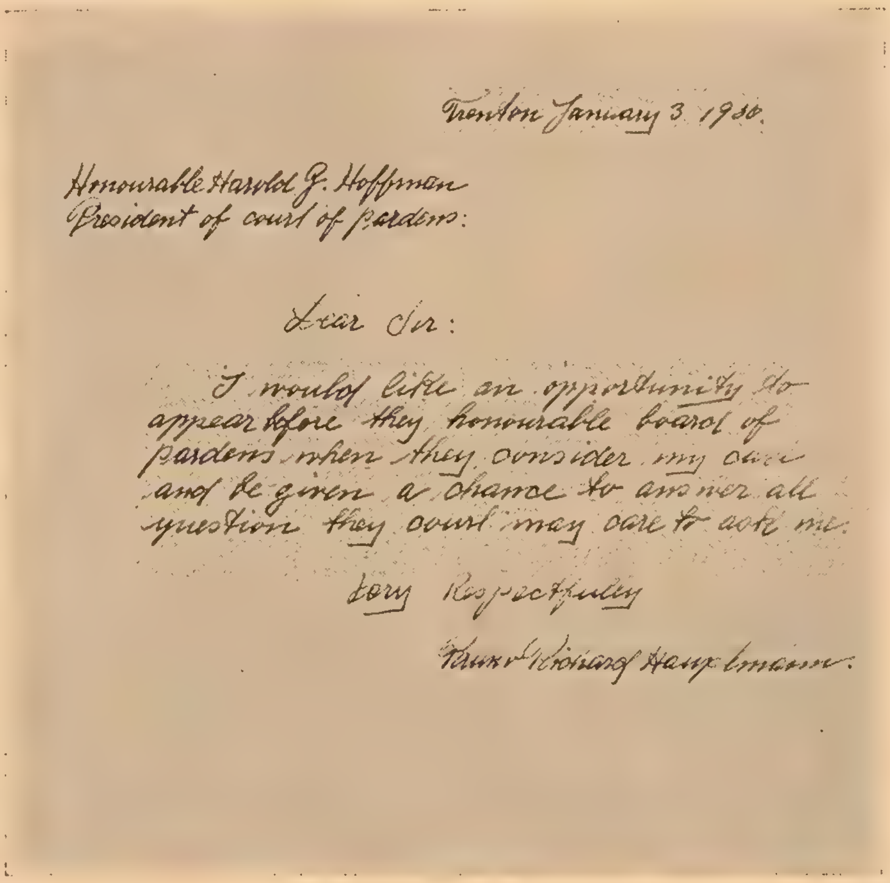
My next words brought her, shrieking, from her chair:

"You must go to the prison this morning. You must see your husband. You must tell him that he can save his life. You must tell him that you want him to tell the truth."

"No! No! No!" she screamed. "I couldn't do dot! He vould turn his back to me. He vould think dot the last von in the vorld to know that he is innozent should think, too, dot he haf commit this crime!"

Drab, colorless Anna Hauptmann rose to the peak of human emotion. It was the first time I had ever seen this woman. She had been pictured as a typical German housewife. In spite of the tenseness of the situation, I had so appraised her in the first few moments of our meeting. Yet I was now face to face with a fatigued woman, red-eyed from constant crying, who was either telling truth that burned deeply into her heart or was staging a scene that, in my opinion, would dwarf the emotional appeal of any of the great dramatic actresses who had ever appeared upon the American stage. And it is hard to think of Anna Hauptmann as an actress.

"My husband haf only a few hours to live! Could I do dot to him—make him think I, like dot judge—like dot jury—believe too dot he vould kill a baby? Vould I make Richard think I too haf believed dose lying vitnesses who for money vould send a good man to die?



Trenton January 3 1936.

Honourable Harold G. Hoffman
President of court of pardons:

Dear Sir:

I would like an opportunity to appear before they honourable board of pardons when they consider my case and be given a chance to answer all question they court may care to ask me.

Very Respectfully

Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

Hauptmann asks to appear before the Court of Pardons.

"No! No! Nefer vould I do dot! Not even to save my Richard's life vould I do dot!"

Mrs. Hauptmann walked away as if to look out of a window. She raised a handkerchief to her eyes, and then turned suddenly around to face me. "How could he do a thing like dot vidout me—his wife—knowing he vas doing it? How could he cut from the attic floor a board and take it out to make such a ladder? No! Vidout me he couldn't commit dis!

"Vy don't your state take too my life? If Richard is guilty I must also be guilty. I too should go to the electric chair.

"Vidout him I do not vish to live! My little boy—"

She dropped, now sobbing, into a chair. "He is not guilty, my Richard—I swear it! Like almost every other night, dot night he comes to the bakery. People saw him dere—vy vould dey not believe these good people who tell the truth? Yet liars they vant to believe!

"No! No!" she continued, between convulsive sobs. "Dot night Richard he go home vid me together. I remember the next day a neighbor came to me like dis." She stretched out her arms in the motion of holding up a newspaper. "'Look vot happened!' And I too, like all vimmen, felt terrible for the little child who haf been took from his home. Vy? Vy? Vy would they tell such things to take my husband from me?"

I tried to reason with her; to make her see that I was opening a door that would lead to the saving of her husband's life; but every time I repeated that phrase, "Get him to tell the truth," she would flare up.

"The truth he has told!" she cried. "Vot more can he say? Yes, maybe he could make up lies to say he did it and save his life. But soon it vould be found dey vere not the truth. No! Alvays I—and some day our Bubi—vould be sorry dot he vould say he haf done such a thing even to save his life!"

Mrs. Hauptmann referred to the rumor, then so current, that her husband would have confessed, involving others, but for the fears he entertained for the safety of his wife and his little boy. "Dot, too, is a lie," she said. "Alvays ve vould be safe vith the law until dose people could too be put in jail. Besides, vy should ve vant to lif? My Mannfried must some day have eferybody point at him deir fingers and say dot his father haf been a kidnaper and a murderer. So too dey vill alvays say of me, 'She is the vife of Hauptmann, who haf killed a baby.'"

For a while I veered from the plan upon which the Attorney General and I had agreed, and talked about other phases of the case. When I felt that she had calmed down sufficiently, I broached a secondary proposal: "Will you do this, Mrs. Hauptmann? Go down to see your husband and ask him if he will talk to the Attorney General and to me and answer any questions? Perhaps the Attorney General will not go, but he will send one of his best men. Maybe Richard will say something to help. He might even say something that will save his life."

"Dot I vill do," was the reply, "for Richard he haf always said dot gladly he vill answer questions dot anybody vant to ask him.

"But," she added, "I vill not say to him—his vife—dot at last he should tell the truth, ven alvays I know dot he has told the truth dot he did not do dis terrible thing."

I gave Mrs. Hauptmann my telephone number at the Hotel Hildebrecht and told her to call me after she had visited the prison. I shook hands and, with some little remark that I do not recall—possibly the equivalent of "Keep your chin up"—I bid her good-by. I met Colonel Margerum in the hotel hallway and we left—yes, by the "back way"—for my rooms at the Hildebrecht.

IN about an hour there was a call from Colonel Kimberling. He put Mrs. Hauptmann on his office telephone: "Richard says he vill be glad to see you and Vilentz—he vill be glad to see anybody. But, Gofe'nor, the story is just the same; he haf told eferything he knows—nothing more he can tell."

I immediately called the Attorney General, told him of my experience with Mrs. Hauptmann at the Stacy Trent, her refusal to ask her husband "to tell the truth," and of his message that he would be glad to see us but that his story was "just the same."

"The hell with it, Harold," was Wilentz' curt decision. "If that's still his attitude, I'm damned if I'm going to do anything to help him."

Hauptmann was not interviewed.

But that afternoon at the State House, in an atmosphere charged with threats of impeachment and other forms of political extinction, and with reporters swarming around like bees, I announced that I was granting a thirty-day reprieve to Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

It represented an action that had been taken by every other Governor of New Jersey before me—some once, some many times: the granting to a man condemned a brief respite from death.

Pressed for the "reasons"—which, as far as I know, had never before been demanded of a governor who had granted a reprieve—I announced that I entertained doubts, shared by many thousands of people, that complete justice had been done. I said that there should be further time for what I hoped might be orderly investigation.

I announced then that, under the limitations of the New Jersey Constitution, there would be but this one reprieve granted by me. I qualified this, however, with the clause, "unless there should be some development under which both the Attorney General and I would agree that a further stay should

(Continued on page 28)

For a Growing Sense of Security

United States Savings Bonds contribute to a *serene present* and a *secure future*. Present returns are measured in peace of mind and freedom from investment detail. Future returns consist of a 33⅓ per cent increase on investment in ten years. Every investor in Savings Bonds knows that—

1—His funds are safe . . .
2—They will increase in dollar value every year until maturity of the bonds . . .
3—The bonds are free from price fluctuation.

This knowledge gives him and those dependent upon him a sense of security, which grows as their savings grow to meet future needs. Today's investment of $75 in Savings Bonds grows to $100 in ten years. As little as $18.75 or as much as $7,500 may be invested each calendar year for each member of the family.*

By registering Savings Bonds in the alternative such as *Mr. John K. Smith OR Mrs. Isabelle Gordon Smith,* an investor affords mutual protection to himself and wife. Bonds thus registered may be redeemed by either person named as co-owner without the signature of the other.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

MONEY FOR THE FUTURE

If you invest **$18.75**, **$37.50**, **$75** or **$375** each month in Savings Bonds, under the present offering, there will be payable each month, beginning at the end of ten years from your first investment, a sum 33⅓% greater than the amount of each purchase, and continuing for as many months as you may have made the original investments.

Although a person holds $10,000 (maturity value) of Savings Bonds issued in 1937 or in any previous year, he may acquire an additional amount not in excess of $10,000 (maturity value) issued during any subsequent calendar year, so long as the present offering is continued.

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES AND DIRECT BY MAIL

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, 2-L, Washington, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.
☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
......	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75 $**	....
......	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50 $**	....
......	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00 $**	....
......	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00 $**	....
......	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00 $**	....
		Total $	....

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (maturity value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1 to December 31) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to
Name {Miss / Mrs. / Mr.} ____________________
Street address ____________________
City ____________ *State* ____________

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

(Continued from page 26)

be warranted." My position, perhaps, may be best summed up in the statement issued in conjunction with the reprieve:

"A shocking crime was committed and, in the interests of society, it must be completely solved. A human life is at stake. As Governor of New Jersey I have a duty to perform. It is my heart, my conscience, my job—and this is my decision."

Once more there was a reportorial scurry for telephones; once more there was a wave of synthetic indignation whipped up by reports of reprehensible motives and mysterious behind-the-scene maneuvers.

But there went to the man in the prison an official document which read: "Pursuant to the power vested in me by the Constitution of this state, I do hereby grant you a reprieve from the sentence of death heretofore imposed upon you and to be carried out during the week beginning the twelfth day of January, 1936, to the fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1936."

I never checked to ascertain the reaction of the Hauptmanns to this official act. For both of them, I imagine, it held a shimmering ray of hope.

More than ever my days became crowded with detectives; with men and women, some sincere, some obviously fakers, all with "information on the case." There were those who wanted to push themselves into the spotlight of the Lindbergh case and to share in its blatant, sordid publicity. There were those who wanted to escape the spotlight but who were pushed into its merciless rays. There were people I wanted to see but couldn't; there were those I wanted to escape and couldn't. But any one who announced himself as an "investigator for Governor Hoffman" was accepted as such by the press. There was a myriad of "cranks" lying in wait for me at my home, at the State House, at the hotel. Every fantastic story that was dug up—or invented—was solemnly announced to the world as being "considered by Governor Hoffman."

Parker, now shadowed at every turn by newsmen, continued a determined search for "his man." Lieutenant Robert W. Hicks of Washington, with a string of theories and a carload of "evidence" and equipment, moved in to Trenton and later to New York. Harold Keyes, formerly in the government service and more recently an investigator for Mrs. Hauptmann; William Pelletreau of Jersey City, a private investigator with interesting handwriting exhibits designed to show that Hauptmann could not possibly have been the writer of the ransom notes, with some real information, and with other theories that could not be developed into facts; George Foster, who had been an investigator for Fawcett, Hauptmann's first counsel—these and a score of others figured in the case during the period of the reprieve.

I FREQUENTLY talked with Dr. Erastus M. Hudson of New York. In the early days of the investigation, and particularly in the period immediately following the arrest of Hauptmann, Dr. Hudson was frequently consulted by the police authorities. When he could not find the things the police wanted him to find, and particularly when he told them that Hauptmann was not the kidnaper-murderer, he was immediately discarded and a campaign of persecution was started, designed to ruin him professionally and in every other way.

But I was always impressed by the ability and by the quiet conviction of this man, who held, after processing with silver nitrate and bringing out hundreds of fingerprints, that Hauptmann, whose fingerprints were not among them, could not possibly have built the ladder. He held that Betty Gow, who had said she rubbed the chest of the baby with an oily ointment that would have intensified the ridges, could not have failed to leave fingerprints in the nursery—unless those prints had been washed off. He believed that between the time of the kidnaping and the time when Trooper Kelly, the expert of the State Police, started his futile dusting and search, those fingerprints and other fingerprints, old and new, had been carefully removed.

He held that more than one person unquestionably had been involved in the crime; that the job could not have been accomplished without inside information and aid; that it was ludicrous to imagine that the kidnaper went down the ramshackle ladder with a pail of water and a rag in one hand and the baby in the other.

It was Dr. Hudson who informed me that good fingerprints of the dead baby had been developed from the rails in the hallway outside the nursery door. He told me, too, that fingerprints, by the silver-nitrate process, had been developed on the child's high chair, covered over with shellac, and preserved—if it was desired to preserve them—forever. It was Dr. Hudson who told me of the efforts of Kelly and other State Troopers to ascertain if, and how, fingerprints could be counterfeited. I thought of Hauptmann's prison inquiry: "Vy vould they vant to take from me so many fingerprints—and vid such heavy ink—vhen they admit they do not have from the nursery or the ladder or the notes any fingerprints that are mine?" It was Dr. Hudson who told me of police disappointment that was registered when he said that he would be able to detect the difference, however, between real and counterfeit fingerprints.

DR. HUDSON, as far as I knew, continued his courageous investigation, which demanded the neglect of his personal practice, without funds other than his own; certainly he never received financial aid from me or from the State of New Jersey.

In those days, too, I met Leon Ho-age, an experienced investigator, who had some ideas that stood up under close scrutiny, and who was later to dig with meticulous care into the official records, and to unearth wide discrepancies between the things that happened, the things that were early reported to the police, and the things that were said, under oath, upon the witness stand at Flemington. Ho-age, unlike many others, carefully avoided the spotlight as he dug into the case.

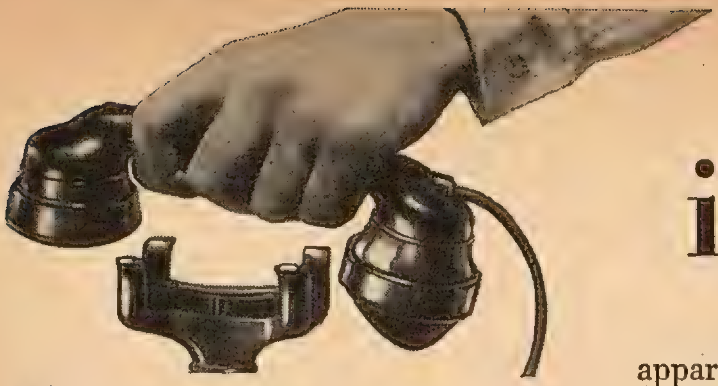
I had a number of interesting conferences with Samuel Small, a professional penman who had been graduated from the Palmer-Zaner College of Penmanship. Not an "expert" in the same sense as the Osborns, Stein, and the great array of high-priced technical men who had appeared against Hauptmann, Small, who had for years studied types and styles of handwriting, convincingly argued that Hauptmann could not possibly have been the writer of the ransom notes. A Jew, submerging all racial prejudice against the German prisoner, so apparent in those wild unbelievable days, Small held that Osborn had testified in contradiction to his own writings, his own beliefs. "In a lifetime of painstaking effort," declared Small, "a man cannot change the way in which he was taught to write. Look at these!"

Before me Small spread out, magnified perhaps a hundred times, photostatic reproductions of Hauptmann's admitted writings, before and after his arrest, and the blown-up sections of the writing upon the ransom notes. "Look," he said. "The shadings are different—the downstrokes and the upstrokes. Every letter has different characteristics—they are started in different places. The smartest criminal in the world, with all the writing in the ransom notes, couldn't do that." He explained the differences in the methods of the Spencerian and vertical round-hand systems, used long before the Palmer system—and Hauptmann—came into being.

The night before the final session of the Court of Pardons, Small in my hotel room begged permission to go before the court, and was told that, under the rules, it would be impossible. "But," he said, as he actually broke down and cried, "do you mean to say that your state will send to the chair a man who couldn't possibly have written those notes? I could show them, Governor. Even a child could tell from these"—he pointed to his enlarged exhibits—"that Hauptmann couldn't have written the nursery note or any of the other ransom letters.

"Listen!" Small cried. "It isn't a question *if* Hauptmann wrote those letters. It is a question whether he could write them. I tell you, Governor, that if you went to the prison and said to Hauptmann, 'I will let you free if you can write a single sentence the way it is written in the ransom letters,' Hauptmann would have to stay in prison the rest of his life. Any expert who has studied types and methods of handwriting will tell you that." Small insisted, and pointed as

(Continued on page 30)



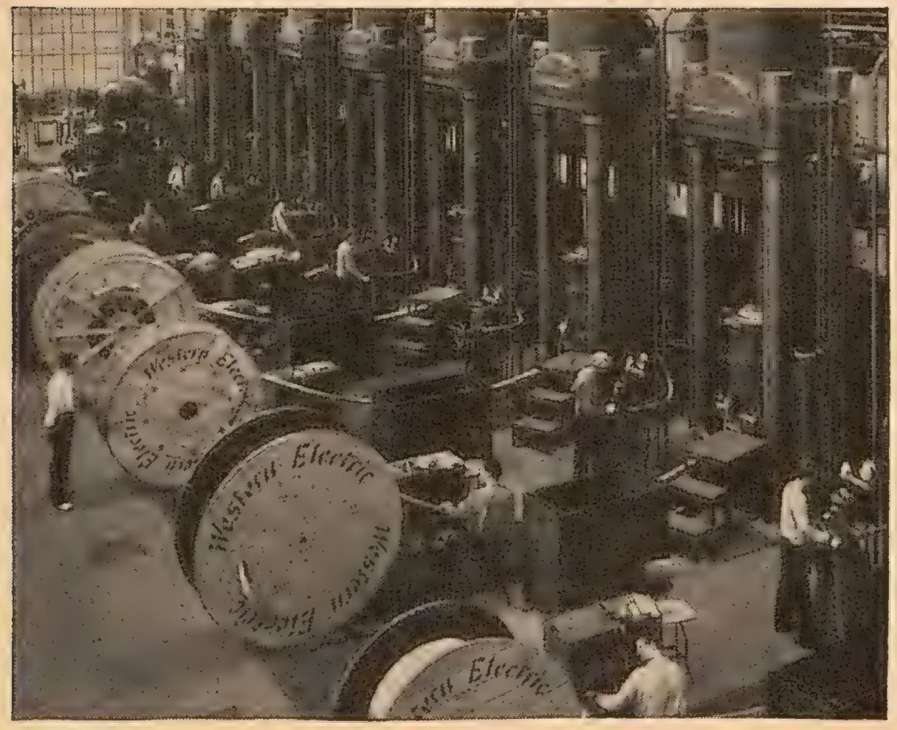
Less than 5% is in your home!

Back of the Bell Telephone in your home is a vast network of equipment that you never see. Back of that are the telephone company, Western Electric and their thousands of trained men and women throughout the country.

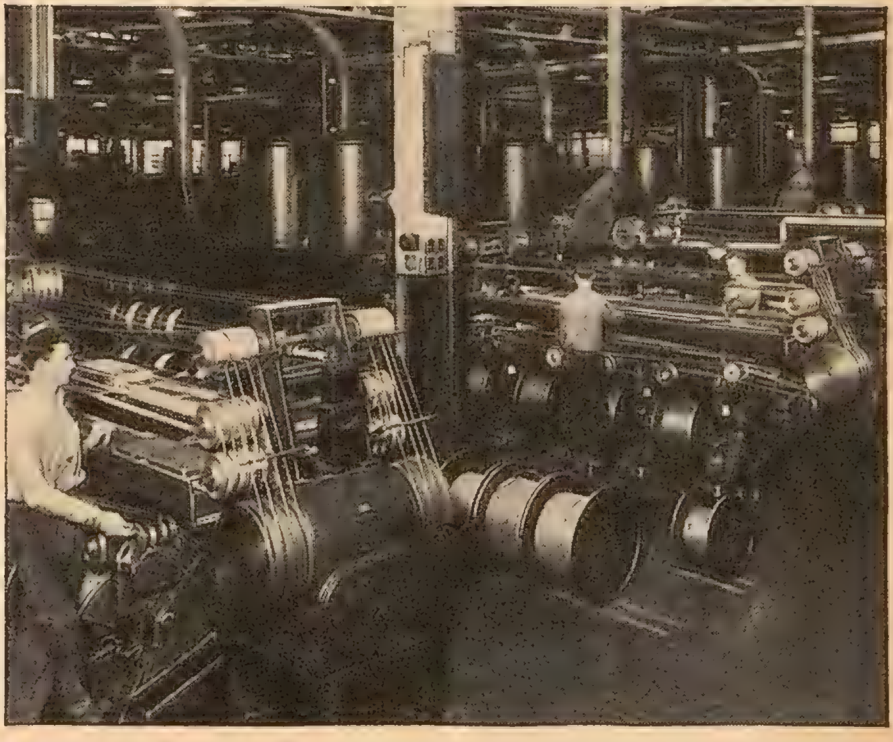
When you lift your receiver, this apparatus goes into action. Wire, cable, switchboards—thousands of items, big and little—all must be ready whenever you call.

And all this equipment must be made with such precision that your Bell telephone will work in perfect coordination with the millions of others in the country. What other product that you use has to meet such a test?

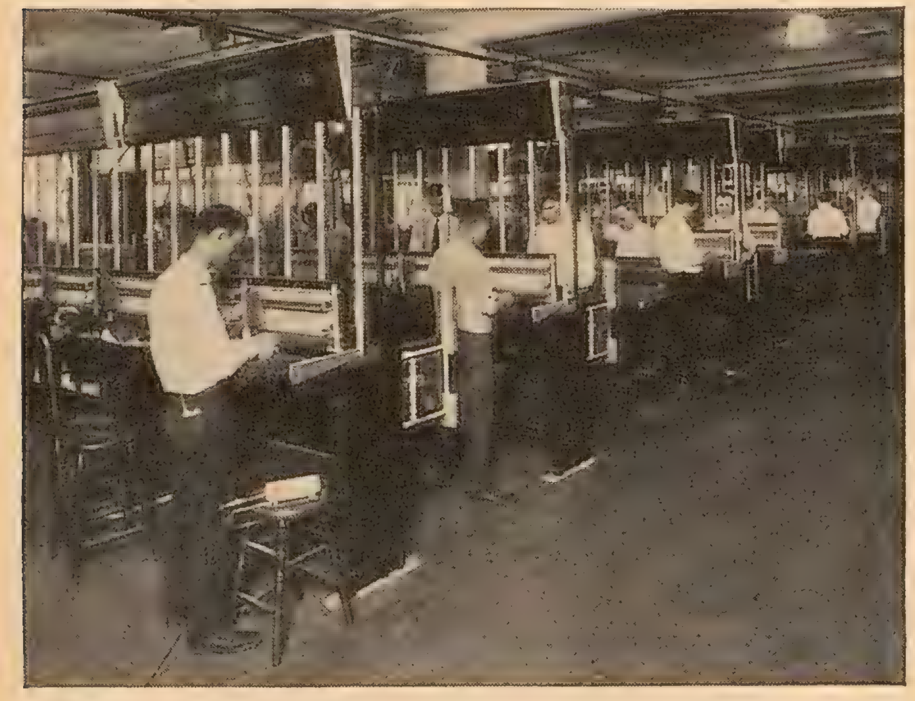
Standardized apparatus of high quality is therefore absolutely essential. To make sure of this, the Bell System has for 56 years entrusted its manufacturing to Western Electric.



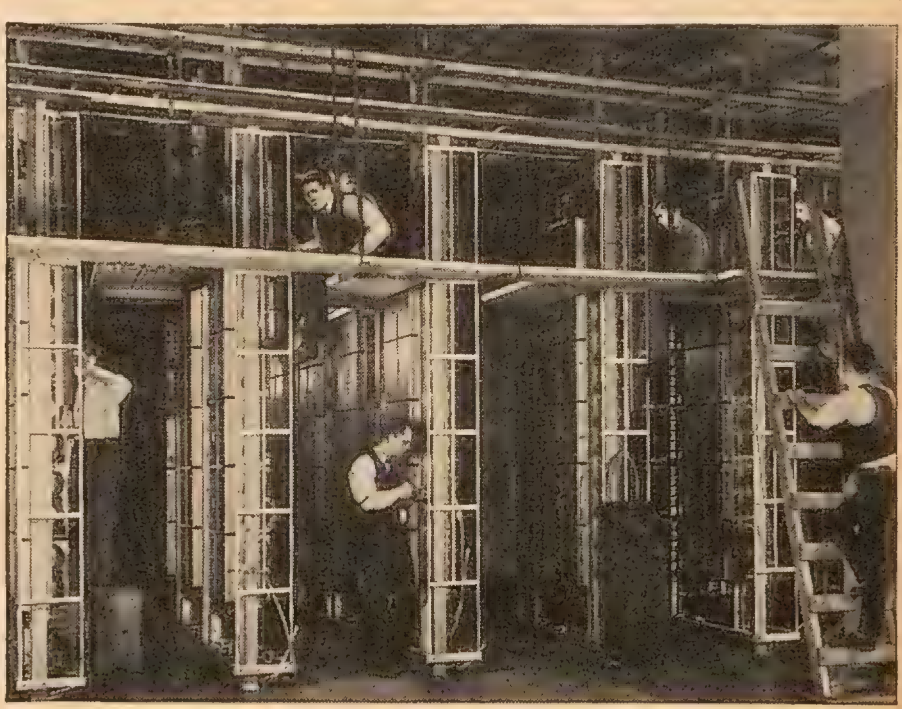
1. Look into one of the great Western Electric cable shops. In a year over six million miles of wire are put into these familiar cables.



2. These machines turn out rubber covered telephone wire. Each year the Company manufactures 400,000 miles of this important product.



3. Expert workmen install an intricate maze of wiring in these telephone switchboards at one of Western Electric's three great factories.



4. Here skilled workers are making delicate adjustments on that marvel of intricacy, a dial type central office.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY

BE GAY...
WITHOUT
MORNING-
AFTER

Here's the new
BEFORE and *AFTER* way

Why not wake up the morning after a party without a headache?

Take Bromo-Seltzer *before* bedtime. While you sleep, it settles your stomach, soothes your nerves —ALKALIZES excess acidity.

After waking, take another Bromo-Seltzer to check that tired feeling. You'll feel refreshed—peppier. At all drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER

Helps
prevent—
or stop—
Morning-
After

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

(Continued from page 28) proof to sections from Osborn's book and from the statements of other known authorities on writing, that a person cannot disguise his handwriting from one known system to another without conflicting them.

On January 30 I ordered Colonel Schwarzkopf to reopen the investigation, to continue the search for other persons involved in the crime. I pointed out that either the state's principal witnesses had not told the truth, in which case their whole testimony might be questioned, or that there *were* other participants in the kidnap, the murder, or the extortion.

I then received a series of weekly "reports" from Colonel Schwarzkopf. He had advised Director Hoover of the F.B.I. and Police Commissioner Valentine of the contents of my letter. There had been a weekly "conference" of officers. I can imagine the proceedings at those conferences. There was no indication of police desire or interest in finding any one else connected with the crime. Hauptmann had been convicted and was being hurried to the chair. Any one else found in possession of ransom money might have given information that would upset the lone-wolf theory of the police and the prosecution. Such a thing would, of course, "reflect" upon the courts. It was forgotten that in the Curtis case the prosecution had "proved" that there was a gang of kidnapers and that Curtis knew them.

Banks were notified that it was no longer necessary to look for the ransom money. Notified on March 28 by John Edgar Hoover that the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank had advised that it had "accumulated forty-nine thousand A and B series five-dollar Federal Reserve notes which are available for examination," Schwarzkopf wired the director as follows:

THIS DEPARTMENT CONTEMPLATES NO EXAMINATION OF NOTES REFERRED TO IN YOUR TELEGRAM THIS DATE STOP SUGGEST THAT ANY IDENTIFIED NOTES BE TAKEN OUT FOR DESTRUCTION

WHEN I asked for a copy of a State Police report for use in checking I was generally handed—reluctantly, it seemed—the material I requested; but several times I was advised that a certain letter—or a certain report—was "in the hands of the Attorney General and not available." This in spite of the fact that ordinary police procedure would demand the retention in files of at least a copy of any important communication or report.

On February 28, "fed up" with the weekly routine reports by Schwarzkopf concerning "conferences" and "progress" when there was no progress, I wrote the then Superintendent of State Police that I was not interested in receiving further weekly reports simply indicating that the usual conferences were being held. "If you feel that the Lindbergh case has been completely solved and that no persons other than Hauptmann were involved, it is your duty to advise me and to give me your answers to the questions I have submitted. My opinion, which is shared by thousands of our people, is that the kidnaping, murder, and extortion was not 'a one-man job.' Had sound and ordinary police methods been used following the commission of the crime, many doubts entertained today might have been eliminated and two and one half years might not have elapsed before the arrest of a person who, through the efforts of a gasoline-station manager and a bank teller, could be charged with the crime."

When I referred in the Schwarzkopf letter to the Lindbergh investigation as representing "the most bungled case in police history" I was stating an opinion shared by outstanding criminologists.

THE general opinion of police officials and scientists in crime detection seems to have been summed up by Henry Morton Robinson in his book Science Versus Crime:

"To summon up a ghastly remembrance of police tipstavery, bend your glance backward to the opening chapter of the Lindbergh case. Do you remember—could any one ever forget—the foaming and senseless cataract of gorgeously uniformed state troopers that descended on the Lindbergh home in motorcycles, roared up and down the road trampling every available clue into the March mud, systematically covering with impenetrable layers of stupidity every fingerprint, footprint, dust-trace on the estate? Hauptmann has been convicted and doubtless deserves the punishment that will be meted out to him, yet there are many impartial and legally trained minds which dispute the value of the evidence that placed him in the Lindbergh nursery on the night of the kidnaping.

"What wouldn't Prosecutor Wilentz have given for a lone conclusive fingerprint on the crib, windowsill, or ladder? How effectively he could have introduced a moulage reproduction of that footprint underneath the nursery window! Or a handful of dust intelligently swept up and later analyzed for evidence. A European prosecutor would have had all these aids as a matter of routine; the first investigator who reached the scene would have protected with his life (and reputation) that footprint in the mud."

Justice Trenchard, at the expiration of the reprieve, had set the week of March 30 for the execution, and Colonel Kimberling set the night of March 31 for Hauptmann's short walk to the electric chair.

The United States Supreme Court had denied a writ of habeas corpus and stay of execution.

But in the mad dizzy whirl of the last few weeks there were other important happenings. The unfathomable Gaston B. Means, from his cell in the Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary, had sent through Superintendent of Prisons Sanford E. Bates a "confession." My files already contained at least fifty other purported "confessions," some anonymous and some signed. The Means statement had been worked out with great cunning, reflecting a knowledge of Hopewell and vicinity, and checking in with known happenings in the underworld. He claimed to have invested the money received from Mrs. McLean in an illicit venture with Hassell and Greenberg, leaders of a rum ring who were subsequently murdered in the Elizabeth Carteret Hotel at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The police and others who knew Means laughed at this latest bit of bravado from the federal prison.

A former State Police trooper told me where I might look in the State Police files to find a statement taken from Millard Whited to the effect that he had never seen any suspicious persons in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home before March 1, 1932. I found this statement, taken by the State Police themselves on April 26, 1932—less than two months after the crime—setting out the fact that this Sourland Mountain woodsman, of questioned reputation, had then denied that he had ever seen any one who might have been identified with the crime. It was the same Whited who, more than two years later, after being shown photographs of Hauptmann, identified him in the Bronx Prison, and subsequently told upon the stand his story of Hauptmann's emergence from the woods, on a cold day in February of 1932, "in his shirt sleeves and his coat tossed over his arm."

I sent for Whited, who admitted to me in the presence of others that he had been promised part of the reward for the part he played in the conviction of Hauptmann. He insisted that prior to his giving of the State Police statement he had told of seeing this stranger; but I searched the State Police files and failed to find any prior report of this occurrence. Far fishier than Hauptmann's "Fisch story" is the attempt still being made to make the public believe that the State Police would have made Whited's false statement a part of their official records while eliminating all mention of the important prior disclosures he claims to have made.

The same former trooper who had given me the startling Whited information told me that I would find, "if it had not been destroyed," a statement from Perrone, the taxi driver, to the effect that he had taken a passenger to City Island the day following the meeting of the Bronx Grand Jury, and there had seen "Doctor Condon talking to a man who I think was the man who handed me the note." I obtained that statement, and it contained the exact information that had been reported to me.

Only recently I awarded Whited one thousand dollars of the Lindbergh reward money. Although I hold no belief in the accuracy of Whited's story, his testimony aided in sending Hauptmann to the chair and under the terms of the reward legislation he was entitled to share. Later I shall have more to say about Whited and other identification witnesses.

Between the 7th and the 14th of February I had gone to the Mercer Hospital in Trenton for a minor nasal operation. Shortly before my release there came the surprising information that Samuel Liebowitz, the famous criminal lawyer, had suddenly been associated with the Hauptmann defense counsel. I was puzzled. Nearly every one else was puzzled, for Liebowitz in the newspapers and in his radio comment had frankly expressed his belief that Hauptmann was guilty.

On the evening of my first day at my home in South Amboy, Liebowitz called upon me. He had been to the prison and had had a long interview with Hauptmann.

"Governor," he said, "I can make this fellow tell the truth. I am certain of it. But I need your help!"

How did Liebowitz hope to "break down" the prisoner, and what came of his attempt? What is the truth about Governor Hoffman's alleged connection with the Wendel "confession" that was to postpone the execution yet once more—and was subsequently to land Ellis Parker in prison? Read the former Governor's astonishing and authoritative disclosures in Liberty next week!

Let well-groomed hair
contribute to your success!

YOUR shoes may be shined, your clothes smartly tailored—but it's good-looking hair that completes the picture. It marks you as a man who values his appearance, a man who knows the importance of "first impressions" and wants to make those impressions count. That's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" are so important.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" help keep your hair healthy and handsome. Just apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation awakens—your scalp loses its tightness—it becomes "looser," more flexible—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help the health of your scalp by supplementing the natural oils, overcoming dryness.

See how firmly and smartly your hair stays in place—just the way you want it. And no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis. Start your "60-Second Workouts" today. Help your hair to be healthy and handsome ...to add the crowning touch to your good appearance!

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair takes on a rich, new lustre.

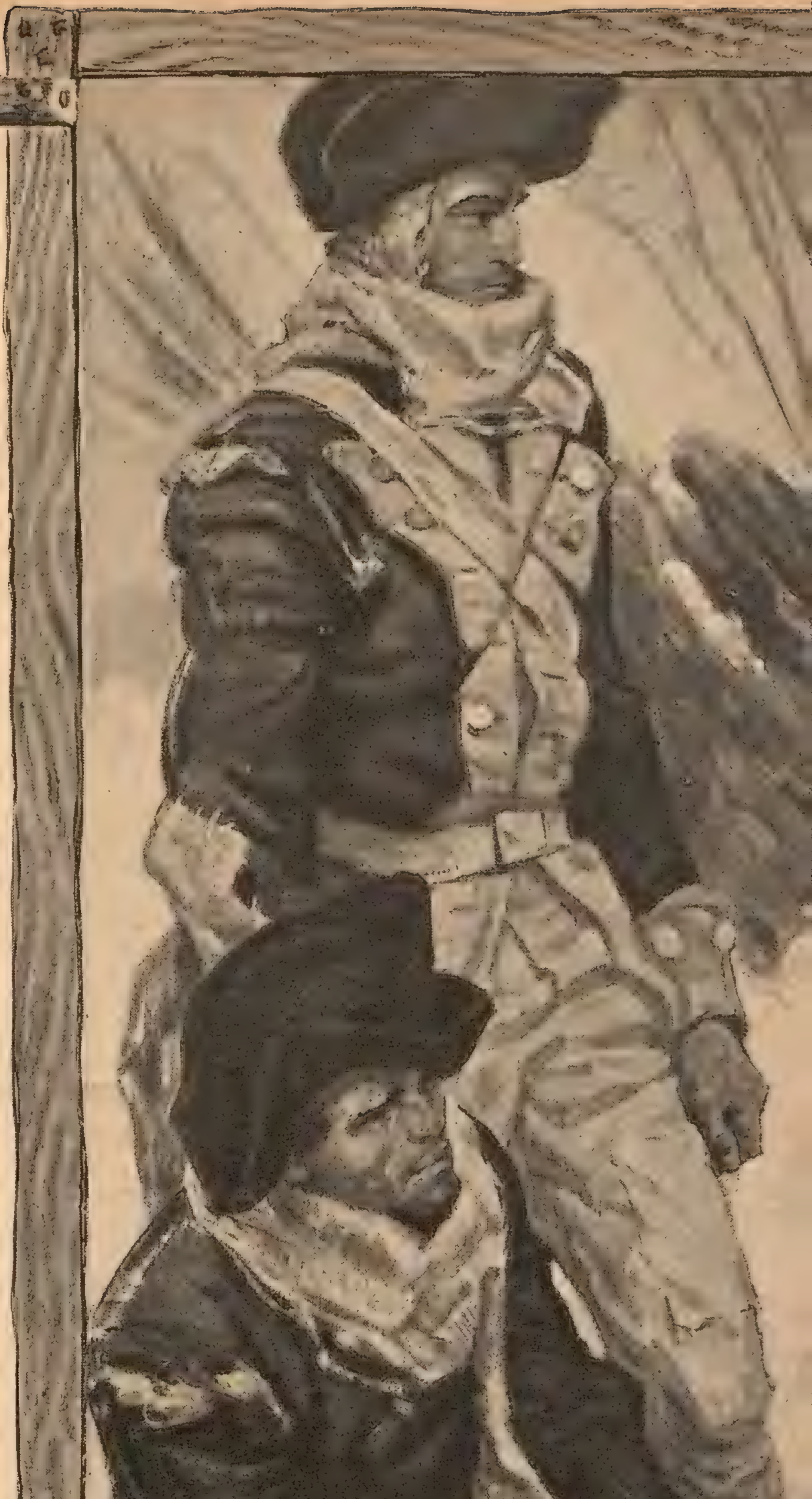
2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB—Your hair has a well-groomed lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THE GIRL AND THE GENERAL

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



I CAME to tell my brother Will what I had seen; but Will had stockings on his mind. You do, if not on your feet. He sat with his bare feet stretched out to the fire, and he was rubbing his head with one hand and rubbing a leg with the other.

"It's all just about over," I told Will.

He held up a pair of Hessian boots that were not too old and not too new either. Whenever we had anything new, it was usually Hessian, because they kept wandering through the country in little parties, and sometimes, if you were lucky, you could knock one over. John Seely had shot a Hessian about two weeks before this—gloves, boots, and a warm uniform. He had a finger shot off, but he said he didn't mind that so much because of the gloves. They were beautiful warm mittens.

I warmed my hands over the fire and then sat down next to Will. It was a cold day, and the fire felt good. On the other side of the fire Mark Shoer was toasting a piece of stale bread on the end of a bayonet. Captain Carter came over and said:

"You fool—you're taking the temper out."

"I am?" Shoer didn't even look up. I thought for a moment that Carter would strike him, but he didn't; lately the officers had been afraid to even talk back to the men, because they could see as well as any one else how the army was breaking up. I guess they were all afraid of mutiny.

Carter walked away. Will took his shawl and ripped it into two pieces. "You got to have stockings," he said.

"I saw the old man today," I told Will. "You want to go home?"

"What good are boots without stockings?" Will asked me, wrapping the pieces of his shawl about his feet. "Now I got stockings but no shawl. You always want something, but don't seem to have two things you want at the same time." He pulled on his boots. "Who's going home?"

"I saw the old man," I said. "I looked through the window, and there he was, sitting with his head on his desk and crying. That's no way for a general—crying. Hamilton stands behind him but doesn't say anything. The old man says, 'I'm through. It's all over, and I'm through.'"

"You saw that?"

"I wasn't ten feet away," I told him.

"You going home?" Will wanted to know.

"Maybe," I said. "No sense hanging round this valley—no army—nothing. They say a cold winter for '78. It's two years since we left the farm. I'm sick of being hungry."

"Maybe," Will nodded. He stood up and stamped around. "The Hessians wear good boots, but the shawl feels funny. I'm getting knit socks."

"Where?"

Will winked and walked away. I sat by the fire, warm-

A heart-warming story of shining faith and courage in America's darkest hour

BY HOWARD FAST

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

ing myself and thinking how it would be to go home. A bugle call sounded, but nobody stirred. Two young officers ran by, yelling for order, but most of us just laughed. Nobody minded the officers any now. Shoer had been listening to what I told Will, and now he said:

"The old man's through, all right. Me too. I'm sick of this valley." He munched the bread and thrust his rusty bayonet into the ground.

A tall thin man sitting near Shoer muttered: "Year of our Lord 1778. Long live the Republic! Republic be hanged! The old man sits inside his house like a fat hog. Me—I'm hungry."

"He ain't fat," I said. "He's skin and bones, and he's got a cough. He's lost his grip. That's why this army's going to pieces."

"Why'd he ever sit us in this valley? There's no food in Valley Forge. Didn't he know that?"

"Maybe," I said. "But I'm going to find me a chicken. I heard a rooster crow this morning."

"I'll go," Shoer grinned. "You won't find chicken—but you're not so empty if you keep moving."

We took our guns and started off along the creek. I guess we were no better than thieves. Maybe we had been soldiers once, but you can't go on being that when there's no war and no food either. The army had been holed up for months now, with more men deserting each day. It's a wonder that any part of the army held together. I guess it was mostly the old man. The old man would come out and talk to us—

"Never did know what I was fighting for," Shoer said. "What'd the British ever do to me?"

"I'd eat horse," I murmured.

"I had a good farm. The old lady says, 'It's your country, ain't it?' I said, 'What'd the British ever do to me? I don't pay none of their taxes. It's a city war.'"

"You going home?" I asked.

"Maybe. I got back pay coming. Maybe I'll go anyway."

"We won't get the back pay. Congress gets fat and we don't eat. What I say—"

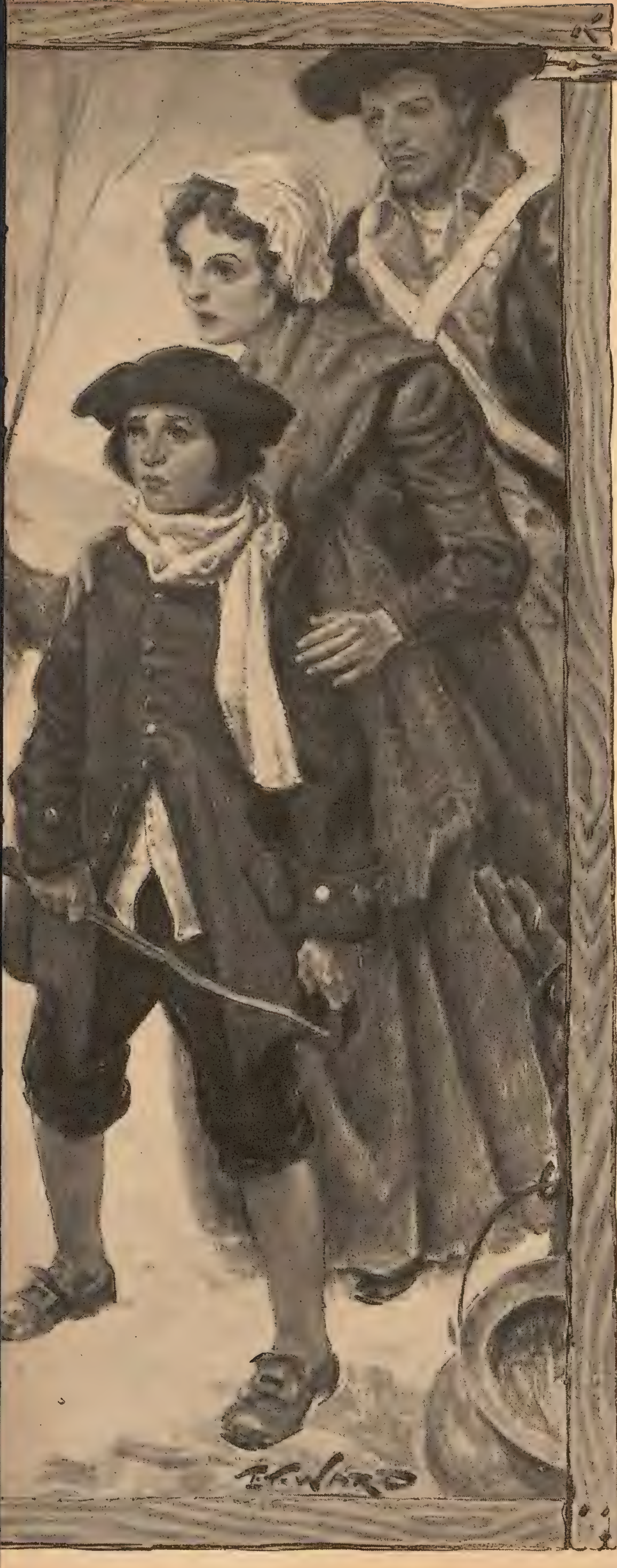
Then I saw the kid. He wasn't much of a kid, twelve or thirteen maybe, and thin. He came out of the woods and waved to us. "Hullo—soldiers!" he called.

Under his arm was a good-sized bundle wrapped in a piece of cloth. Shoer whispered to me, pointing at it.

"Everything is food to you," I said. "The kid looks half-starved."

"Sonny!" Shoer called.

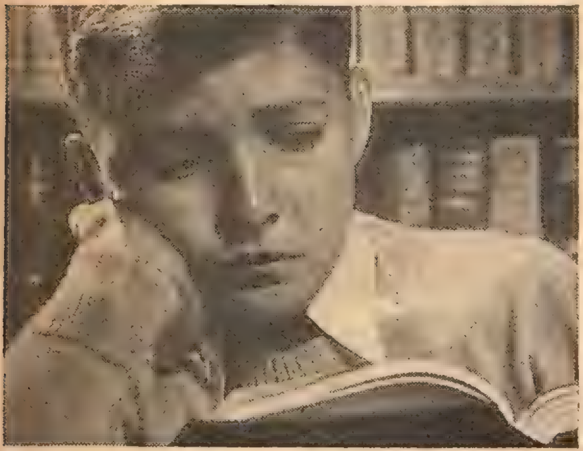
But the boy was walking toward us already, with a kind of eager smile on his face. There was something about his smile that you had to like—eager but just a little afraid. And he had called us soldiers, not the way most people spoke of the Continentals, as a lot of beggars and tramps, but with real admiration in his voice.



The girl threw an arm around his shoulders and faced us, her eyes blazing. The men backed away from that.

YOUNG EYES NEED THE PROTECTION GOOD LIGHTING OFFERS

Trouble ahead? 2 out of 5 children reach college age with defective eyesight . . . a tragedy in which poor lighting plays a leading role.



Watch. If your boy has to hold his book closer than 14 inches, the chances are his eyes are being strained. He probably needs eye-glasses or better lighting, or both.

Guard bright young eyes. See that they have certified I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps, equipped with 100 or 150-watt *G-E bulbs.*

MAZDA
GE
60 WATTS

Look for the G-E trademark on the bulbs you buy, to be sure you get *more* light than ever before . . . and bulbs that *Stay Brighter Longer.*

15-25-40 and 60-watts . . 15c

75 and 100-watts . . 20c

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Shoer had his eye on the bundle. Now, for that I don't blame him, because when a man has not eaten a full meal in a week, food will be the uppermost thought in his mind. He will get to thinking that everything that might be food is food; you can see how that is.

Sitting down on a log, Shoer took out his clasp knife and began to whittle. The boy came over.

"Where you bound for, sonny?" I asked him.

"The army."

Shoer just went on whittling.

"Any special reason?" I asked the boy.

"Yup." He placed his bundle carefully on the ground and took a seat on the log.

"How's that?"

"Joinin' up," he said.

I smiled. "Seems you're a trifle young."

"Thirteen," he said calmly.

"Ain't so young," Shoer said, going on with his whittling but eying the bundle every now and then.

"I ain't young," the boy nodded. "Maybe just a leetle small, but I kin use a gun."

"Live around here?"

"Other side the crick. I heard the general needed men, so I come. You don't think the general's gonna let me down 'cause I'm leetle?"

"I might have a word with the general," I said. The boy grinned at that. He held out his hand to me and we shook hands. Then Shoer pointed with his knife to the bundle.

"What's in there, son—clothes?"

"Ham," the boy said.

MAYBE you know how one word will set you off, bring up pictures and have your mouth wet. I could see now that it was in the shape of a ham. Shoer was almost quivering.

"You know how it is in the army," Shoer said—"share an' share alike."

The boy looked dubious. "You hungry?"

"We don't eat often," I told him.

"All right." He unwrapped the ham, and Shoer wiped the knife on his breeches. He cut three slices. The boy was hungry too, I could see that by the way he went at his slice. Then Shoer cut three more slices. I guess I've eaten better ham than that, but right then I was hungry. We finished more than half the ham.

There was a piece left, and the boy folded that up in the cloth. When your belly is full, the world is better all around. I thought of the men at camp.

"Let's get back," Shoer suggested, rubbing his stomach.

We started back to camp, the boy trailing along. Then, a little shyly, he came up to me.

"I'll make you a major for that," I told him.

"Yeah? Kin I come to the camp?"

"What's your name?"

"Carton Rose."

"Major Rose," I said. He was a good kid.

We came into camp. Maybe the boy was disappointed at the way the men all huddled up to the fires, without a sign of order or neatness or drill anywhere. It wasn't much like an army camp, the way people usually think of an army camp, and there was hardly a man there who wore a full uniform. Mostly old clothes and lots of rags. The boy saw a pair of feet bandaged up in dirty cloth, and bleeding too.

"All right, kid. That's the way war is," I said.

We took him to our fire, and now he was ready to give his ham to any one who would take it. Oh, he was a good kid, all right. The ham went, just like that, but he didn't blink an eyelash. I wondered where he had taken the ham from, because in that valley food was as precious as gold.

"Major Rose," I said.

One of the men gave him a twisted bayonet, and then we stood him up in front of the fire. The men were grinning, but the kid hardly seemed to know what it was about. I guess the ham made us all feel so good.

"YOUR command," Bob Meyer explained. I don't think we wanted to have our fun at the kid's expense. But he was a good boy. We could all see right away that he was a good boy, and we liked him. We didn't laugh at too many things in those days, but here was something to laugh at—gently. A thin shadow of a boy with a bent bayonet commanding tattered shadows of men.

"Up with them, lad," Shoer said, standing next to him.

The boy stared at us; his mouth was open. Then we heard some one cry: "There he is!"

I turned around, and I saw Will. A girl was with him, a slip of a girl who ran toward the boy now. I wondered what Will was doing with a girl and where he had picked her up. And then I remembered him making a remark about some one knitting socks for him. I guess that when the boy saw her, he knew that it was all up, because right then he looked as if he was going to cry. The girl threw an arm around his shoulders and faced us, her eyes blazing. The men backed away from that. Only Shoer and I were left next to her, and Will behind her. The boy edged over to me.

"What men you are!" she said, almost in a whisper. Then she noticed the bone of the ham and the cloth the ham had been wrapped in.

"Easy—ma'am," I said. She was small, but she was older than she had appeared at first, maybe nineteen or twenty, and she was very thin.

"I joined up," the boy said hesitatingly.

She snatched the bayonet from him and threw it into the fire. Will put an arm around her shoulders, but that didn't quiet her down. I could see that she was trembling.

"It's all right, Bess," Will said.

"No—it's not all right. I don't care about the ham. Oh, don't think I care about that, even if it was the last piece of food in the house. I don't care, I tell you. But look what they're doing to him. They call themselves soldiers!"

"Bess," Will pleaded.

I could see Will cared for her; he had it in his eyes, in his face. If she lived just across the creek, how many times had he gone to her house? A man who was in the army had no business with love; the two don't go together.

"Soldiers," she whispered. "An army. You call yourselves an army. You're fighting for liberty and justice and equality. Your liberty means liberty to steal every bit of food we have. First my father went, and he's dead now. Now you take my brother—and the last food we have. Continentals! You're nothing but a rabble of beggars and thieves! Teaching him to fight, to kill, and to steal. I could tell you what Continentals are—"

The men were melting away. Shoer and I stood there; it seemed that we could not move. Shoer's eyes went behind me.

"The old man," he said.

I turned around, and the general was standing there. I suppose he'd heard most of what she said, maybe all of it; but if he had heard it, it didn't show in his face. He just stood there. Back of his eyes there might have been some kind of pain, but it didn't show in his face. His face was full of the same familiar lines and creases, unmoving.

WE faced him, all of us, and for a moment there was a dead silence. A circle of men had formed at a little distance. They didn't come any closer, and I guess they didn't want to go away.

"Go on," he said to the girl very gently.

But she was frightened now, and she just clung to Will.

"I'm sorry—" she began.

"No—" The old man was looking at the boy. "What's your name, son?" he asked him.

"Carton Rose."

For almost a minute the old man stood in silence; then he said, half to the boy, half to himself: "We're not a very proud collection for you to come to, are we?"

"I ain't no Tory," the boy said.

Some one laughed; the girl had tears in her eyes. "Come with me," the old man said, "all of you." He walked away and we followed him, Shoer and myself and the girl and Will and the boy. Together we made a small pitiful procession. He led us to the little house he called headquarters. In front there was a puddle of water from the recent thaw, but he didn't appear to notice it—walked straight through the mud. He went inside and sat down at his desk. An aide was there, but the general dismissed him with a nod of his head.

We stood around awkwardly. The boy held tight to my arm, and the girl clung to Will. Her face was full of fear, as if she had all kinds of thoughts about what the general would do to her for what she had said.

FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF

FLEISCHMANN'S

is a Mixing Gin

SMOOTH AND DELICATE IN FLAVOR
...THE REAL AMERICAN MIXER

SINCE 1870

IN fine American homes, Fleischmann's has long been part of treasured family recipes for smooth mixed drinks. High in quality, delicate in flavor, it *blends* with other ingredients, never overpowers them.

Smooth in mixed drinks, smooth straight, Fleischmann's is the original American gin, distilled from American grain. Buy a bottle today. To order a smooth gin drink, say: *"Please make it with Fleischmann's."*

For smooth Sloe Gin drinks, use FLEISCHMANN'S SLOE GIN—65 proof

Copyright, 1938, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N.Y.

But the old man just sat at his desk and fingered some papers, as if he had forgotten us. That kind of thing had started the rumors about him being all broken up and no good for command any longer. At last he turned around.

"Won't you let us go, sir?" the girl asked. "I'm sorry for what I said. I didn't know what I was saying; I was worried so about Carton. We're a good, loyal family. My father died in your command."

"You can go whenever you want to go, lass," the old man said quietly. "I am not keeping you here. Only I thought you would like to tell me. My men don't steal—or do they? I know they're hungry. They're very often hungry. I've been hungry myself. But I didn't think they'd steal."

The girl shook her head. The old man was not the sort of person you could be at ease with, in spite of whatever he said. But Shoer said:

"We took the boy's ham, sir."

"I gave 'em it," Carton said.

The old man just looked at us; his face didn't move, but then I hardly ever remember seeing shades of expression pass his face. He had one of those hard lean faces that always appear to be the same. He took up a paper that was on his desk and began to speak, with his eyes on the paper.

"You want to be a soldier, son? With us. Why? It's only a fool that goes to the defeated, and you seem to be a clever boy. We're not much of an army any more—just a rabble. Beggars and thieves, I guess."

The boy was sobbing; he tried to hold himself erect.

"I wrote to Congress," the old man went on. "I write often. It's like praying to God—only less useful. You pray for faith, but money is needed for food. Go home now, girl, and take your brother with you."

THEY went out, but we three remained, standing there at attention, waiting to be dismissed. There was a flicker of what is a soldier left in us, and with the old man you forgot that you were starving and freezing.

He had turned back to his desk, reading, dabbing at the paper with a quill. To me, it seemed that we stood there for hours. Beyond the old man's head, through the open window, I watched the sentry pacing back and forth. It was cold, but he didn't appear to notice the draft from the window; he sat writing, with the paper blowing in his fingers. The sentry moved mechanically, a tattered cloak rippling from his shoulders.

"What now?" Will whispered.

I looked at him, and I saw it in his face; but with the war, what was the use? The girl's father was dead, their small homestead ruined by an army of occupation. And Will was at war. The war would go on.

The old man looked up—turned to us. An aide came in and stood by the door, but the old man didn't pay any attention to him, only looked at us.

"It's cold in here," he said. Then he rose and closed the window. He was very old now, as he sat down; hardly a general; just an old man.

"My army," he said slowly, "has not deserted. Ten thousand men—perhaps a rabble of beggars, but still my army."

He seemed to be asking a question.

"Yes, sir," Shoer answered.

"Hard for both of us," he nodded.

Then, for a moment, we forgot that he was the general.

"You may go," he said.

We went outside. Shoer said: "I'll stick—"

"They say he does an act," I reflected. "They say he does the same thing to his officers—to keep them with him. He's a clever old man, all right."

"I'll stay—for a while anyway," Shoer nodded. "Maybe our pay'll come."

"If the army moves," Will murmured. "She says she loves me. So what if the army moves? Can I leave her to starve?"

"I don't think of the old lady any more now," Shoer said. "Suppose she's starving. It don't do me no good to think of her."

A bugle sounded. Then a scattered volley of shots from beyond the creek. The sentry pounded around the house.

"What was that?" he wanted to know.

"Shooting—you lunkhead."

"Attack?"

We didn't know. The British were fools not to attack before this; but suppose Howe had finally roused himself out of Philadelphia? There was no one to resist him—just a crowd of starving men crouched around fires.

Will shrugged his shoulders and looked at me. But maybe the flicker that was left in us made us run to where our guns were stacked. The whole camp was moving itself, rising

RUTGERS WILL GET TO IT, IF GIVEN TIME

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The Home News of New Brunswick, New Jersey, makes a good answer to our Unsolicited Advice to Rutgers University in the January 15 issue in which we suggested a course in crime prevention. The Home News says:

"The prevention of crime, rather than the avenging of crime, is, of course, the greater, more important problem and challenge. Somewhere along the line society was responsible for the plight of the two girls who are in the Essex County jail, confessors of and indicted for the murder of the bus driver in a holdup which netted $2.10. This single case, close to Rutgers, adds weight to Mr. Abbot's challenge, which will be accepted in the manner in which it is given. But Mr. Abbot may be charged with impatience. It is not unlikely that Rutgers will get to crime prevention; it is not unlikely that such a course is contemplated. It cannot do all at once what it would like to do in the way of public service. It already has done many things which were undreamed of only a few years ago."

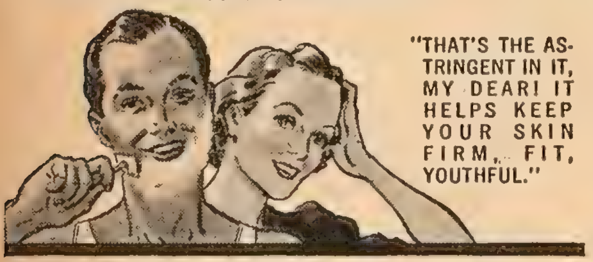
We are glad that our unsolicited advice did not fall upon deaf ears. We know these things cannot be accomplished overnight, and if such a course is contemplated at Rutgers we shall look with interest to its workings and accomplishments. Meanwhile we salute them for the work they are already doing.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

Try the KICK of an Ingram's Shave

"INGRAM'S IS AS COOL AS A SPANKING BREEZE—AND JUST AS INVIGORATING!"


"THAT'S THE ASTRINGENT IN IT, MY DEAR! IT HELPS KEEP YOUR SKIN FIRM, FIT, YOUTHFUL."

"THOSE INGRAM'S PEOPLE THINK OF EVERYTHING—EVEN TO THE SKIN-TONING LOTION!"

"I HATE TO FLATTER—BUT YOUR FACE LOOKS YOUNGER, HAS MORE COLOR SINCE YOU USE INGRAM'S."

"THANKS! I'M ROOTING FOR INGRAM'S—FACE TONIC AND LOTION ALL IN ONE!"

"YOU MEN ALWAYS WIN. IMAGINE STARTING YOUR DAYS OFF WITH A SKIN-COMFORTING FACIAL AND MASSAGE!"

WHAT downright comfort—what soothing shaves Ingram's delivers. Ingram's is economical because *it's concentrated.* The smallest morsel billows up into cloudbanks of luxurious lather that your blade mows through, without sting or tug.

But it's the tonic, refreshing KICK in Ingram's that makes the big, face-saving difference. For Ingram's is the triple treat formula—shaving cream, face lotion and tonic in one. Try Ingram's. You'll enjoy the KICK.

INGRAM'S *Concentrated* SHAVING CREAM

A little goes a longer way

from the fires and slopping through the cold mud. It was like a scene from hell, the half-clad gaunt men moving stubbornly toward their rifles. From beyond the creek more shots sounded.

Shoer pointed to the hillside beyond the creek. A dragoon sat on his horse, the red of his coat gleaming.

I saw an officer gallop up to headquarters, leading the general's white horse. He climbed on to it, weariness in every movement. Then we had our muskets. Every one was asking every one else what it meant, and nobody knew. The officers raged among us, cursing and swearing and trying to get the men into a semblance of order. Will and I followed the general, and most of our company came pounding behind us. I remember the way most of the men puffed as they ran. They were tired, not with action but with inaction and starvation.

But we shouted. Better anyway than sitting around a fire and waiting for the next snow. A ragged chorus of Yankee Doodle flickered up and died again; some one was laughing while he ran. The general reined up his horse to wait for his aides, and in another moment we were pressing close to him. He shouted for us to deploy, and an uneven thin skirmishing line formed itself. Flankers ran along the creek.

It might have looked like a senseless mob. It did. There was no order, no form; but whatever else most of us were, we were old fighting men. We deployed across the creek at the double, sloshing waist-deep through the icy-cold muddy water, holding our muskets and powder high. And on the other side, in the woods, we came on the dragoons.

They were already in retreat. Here and there a Continental outpost lay. There must have been at least five hundred in the British raiding party, and now they were having difficulty pulling their horses out of the woods.

Shouting an order, the old man led our company on an angle toward the road. We were all on foot, and it was a good half-mile run, but it was a clever piece. If we were mounted, we would have cut them off, and as it was we ran full tilt into the tail end of them as they retreated along the road.

We ran along meadows and brushwoods, soaked, panting out our hearts, but following as close as we could the old man's horse. We saw him dip down into a ravine, and then we were after him and climbing a steep hillside. On top was a house, and beyond that the road ran. We came in with the dragoons there, and gave them our load just as we topped the hill. Most of them were down the road already, but a few on the end fell.

Will was ahead of me, near the house. I saw him fire; and then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Shoer stumble. I pulled the trigger, and then I turned to Shoer. He lay on his back, and I remember thinking all in an instant, What of his old lady? What of her? Sick with effort, I leaned on my musket. Poor Shoer, I thought. I wanted to go to him—but I was tired.

Then I noticed the dragoon, and I ran toward Will, yelling. Will saw him too, and he clubbed his rifle. They were a dozen yards apart and it was no good. The dragoon had a horse pistol; he had reined in his horse, and he was taking his own time about it; no one was near enough to bother him.

I think Will waited; he stood that way for a moment, like some one who has waited a long time. Then I noticed the kid. He was on the veranda with a musket that was a lot too big for him. Without thinking, I turned around, as if Shoer were still at my side.

"There he is," I muttered.

He fired the musket, but he couldn't have hit anything. You see, the musket was a lot too big for him. I don't know whether the dragoon even knew it was a kid. The dragoon shot him; then he galloped down the road.

When I reached the house, Will was carrying the boy inside. I saw the girl just inside the door, but I tried not to see what the girl's face was like. There was a couch inside, and Will laid the boy down there. The girl didn't cry; she didn't even say anything; she just stood there with all that on her face.

I went over to the boy and knelt down next to him. There wasn't any use trying to help his wound, because he was just about finished. He looked at me.

BROWN-FORMAN
Bottoms Up
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
KENTUCKY
Yes! It's the "DOUBLE VALUE" Whisky

1. EXTRA RICHNESS OF "SLOW MASH"
That Takes More Time and Grain to Make

2. QUALITY KENTUCKY WHISKY
Made as Brown-Forman Makes it

"SLOW MASH"
Bottoms Up
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY,
INCORPORATED . LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
SINCE 1870

90 PROOF

A BROWN-FORMAN QUALITY PRODUCT

"All right," I whispered.

"I guess I ain't no shucks," he said.

The girl came over. "Don't go, Carton," she begged him. I remember how curious her words seemed.

"That ham," I remember saying. "I'm glad you gave that ham to the other fellow. He was a good friend of mine." I didn't speak to him as if he were a boy but as if he were a man. I remember that I had to speak to him as if he were a man.

The girl was crying. Will drew her away. "Bess—he did it for me," Will pleaded.

"Sure," the boy said. I think he understood. I didn't try to tell him, because I thought he understood.

"Company," I said. "He'll know you. You're a good Continental."

The girl was crying now, easily, gently—in Will's arms. I straightened out the boy's hands by his side, and then I went over to a chair and sat down. I tried to think, but it wasn't any use. I kept looking at the boy.

Maybe Shoer didn't know what he was fighting for. It didn't matter about him now. Did I know what I was fighting for?

Then the door opened. The old man came in. Something made me rise. But I didn't salute him.

He looked at the boy. His face didn't change; if there was anything, it was in the old man's eyes.

An aide followed behind him. "General Washington," he pleaded, "there may be an attack. You have to return to the valley."

The old man waved him away. "Time," he whispered.

The girl noticed him then. Before that, I don't think she saw anything. Then she burst out: "You have him too! What else do you want from us?"

Will cried: "Blast this war! I'm sick of killing! I'm through, I tell you! Have me shot, if you want to."

The old man nodded. "Stay here—if you wish," he said softly. He took my musket from the floor and he leaned it against the boy's couch. Then I saw something in his eyes. Maybe it was a promise of something far ahead of us. Maybe I still didn't know what I was fighting for.

He went out.

"Where are you going?" Will asked me.

I took my musket, but I tore the Continental stripe from my shoulder and put it on the boy's breast.

Then I went outside and I waited for Will. I knew Will would come. I don't know how I knew that, but I knew. The sun was setting. Dark dots, the Continentals stumbled down the hillside back to the camp.

"I'll be back," Will said to the girl. "Bess, believe me!" They were on the veranda, and she was not crying.

I took a step toward them. "Carton's not alone," I told her. I couldn't tell her any more than that. But I felt very close to both of them.

"I'll be back," Will said again.

"You won't—you're going into hell."

Will stared at her pleadingly.

She was more than a girl then; if a woman is more than a girl, then she was a woman—splendidly. "I know why," she said. "I know, Will."

Halfway down the hill we turned around. She was still standing there, lit by the last rays of the sun. Then we went on.

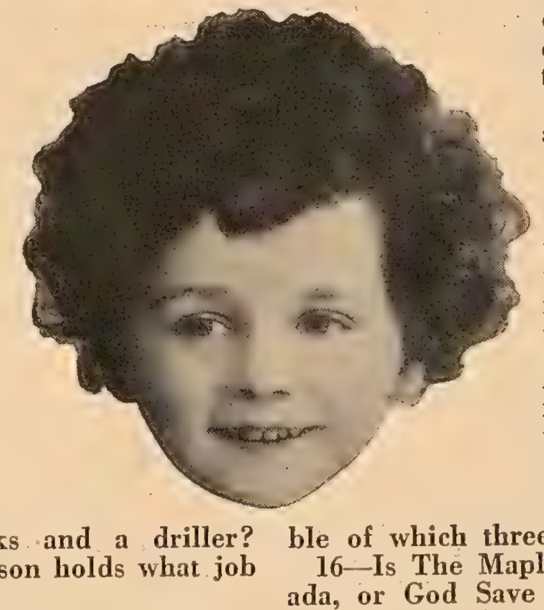
"Maybe our pay'll come tomorrow," I said.

"Maybe," Will nodded.

And we walked on back to camp.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—The subject of this week's early photo came from Warminster, County Wiltshire, and earns more than a hundred thousand dollars a year. His parents are "strangers" to him. Who?

2—Which pair of initials mean a Canadian province as well as "note well"?

3—Do bees make honey just to be accommodating?

4—What kind of crew is generally made up of four roughnecks and a driller?

5—Mrs. Paul C. Wilson holds what job in Washington, D. C.?

6—If, near the South Pole, one discovered a phenomenon similar to the aurora borealis, what would it be?

7—Who wrote The Old Clock on the Stairs?

8—How should the following sentence be rearranged: He sat in a peruke, adjusting his perique and smoking pirogue?

9—The inventor of the telegraph took the first what in New York City in 1839?

10—What is the current pay-roll tax for unemployment insurance in the U. S.?

11—Was the flower, pink, named after the color, or did the color derive its name from the flower?

12—Who discovered, and for two weeks was detained by, the Sargasso Sea?

13—Did Gone with the Wind outsell How to Win Friends and Influence People last year?

14—If that fountain pen leaks, what's a simple remedy?

15—*A thick sawdust as pea as soup dry as cold snowball* is a jumble of which three similes?

16—Is The Maple Leaf Forever, O Canada, or God Save the King Canada's national anthem?

17—Is a fig a berry, a grape, or a tomato?

18—If William Henry Harrison was born in Charles City County, Virginia, where was his successor, John Tyler, born?

19—What is Central America's largest republic?

20—Which pen name was shared by Captain Isaiah Sellers and a well known novelist and humorist born at Florida, Missouri?

(Answers will be found on page 51)

SUNSET RED
CARTER'S INK
CARTER'S
MIDNIGHT BLUE-BLACK
CARTER'S INK
Finest for Foun

ink

...that starts faster—

Flows the instant pen touches paper. No need for extra pressure on your pen before you write. Saves time—and temper, too.

...flows more smoothly—

Whether your writing is fast, slow or jerky, Carter's keeps pace with it—flows evenly from pen to paper.

...that dries faster, too—

Cuts the risk of messy blots and smudges. Especially helpful when writing in check or notebooks.

...and is richer in color—

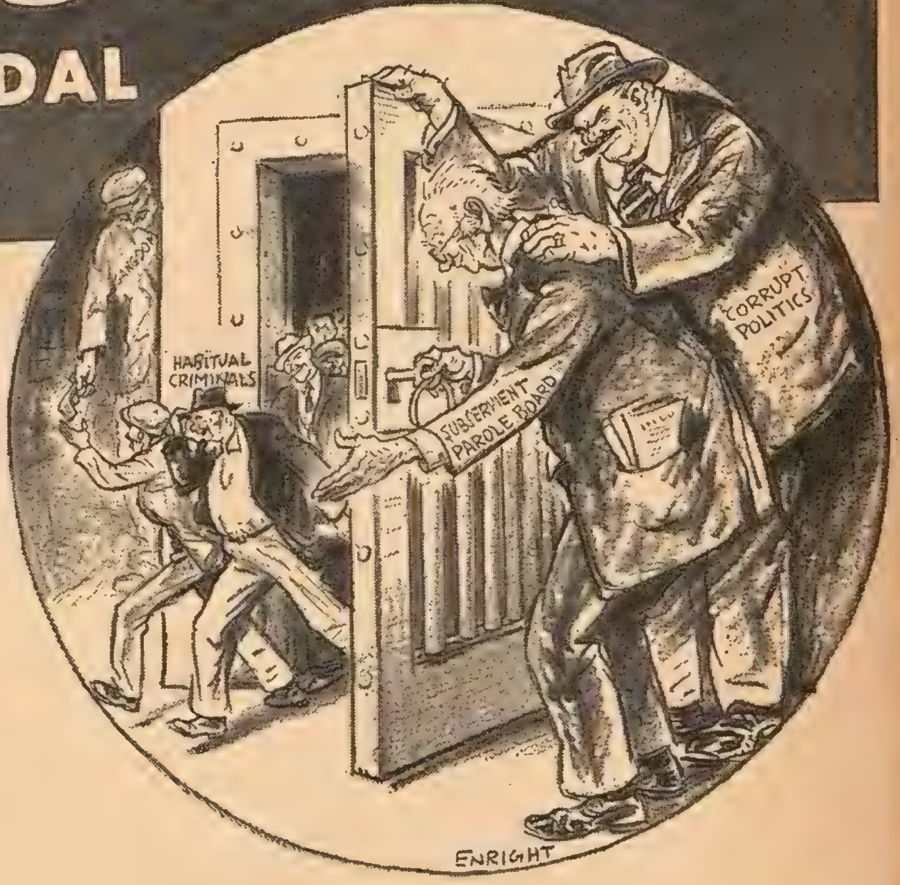
Each Carter color is richer ... deeper ... adds distinction to your writing.

New formulas—even finer inks ... Smart, colorful cubes ... Wide mouths for easier filling and dipping ... Extra-large 10¢, 15¢, 25¢ sizes in Permanent Midnight (Blue, Blue-Black, Black); Washable (Blue and Black); Sunset (Red, Green, Violet, Brown).

CARTER'S INK

Finest for Fountain Pens • Also Adhesives, Carbon Paper, Typewriter Ribbons, Fountain Pens

SPRINGBOARD: THE NATIONAL SCANDAL OF PAROLE



Prison doors swing open for dangerous convicts.

BY GEORGE E. Q. JOHNSON

Former Federal Judge and famed prosecutor of Al Capone

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HERE'S a picture to make the blood run cold: Thousands of murderers, highwaymen, robbers, torturers, and gangsters infest every part of the nation—many who are never caught, others for whom prison doors swing wide open at a "touch."

Dangerous convicts, repeatedly getting their freedom with sinister ease, sneer at the law and defy the police. If the latter get in their way, guns begin to flame.

Corrupt politicians in alliance with crime "spring" the most vicious criminals for a price. A common method is through a politically appointed parole board where virtue is easy and "trades" are a custom. Hence the underworld monicker "springboard."

Meanwhile, first offenders can languish in prison cells, watching the outward march of the "elect." Embittered at the injustice, they brood and are strongly tempted to cast their lots with the habitual criminals—and another army of hoodlums is in the making.

In the process a scientific and humane system of reducing criminality gets a black eye, America's ominous annual record of 1,500,000 felonies grows larger, the crime bill of billions of dollars a year increases, and the breakdown of law draws nearer.

No problem facing our legislators, our educators, our economists, our welfare workers is greater than that of getting corrupt politics divorced from the administration of prisons and parole.

Until that severance is made, all talk of prison reform is camouflage. Efforts to reduce crime will fail and public morale may collapse. The dread day may come when the public will accept the crime sway as inevitable. At that hour our doom will be struck.

FIRST, let's get it clear that springboards only blacken parole. They do not invalidate it. People are bewildered and disgusted with parole. That's understandable. With daily stories appearing of atrocious crimes committed by paroled convicts, the public naturally condemns the whole parole system.

But an analysis shows that's wrong. There are parole boards which are not springboards but which function intelligently and honestly, using all that medical science and psychiatry can offer. They reduce crime, reform criminals, save the taxpayers money, and point the way to a national clean-up on crime.

For liberals with common sense! . . . A candid, frightening look at a 'prison reform' that has now become a menace

It is not parole, but its abuse, which is the cancer eating out the vitals of prison reform and which threatens a return to a brutal and vicious penal system long since discarded.

In some cases parole boards, acting in good faith but in total ignorance of what they are doing, release potentially desperate criminals and other prisoners who are a menace to society.

There is no limit to the type of criminal the underworld will seek to "spring" nor to what corrupt politics will undertake if the money is laid on the line.

I know of two vicious criminals, professional bombers, who were eased out just one year after entering prison.

A man was sentenced twenty years ago for armed robbery; paroled; caught again in a robbery with a gun; given life; paroled; discovered in a third hold-up, he shot a policeman to death.

Three thugs set fire to a store, endangering the lives of three families asleep above; they were freed in less than two years.

Six G-men were killed in three years by parolees such as Alvin Karpis, Fred Barker, William Mahan, and Harmon Waley, kidnapers; Frank Nash, "Baby Face" Nelson, and John Dillinger.

A convict who committed forty hold-ups was given three life sentences, yet was paroled four times in eight years, being returned each time for a violation! He set himself up as a "parole adviser" under a fictitious name, and actually carried on correspondence with convicts inside prison as prospective customers.

A recent investigation in a leading state revealed a member of the springboard had engineered the release of a horde of prison "bad men" to a sponsor, supposedly a manufacturer who would put them to work. His "factory" was found to be a vacant lot.

An abuse-of-parole investigation a year or so ago revealed an adroit scheme cooked up by the underworld to "spring" some of its imprisoned members. The plan was to hire, if possible, legislators who were members of the state committee of penal institutions or appropriations to appear at parole board hearings on behalf of convicts and present the latter's case for release.

In one state a high official was known to set and collect the price of a criminal's release. In another instance, according to a well known crime commission, a public official was caught accepting a bribe to " spring " a habitual criminal. He confessed to the act.

Word gets around in gangdom with incredible swiftness when a corrupt politician can arrange a "fix." Gangdom knows its way about. Its gossip may seem highly colorful, but it usually is reliable.

A notorious criminal was on trial. Merrily the defense went along in the trying of the case. The usual browbeating of witnesses was lacking.

An attorney casually asked defense counsel what it was all about. He smiled. " We'll spring him in a few months, and that's easier than fighting the case in court," he confided.

Sure enough, less than a year saw the criminal in his old haunts.

The underworld shows its teeth to those who go on its pay roll but don't deliver. A few months ago Chicagoans woke one morning to read in the newspapers that a state legislator had been shot to death.

Another representative of the Illinois Assembly, Richard J. Lyons, speaking in October before the International Association for Identification, made a blistering attack on parole abuse throughout the nation, and linked his fellow legislator's murder with Chicago's notorious 42 Gang, saying it was because he failed to spring a convict after accepting money.

" Certain things happened after he took the money," said Lyons, not naming the accused (two Chicago legislators were slain in a brief period). " The heat was turned on by the press and his connections evidently could not work. The mob demanded their money back.

" After several warnings, during which time he could not produce either the money or the prisoner, the hoodlums decided they had been double-crossed. So they caught up with him one night, and after a blast of machine guns there was found the crumpled body of a member of the Illinois House of Representatives."

There are devious tricks used in getting a convict sprung. Among the devices are enlisting a spurious sponsor who will guarantee the parolee a job; forging names to recommendations for parole; getting politicians to urge the release as a personal favor; staging a repentance act by the convict, urging complainants to " forgive and forget "; hiring a former assistant state's attorney, perhaps the one who prosecuted the case, to go to bat for the convict; and using money where it will do the most good.

Not only the public must grasp that it is the abuse of parole which is involved, not the principle itself: it has to be pounded into the brain of gangdom as well. The common idea in the underworld that a smoother, cleaner way of getting out of prison is by the springboard than by climbing a wall under the muzzle of a guard's rifle will have to be wiped out by action.

SECOND, we must grasp the fact that the merit of honestly and intelligently administered parole is abundantly proved. Massachusetts has done a notable job in administering parole successfully, reducing both crime and the prison population.

We can't forget that *something* has to be done. It sounds easy to toss parole overboard and be done with it. But we must remember that 90 to 95 per cent of all convicts sooner or later will be turned loose on the public or restored to society—our concept of their being freed will largely determine what we will do about it. And we must either act intelligently or be engulfed.

Convicts may serve longer terms under definite sentences, but that does not mean they will be better prepared for freedom. Rather less so. And there is no check on them until caught in another crime.

Parole simply means that a convict is completing his prison sentence outside prison instead of inside, is subject to supervision, and can be returned to his cell for a violation. Parole well administered is the greatest check on recurring criminality known.

Fortunately, the way out of this desperate situation is a simple one. But it is drastic. Have we the courage to override corruption and entrenched politics? I think as a people we have—that is, if we are awakened. The truth will stir us to action if we get it undiluted and unsugar-coated. That is what I am giving here.

I do want to add that I am not interested in making an exposé simply to satisfy curiosity. But if I can add to Liberty's fine effort to reduce crime, abolish corruption in high places, smash crooked politics, achieve law reform, and exalt citizenship, I shall feel this article to be worth while.

Here, then, are the vital steps in our program:

1. Make parole a science instead of a racket. A tidal wave of public indignation at the abuses and an overwhelming demand for reform can achieve it. An illustration is the way New York City has been cleaned up by Thomas E. Dewey, backed by public opinion. To make parole a science, it must be taken out of the hands of politicians and placed on the basis of merit.

2. Establish parole boards composed of public-spirited citizens of known integrity and judgment, who are of firm, disciplined character, sympathetic but not sentimental. Let the board members serve full time, be amply paid, dissociated from any enterprise or organization which could possibly influence their official opinion or action in any case.

3. Survey the entire state for the best talent and experience in psychiatry, psychology, psychoanalysis, and prison-administration experience, and enlist those facilities for counsel of the parole board.

4. Unify and place under one board the entire care of a prisoner from his incarceration to his parole or discharge. This should include the psychoanalysis of every new convict, his rating as to mentality, attitudes, probability of reform, classification for prison work and activity, quality of heredity and adolescent environment, and spiritual resources of family and friends for aid in his ultimate rehabilitation.

The board and its experts should determine the segregation of prisoners as to first offenders, habitual criminals, sexual perverts, introverts and extroverts, and other types, on a scientific basis, and should have complete supervision during entire incarceration, establishing rules, standards of merit systems, penalties, rewards, activities, supervising the feeding and housing of convicts and the administration of the guard system and discipline.

5. Parole should be impersonalized and standardized, so a convict may know just about what he can expect in the way of treatment and release, and what is expected of him if he is to be eligible for parole.

6. Supervision of parolees must be made as important a matter as proper incarceration itself. To this end, sufficient well trained capable parole officers must be employed. Supervision as we have it in many states now is a farce.

Then, the case load must be within bounds. Efficiency requires one parole officer to every forty or forty-five released prisoners. Yet in the Chicago area we have 22 agents attempting to supervise more than 3,000 parolees, or approximately 136 to each man. It is humanly impossible to do satisfactory work in such a situation. Parole officers should be selected because of merit, not political affiliations.

7. Enact legislation requiring that parole records be made available to the authorities and to the interested parties, eliminating the abuses of secrecy now practiced in some states.

THE chief danger of a non-death-dealing bullet wound is gangrene. The greater the poison the stronger the antiseptic. When the wound is drained and the infection destroyed, healing sets in.

Law and order, safety and security of the ordinary citizen—as you and I—have been sorely wounded by parole corruption. Poison and infection are there. The potent antisepsis of public indignation will cleanse the wound if we apply it strong enough. Then the parole remedy will do its work swiftly and well, and as Americans we no longer will need to hang our heads over crime that not only costs more than all our taxes but also humiliates us before the entire world.

THE END

Miss Loy Loses Her Man

(for once), but learns about life in a sophisticated comedy of marriage . . . Miss Oberon, in London, has an adventure

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT	2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR	0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ½ MAN-PROOF

THE PLAYERS: Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone, Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon, Rita Johnson, Nana Bryant, Ruth Hussey, Leonard Penn, John Miljan, William Stack, Oscar O'Shea, Dan Toby. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence, Waldemar Young, and George Oppenheimer, adapted from a novel by Fanny Heaslip Lea. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 75 minutes.

ADULT comedy—but a little thin and sparse. Myrna Loy plays Mimi Swift, spoiled daughter of a lady novelist, who loses to another the man for whom she cares intensely. After the honeymoon she returns to the chase, but a young newspaper artist somehow succeeds in showing her that the object of her affections isn't worth the pursuit.

All this purports to picture matrimony from a sophisticated, smart angle. It starts with the "I do's" of a swank wedding, follows the ruthless campaign of a modern young woman to get her man in spite of marriage and moral rules.

Somehow the edge of this comedy is a little dull. Miss Loy is brittle enough as Mimi, Rosalind Russell makes the most of the role of the girl who weds the cause of it all. But Franchot Tone as the artist and Walter Pidgeon as the hunted bridegroom miss fire.

VITAL STATISTICS: Stars seem to shrink under the heavy sunning of the studio lights. Loy lost 7 pounds during filming; Tone, 4; Pidgeon, 6; and Rozz Russell all of 10. It pleased both the gals. . . . Since Madison Square Garden refused to come to Hollywood, Hollywood banged hammers, slung chicken wire and plaster around, and in a week had knocked together a roofless but perfectly detailed Madison Square Garden complete with Lindy sheiks and scalpers. . . . Franchot (Ambitious) Tone celebrated his second wedding anniversary to Joan Crawford during this. Lunched with her in a bathing suit at the studio commissary, she in a Mannequin silver-slick thing costing about $2,500. . . . Rozz Russell recently carefully selected a wallpaper, got home to find the paper hangers had hung it upside down. Rozz is still unmarried. . . . Ruth Hussey was yanked out of the Los Angeles version of Dead End for this and a screen career. . . . Four hundred thousand St. Louisers have elected Myrna Loy Hornblow most popular woman star; on her own lot she leads all the rest. Most of her fan mail comes from women who want to solve domestic problems, think no one can give better answers, since no one is more happily married. Myrna opines if a stage marriage fails it's because the actress is too ingrown, comes home with make-up on, doesn't pay attention to details that amuse poppa, etc. Myrna's hair's reddish brown, eyes grayish green. She's really self-effacing, modest; is exactly same size and weight as Garbo; dresses quietly to fit her personality. . . . Pic cost around $800,000, thanks to cast, sets, costumes—and all it's about is a simple little marital problem. Well, marriage costs.

★ ★ ½ THE DIVORCE OF LADY X

THE PLAYERS: Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Binnie Barnes, Ralph Richardson, Morton Selten, J. H. Roberts, Gertrude Musgrove, Gus McNaughton, Roger Livesey, Dave Tree, Barry K. Barnes, John Clements. Adaptation by Lajos Biro, with scenario and dialogue by Ian Dalrymple and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Tim Whelan. Produced by London Film-United Artists. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS farce comedy of mistaken identity is pretty attenuated and very, very English. One of those London fogs descends upon the Park Lane Hotel just as a costume ball is in progress, and the guests, unable to get home, try to find temporary havens anywhere about the hostelry for the night. Pretty Leslie literally forces her way into the apartment of a young barrister and, in spite of his protests, makes herself at home for the night. Everything is quite Will Hays. The young barrister falls in love with his nocturnal visitor, fancies the invader is the much divorced wife of a client—and is in quite a dither.

The tantivy proceedings grow pretty dull, in spite of Merle Oberon's charm and attractiveness as the debutante and Laurence Olivier's zealous but comparatively unfunny antics as the lawyer. Best of the cast is Ralph Richardson as a dense slow-thinking lord who suspects the worst of his wife and tries to drown his suspicions. The proceedings are filmed in technicolor, admirable in catching the color of a fox hunt but wasted elsewhere.

Myrna Loy as Mimi Swift, and Franchot Tone the newspaper artist in M-G-M's latest comedy, Man-Proof.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the first all-color high-society film ever made in a Lunnon studyo. Though fog raged outside through its filming, technicians had to make a gray pea-soup fog of their own indoors. One outside was too prosaic, refused to be made up. . . . Contrary to reports, Merle Oberon actually doesn't want to go back to Hollywood. She has a terrific Lunnon house, every room is wired for radio, phonograph, and a loud-speaker through which she can rib, order, or summon; and sports a salon to which all Lunnon Society and Art throng. This is her first comedy and first color job, and she doesn't want to do drammer any more. Too hard on the emotions. . . . Vincent Korda, brother to King Korda, the producer of this, did the sets. . . . Binnie Barnes, who plays Lady Mere, will let down her long blonde back hair to way below her waist if you insist she wears wigs. . . . Making that phony phog was like mixing Macbeth's witches' brew and almost as odoriferous. . . . Leading male Laurence Olivier is the young man who wept so bitterly in Fire Over England, first film hero ever to act so sissyish. Otherwise he's a purty masculine object, tall, dark, 'n' handsome, not quite 30, of London, married to actress Jill Esmond with whom he played here in N1 Cahrd's Private Lives. . . . Ralph Richardson's tugging away at Laughton's laurels, rapidly becoming England's leading chameleon. Was dictatorial war lord in Things to Come, silly-aws Englishman in Man Who Could Work Miracles, a romantic heavy in South Riding, the buffoonish Lord Mere in this. He's quite an artist with the paintbrush—palette, not house; has been spear carrier and Iago. . . . Roger Livesey's a cross between Melvyn Douglas and the Perfect English Officer, thinks an actor's groove is an actor's grave, that he must play all parts to avoid one. . . . Dave Tree's the pic's baby, is 21, son of Viola Tree; threw the bomb in Knight Without Armor. . . . Barry K. Barnes is no relation to Binnie, never impresses you with being an actor, is nicknamed Pimpernel, because he played one, all scarlet, recently. . . . John Clements is the hardest-working youngster in the English theater; has a small repertory theater of his own in London.

★ ★ THE BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe, Joseph Calleia, Lewis

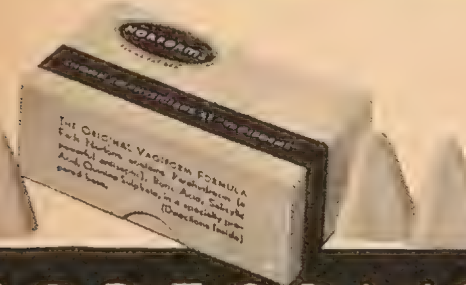
FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*

THINK OF IT! Effective feminine hygiene without apparatus—without embarrassing antiseptic odors—without danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Millions of women now use Norforms—convenient little suppositories, powerfully antiseptic, yet soothing. Norforms melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective film over delicate, internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—*actually soothing.*

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; *makers of Unguentine.*



NORFORMS

© N. P. C. 1938 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

Stone, Guy Kibbee, Bruce Cabot, Cliff Edwards, Guinn Williams, Arthur Hohl, Noah Beery, John Qualen, Charley Grapewin, Robert Barrat. Screen play by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum from a story by J. Walter Ruben and Maurice Rapf. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 89 minutes.

THIS is old-fashioned Western stuff, done as expertly as Hollywood can do the trick, but as dated as the League of Nations. Wallace Beery plays one of those bad men of the old Western mining camps. Out of nowhere comes his long-lost son, bent upon making something of himself and having no knowledge of his ancestry. The daughter of a dissolute judge inspires the boy to study law, old Trigger Bill secretly pays for his education—and in no time at all the boy is arrayed against Trigger for law and order.

Wallace Beery is Trigger Bill—and no more believable than you could expect from a role completely phony. A newcomer, Dennis O'Keefe, reveals little promise as the son. Virginia Bruce is the simple, sweet inspiration in gingham and sunbonnet. The cast is a veritable revue of old-timers, headed by Lewis Stone as the dishonest old judge who is the heroine's pappy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Finding three blacksmiths to shoe picture hosses proved hardest job of all. Most farmers in vicinity of Los Angeles have replaced the hoss with the tractor; and the three finally rounded up complained there were more hosses than they'd worked on in ten years. . . . Early in the picture making, Wally Beery accidentally shot himself with a blank cartridge. It tore a deep hole in flesh above his left knee. He was hospitalized for a week, finished picture on crutches, grinning bravely when it hurt. . . . A few months ago Dennis O'Keefe was an unknown extra. Gable and Megger Conway spotted him in Saratoga, talked studio execs into giving him a break. He's son of the vodvil Flanagans, was born en vodvil route at Fort Madison, Ioway, tried vodvil, became a bit of a screen writer until he was forced into extrahood, from which Gable himself was one of the few to rise to stardom. Name O'Keefe was given him by studio publicizers; it's considered more "rugged and romantic" than Flanagan, but I'd hate to have to tell a Flanagan that. . . . Lewis Stone is back in film after a long illness and rest. Stone has been in three wars; for a time served as a colonel in the Chinese government army during the Boxer Rebellion; would just as soon be fighting for China today. . . . They moved 200 tons of studio equipment over to a place called Kanab, Utah, near Cedar City and Zion Canyon, to get real woolly Wild West.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything.

★★★—Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York.

SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?

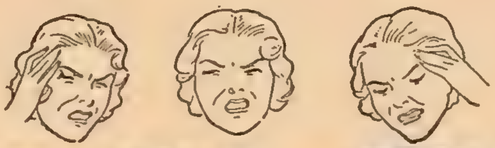
Modern-Formula Piso's Relieves Coughs Due to Colds in 2 Definite Ways

Tonight - - when you feel a coughing spell coming on, have Piso's ready to give you relief in two definite ways - - *both* locally and internally.

LOCALLY, Piso's clings to your throat, promptly soothes irritated membranes and allays the tickling that makes you cough.

INTERNALLY, Piso's formula includes two important cough-loosening ingredients that stimulate protective secretions in your throat and bronchial channels. This internal effect helps loosen tight, irritating phlegm, and clears air passages.

For comforting relief from coughs due to colds, ask your druggist now for a bottle of Piso's (pie-so's). **PISO'S** 35¢ 60¢



ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER

BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW

I FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating.

Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for a week. If not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright. *Nature's Remedy* REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE NR-TABLETS-NR

ITCH

··STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.··

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

ONE WOMAN *Against the* NARCOTIC RING

From her cell she smashed Reno's underworld—Does she deserve Liberty's Valor in Citizenship medal?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Joyce and Joan Williams, the friend who aided her in the uncovering of the Reno narcotics ringsters.

At right: Chris Hansen, chief federal narcotics officer in Nevada at the time of Joyce's triumph.

READING TIME • 11 MIN. 20 SEC.

BECAUSE of a legal technicality, Joyce McAllister, in Reno for a divorce, found herself in jail. The sufferings of a fellow prisoner, a drug addict, inspired her to seek evidence against the local dope ring. From small-fry venders she heard of a mysterious higher-up, "the Old Man with the Whiskers," and she was told that Woo Sing, czar of Chinatown, wanted to see her in his "private joint" at 219 Peavine Street.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

HE put a hand on her arm and led her slowly through the opium-soaked haze. From a door through which several couples of boys and girls in their middle teens had disappeared came sounds of wild strange music. "The marijuana room," announced Woo Sing.

Marijuana! Joyce knew what that was—the killer weed, the aphrodisiac. The divorce colony was agog with stories of erotic orgies among smokers of the brown cigarettes containing it, called "reefers."

With every evidence of solicitousness, Woo Sing accompanied Joyce to the outer door. Her fresh young beauty had undoubtedly made an impression. He invited her to dine with him one evening at Peavine Street, and intimated, without seeming offense, that she was welcome at any time at the Public Club.

The Public proved to be a tawdry commonplace affair compared with the bizarre luxuriousness of "219," but it promised a speedier solution to her problem. The gambling establishment was just a front. There were, Joyce observed, white and yellow, rich and poor, drunk and sober; eyes that sparkled with an artificial glitter, pupils shrunk to pin points, uncontrolled reflexes—the unmistakable ravages of dope.

She noticed two things which differentiated the Public from other resorts of the same general class: peddlers of the Rickey and Nick type streamed into the place in an unbroken line, disappeared through the door at the back marked "Office," reappeared and left; and long-robed Chinese, moving silently among the players, openly sold bindles of dope.

To Joyce, sitting at the bar and making friends with the Irish barkeep, these things spoke only one message: this was the headquarters of the Reno narcotic ring, and here, sooner or later, she would find the Old Man with the Whiskers.

As these thoughts formed in her mind, a heavy thickset man of perhaps sixty—but smooth-faced!—left a roulette table where he had been idly watching the play and disappeared through the office door.

"Who's that man?" asked Joyce.

"That? Oh, that's Chris Hansen."

"The federal narcotics agent?"

"Sure. Him and the boss are pals."

"Well, aren't you afraid he'll raid the place?"

"Chris Hansen raid Woo Sing? That's a good one!"

Sheriff Root received this with incredulity.

"Hansen came here with a great record in Los Angeles," he told her. "He cleaned up the Chinatown there and kept Hollywood freer from the traffic than it's been in years. That's why they sent him here."

"Well, why is he consorting with Woo Sing?"

"Why are you? It's probably the same kind of thing. You couldn't convince me that Hansen wasn't on the up-and-up."

"What would you say if I 'got a sale' on him?"

"What would I say if you told me the chief federal narcotics officer in the State of Nevada had sold you a hunk of hokus? I'd say you were crazy."

"I *am* crazy," laughed Joyce, "just crazy enough to try."

The girl's term in jail was up at noon on Friday. That night she was speeding west to San Francisco. Next morning she was telling her story to Josh Eppinger, the Examiner's fighting city editor. The only thing she didn't tell him was her private suspicion that there was still another,

Now . . . get REAL results with your ELECTRIC RAZOR

SET-UP makes any electric razor shave CLOSE and QUICK

Set-Up brings every bristle to an erect position so that your electric razor can really clip clean and close. Banishes the usual training period.

A SPECIAL PRE-SHAVE TO THE ELECTRIC SHAVE
SET UP
by
PINAUD

$1
Money Back Guarantee

PINAUD
PARIS • NEW YORK
SET-UP
Rub on beard . . LET DRY . . then shave

Advertisers:

Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

FOR ECZEMA ITCHING

Zemo relieves the itching and soothes the irritation of Eczema, Simple Rashes, Pimples and similar skin ailments. For 30 years Zemo has been used and praised by millions as a clean, dependable remedy for family use to relieve the itching of skin irritations. It is so cooling, soothing and beneficial. Insist on genuine Zemo. All druggists', 35¢, 60¢, $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

and perhaps higher, higher-up—the Old Man with the Whiskers.

Eppinger sent for George Jarrett, now a police reporter but formerly assistant chief of the California State Narcotics Bureau. Jarrett called Harry Anslinger in Washington and told the whole story.

"Chris Hansen?" repeated Commissioner Anslinger, but without comment. Then, after an almost imperceptible delay, "Nugent, field supervisor, and Crisler, agent, will land at San Francisco airport tomorrow before noon, and will proceed immediately to your office."

Joyce, fully heeled, with plenty of cash, was whisked back to Reno by fast plane, to continue her observations until the federal men arrived. Eppinger, Jarrett, and Jack Lee, star feature man assigned to the case, awaited the boys from Washington.

Hunter Nugent, head of all narcotics agents in the field, and Al Crisler, famed for breaking up dope gangs in more than one Eastern city, were not personally acquainted with Chris Hansen but had followed his career for twenty years, and were quite as incredulous as Sheriff Root had been.

Nevertheless the two federal agents and the newspapermen laid out a careful campaign. Crisler would fly immediately to Reno, pose as a new member of the divorce colony, get in touch with the girl, and bore in as deep as he could on her introductions. Nugent would go by motor and put up as a tourist at a Reno hotel. Lee, in his capacity of newspaperman, would follow in his own car. They would not meet except in secret.

ON the evening of her return, Joyce found Hansen sitting as before at one of the roulette tables. His eyes wandered about the room until they came to her. She smiled at him. It was only a moment before he joined her with his drink.

Joyce did not allow Crisler's arrival to interfere with this promising acquaintance. After she had taken him to the Public Club and gone once with him to "219," she left him to look out for himself while she continued her cultivation of Big Chris.

Soon Nugent and Crisler, acting in concert with Sheriff Root, decided that it was time to try to "get a sale" on Hansen. So Joyce, when she met him next afternoon for a cocktail, confided to him that she was in a fix: A girl friend of hers had arrived in Reno, and had confessed to being an eight- to ten-shot addict. Joyce would have to find some way of getting morphine in quantity. But how?

"I'm a funny one to come to with a question like that," countered Chris, with a great show of amusement.

"You're just the one to help me. You can get me an ounce without getting into any kind of trouble. I'll pay for it, or my friend will."

"Of course I can't do anything for you myself, you understand," he said, in the end. "But I'll see what I can find out."

"I'll be at my apartment all morning."

She was now living with an old schoolmate, Joan Williams. Nugent and Crisler secreted themselves in the bedroom, where there was an extension of the main telephone. Joyce waited in the living room. About ten thirty there came a knock on the door from a plump, florid-faced, brown-suited young man who introduced himself as "A. F. McAvoy, a friend of Chris's."

Once inside the door, he got right down to business: "Chris says you want an ounce of morphine. It'll be two hundred and twenty-five dollars in advance."

Joyce produced a roll of bills. Those that she handed to him McAvoy counted carefully—without noting that they were marked.

"I'll let you know later in the day," he said, "where to meet me."

THE moment he was safely out of the house, Joyce called Hansen. Crisler listened in on the extension.

"A man named McAvoy has just been here," Joyce said over the phone. "Is he reliable?"

"Absolutely," answered Hansen, while Crisler wrote down every word he said. "I guarantee you'll get the stuff or get your money back."

That afternoon McAvoy called up and arranged to meet Joyce on East Second Street. The two federal men were there, too, but not visible to the McAvoy eye. Delivery was made in an old cigar box.

The evidence was strong against Big Chris now—but there was still the chance that he was just getting another sale through McAvoy on the dope ring, or even getting a buy on the mysterious Girl in the Red Jacket.

The strategy now was to wait until a reasonable time had elapsed, have Joyce get another sale on Hansen and a sale on Woo Sing in quick succession, and clamp down on both of them before they had time to dispose of the marked money. Then, if Hansen *was* on the level, and could prove it, they'd have Woo Sing anyway.

Big Chris was quite ready to help out his young friend again. He made so little difficulty this second time that Joyce was almost convinced that he was really getting a buy on her; but his continued affability, under the stimulus of a couple of drinks, reassured her. So did his obvious appreciation of her charms.

Taking advantage of his infatuation, she ventured to ask him the big question: Who *was* the Old Man with the Whiskers? Immediately she realized that she had made a mistake.

"Why did you ask me that?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Everybody seems to talk about him, and nobody seems to see him."

"*You* haven't seen him?"

"Gosh, no! That's why I asked you."

Convinced that she knew no more than she had said, Chris Hansen broke into a hearty laugh.

He kept his word. McAvoy communicated with her as before. But over the phone he seemed much less friendly. And when he handed her the box—within full view and earshot of Nugent and Crisler—he said:

" Look here, Jean, you'd better be right on this thing. If you ain't, we'll kill you! "

For a week now, by direction of Commissioner Anslinger, federal narcotics agents had been drifting into town. These, with Sheriff Ray Root's trusted deputies, constituted a considerable armed force. District Attorney Ernest Brown, a fearless prosecutor, had also been brought into the inner circle.

The plan was for Joyce to enter the Public Club by the rear door, which led directly into Woo Sing's suite of offices. At the same time Crisler would enter by the front door and mingle with the gamblers. When Joyce had completed her buy, she was to appear briefly in the gaming room, open and close her bag as a signal to Crisler that the money had been paid, then go out through the rear door. Simultaneously Crisler would exit through the front. Their appearance outside would be the signal for the raid to begin.

" It's not too late, Joyce, to pull back," said the kindly sheriff when told of McAvoy's threat.

" Let's go! " she said, and slipped into the tight-fitting red jacket which had become her uniform.

On May 20, 1937, Joyce strolled nonchalantly, with handbag swinging on her arm, down the alley to the private entrance. No use denying even to herself that she was scared—and Woo Sing's first remark was none too reassuring.

" You have trouble, my little flower? "

" No—just warm from walking."

The amorous Chinese unfurled a richly patterned fan and waved it before her flushed face.

" And is there something special Woo Sing can do to please beautiful Girl in Scarlet Jacket? "

" Yes, Woo Sing, there is. I need an ounce of morphine for my friend."

WOO SING gave no answer except to clap his hands. His lieutenant, Woo Suey Wing, paddled out of the room and returned with a small package.

" Only one hundred and ninety-five dollars to you, my little flower," said Woo Sing in his insinuating voice.

Joyce counted out the bills, dropped the package into her bag, and turned toward the gaming room.

Two minutes later the forces of the law attacked front and rear. The amazed Orientals had no time to arm. Huge caches of cocaine, morphine, opium, marijuana, heroin, and peyote were discovered in the safe. Marked bills from Joyce's last purchase were still on Woo Sing's person. Other marked bills, which she had given McAvoy for Hansen, were found in the safe.

Simultaneously armed posses broke into 219 Peavine Street—being careful not to step on the loose veranda board! A sheriff's deputy picked up McAvoy on a street corner; and a United States marshal rang the doorbell of Hansen's pleasant suburban home.

" Chris," he said, " you're under arrest."

The rout of the Reno dope gang was complete. McAvoy turned state's evidence and got off with a year. Woo Sing and his two chief lieutenants followed his example, and got indeterminate sentences of from one year to ten. Hansen got eleven years in the federal pen and a fine of $9,900—half of which the court recommended should be paid to the Girl in the Red Jacket.

Joyce, who should have been most pleased of all, seemed not entirely satisfied.

" What's the trouble, young lady? " asked Sheriff Root.

" I didn't get the Old Man with the Whiskers."

Ray Root burst into laughter.

" But you did! Don't you know that every federal narcotics agent is called an ' uncle '? Hansen was the Old Man with the Whiskers—the uncle—Uncle Sam! "

Even if she hadn't won the game of decency versus the drug traffic in Reno, this girl's courageous persistence against the odds of distaste and danger would make her a candidate for Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship!

THE END

TESTED
AND APPROVED
BY 2,015,673 men

Schick Shaver
$15
Made for 6, 32 or 110 volts, AC-DC

As this issue of "Liberty" appears, the number of Schick Shavers sold is far in excess of the figure given above

THE Schick Shaver now stands tested and approved not by any handful of men who try new things, but by *more than 2,000,000 men.*

Some of the first Schick Shavers, now seven years old, are still performing perfectly after thousands of shaves. *No other manufacturer of electric shavers can say this for his product.*

We have literally tens of thousands of unsolicited testimonials in our files! Many men would not sell their Schicks for ten times the price if they could not buy another.

Schick was first—Schick is first

Only the Schick has this thin flat shearing head, with patented features vital to its shaving qualities. The Schick will not "burn" or injure the skin in any way.

This shearing head is one of the marvels of modern mass production in precision manufacture. The slots are accurate to .0005 of an inch! The top plate is .003 of an inch thick, controlling the shave perfectly. The "teeth" of the upper cutter are parallel and lined up on centers well within .001 of an inch limits!

Machines and methods for making shearing heads of such accuracy and efficiency were invented by Col. Schick. Some of these processes are patented.

Buy a Schick and play safe

You are sure of quick shaves (as close as nature allows) with a Schick Shaver. You are not a "guinea pig" for a new product.

A Schick Shaver will pay daily dividends of smooth, convenient shaves at a minimum cost. You need no blades, no lather, no lotion.

You are protected by a year's guaranty. Fifty-seven service stations throughout America and in foreign countries give 24-hour service on repairs and adjustments.

Visit an authorized dealer. Ask him to show you how easy it is to use the Schick—the original electric dry shaver.

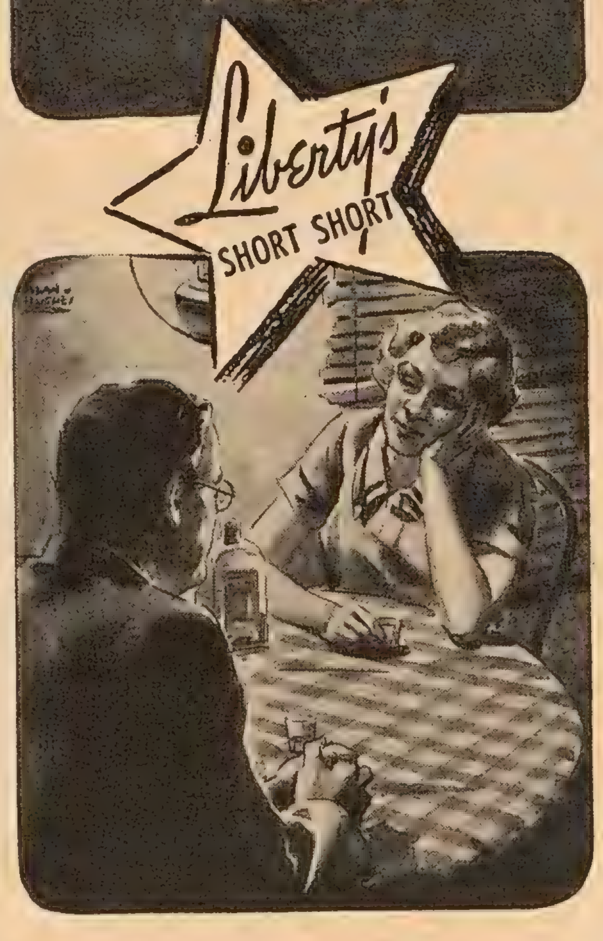
SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN.
Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd. and other leading stores

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

SCHICK SHAVER

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

Annual Visit



BY STEVE FISHER

I HAD come to the island to see Parson Williams, but this couldn't be the place. A phonograph was playing St. Louis Blues, and through the door that opened on to the porch where I was standing, I could smell a strong odor of cheap perfume and gin.

I had been sure of the direction they had given me in the village, but here I was wrong. I moved forward and peered in through the door.

There was a man and a woman sitting at a table. The woman looked perfectly plain and simple and dull. She wore a clean house dress that fitted her rather squat and matronly figure, and her hair was done in a conventional manner. Her face was as white and uninteresting as oatmeal, that is except for her eyes, which were black and shone rather fiercely. I would have said she was past fifty.

Yet it was on her, obviously, that this atrocious perfume had been poured. It was she—this happy, contented, almost saintly looking housewife—that held up a trembling tumbler of gin and put it to her lips. She was slapping her leg and laughing wickedly.

I could only see the man's back, and the fact that he was biggish and had gray hair, but the things he was saying didn't sound like things you would say in Sunday school.

I turned to go, but the woman shouted at me. "Hey, you—"

"Yes," I said.

The man turned around, and I saw now that he was old, at least sixty. His face was white and lined, but it was a strong face. His eyes were a queer shade of blue, and I noticed that he was not looking at me but merely in my direction. So he was either partly or wholly blind.

"Who are you?" It was the woman again.

"I — I'm looking for Parson Williams," I said meekly.

The old man threw back his head and laughed. "He's lookin' for a parson! Come in and have a drink, stranger. Nancy's always got a drink for loafers that are lookin' for a parson."

"Well, I—I—"

"Come on in," said the woman, and the way she jerked her thumb back, and got out that command from the corner of her mouth, startled me. It was like a plain white moth that had the voice of a bullfrog.

I came in and sat down on the edge of a straight chair. The old man poured me a tumbler of gin and the woman fetched me a glass of water to wash it down. She changed the phonograph record, and after awhile she went and got some peanuts.

The old man talked to me for awhile, but he soon lost interest and devoted himself to Nancy. I gathered from his conversation that he had been a sea captain and that he had brought Nancy here thirty years ago. He talked as though they had been together for some time but had been separated much longer. He was here on a visit. He had come one day out of every July for the past fifteen years.

"And I'll come to see you next year too," he said. "What a pity and a shame I had to get respectable that time I did in Frisco so that I got myself hitched to the daughter of the president of a steamship line. More of a pity that I've got four boys, three officers at sea on my line, and one at Annapolis. It makes things impossible for us, Nancy."

"It's all right," she said. I had noticed that she put the gin to her lips but didn't drink it.

"No, it ain't all right," said the captain. "I hate it that you have to be hidden away on this island and I have to sneak here just one day in July to see you. It's a shame. I tell you, Nan, if I had known about life what I know now, I'd never gone and got married."

"Bosh," she said. "You're proud of your boys and your steamship line, and you know it."

"It's not that, Nan; it's that when a man gets old he gets thinking about himself more than children or anything else. He thinks about the things he loved when he was young, and he gets an overwhelming desire to do those things over again. You won't believe it, but I almost exist only for this one day a year when I can sneak off to see you."

"I believe it," she said.

"More than one day'd wear me out maybe," he went on; "but one day to talk and laugh with you, Nancy—you were the greatest girl that ever came to the islands. Remember—"

They fell to talking of the past, laughing, and patting each other on the back. There was something touching in it that gripped me.

Almost before I was aware that I had been in the house any length of time the old man was getting up.

"Well," he said, "another year has passed me."

I offered to help him back to the village, but Nancy went to the back of the house and called a boy. The old man went off with him.

I turned back to the woman to thank her for her hospitality. She was already cleaning the room of peanut shells, gin, and the phonograph. She worked rapidly, no emotion on her face.

A tall somber man came in from a rear room. He was Parson Williams.

Nancy introduced us. "This is my husband," she said.

The parson shook my hand. "I hope the old man didn't disturb you very much," he said. "It's a bally nuisance, that's what it is. We have it every year. My wife puts up this show for sentimental reasons—ah, on the old man's part I mean. She's afraid if he came and there was no Nancy here he'd die of a broken heart."

"But is there no Nancy?"

"Heavens, no," said the parson. "He's blind, as you must have seen, and my wife—Helen—has managed to deceive him. There was a Nancy here, of course, but she died twelve years ago. A rather vulgar woman I think they said she was."

We talked of the story at length. The parson had me stay to dinner and we discussed the business on which I had come. I left rather late, and the parson's wife walked with me a short distance so I would be sure to find my way. At the parting, I said:

"I had a very nice time."

"So did I," she said; "and don't believe what the parson told you about Nancy dying twelve years ago," she said, and through the moonlight I saw the faint trace of a smile in her fierce black eyes.

I knew then that it was not the captain who had been deceived.

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

TUNE IN!

Emil Ludwig's Life of

ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Is Roosevelt a Dictator?—How the President Fights

PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

HIS obstinacy, perhaps part of his Dutch heritage, is Roosevelt's greatest danger; I believe that he knows it. But perhaps it is nature's compensation against his amiability. It is possible that such an unfortunate choice as that of Senator Black for the Supreme Court was made out of obstinacy and anger because of the opposition to his Supreme Court plan.

One of his near collaborators ended a discussion on this point with the following: "If only F. could discover the moment when he should switch from stubbornness to agreement!" Recalling how the national extremity caused him, at the beginning, to be invested with almost unparalleled power, we can better understand how today he might seek to force through, by crafty persistence, measures which he can no longer decree. The struggle around the Supreme Court has had a great social aim, but has not been without sporting excitement.

All of this is made possible for him by two special characteristics. The first is a sense of humor which is perpetually in play and which does not stop short at himself. That is the greatest American virtue. I think they call it "more merry than happy." It gives his officials unrestricted scope for tactful teasing, and I have myself shown him caricatures of both of us which made him break out into his liberating laughter. A lightness and clarity of sense, such as unfold in a fortunate life-course, invite jest in him; and it is no accident that this man should like scrambled eggs as a light dish, and detest the clayeyness and heaviness of bananas.

Trifles like these lead us to understand a man's temperament. Last summer, when he wanted to win back the insurgents in his party, he in-

Stirringly, penetratingly the chronicle is ended—and the curtain falls on a magnificent biography

Left: As a collector, scrutinizing a stamp—"a hobby which fits perfectly into his will to action." Below: As a founder of "the Demagogues' Club" in its powwow on Jefferson Island.

© '18 MENTHOLATUM CO.

Telegram FOR

TELEGRAM

MRS HANS R RUFF
DISH WASH

RELIEVE CHAPPING AND PROMOTE PROPER HEALING OF SKIN BY USING SOOTHING MENTHOLATUM TRY IT

ANN B GLAD

To Quickly Relieve CHAPPED SKIN

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

for HANG-OVERS and HEADACHES
10¢
Take BROMO-MINT
MINT FLAVORED—CONTAINS CAFFEINE
Single Dose Bottles on Sale at
BARS, CAFES, STORES, FOUNTAINS, ETC.

NOSE STUFFED UP

A little Kondon's in the nostrils relieves stuffy nose immediately. Ask your druggist.

KONDON'S NASAL JELLY
Plain or Ephedrine

vited them to an island and together with them founded "the Demagogues' Club," with a set of burlesque statutes; and when they had all spent a day cracking jokes in the shade of an apple tree he found them, the next morning, more tractable.

This light and humorous intercourse in high places is possible, without danger, only to the aristocrat. His inner dignity is so native to him that he fears no reflection from himself as person to himself as representative of the nation. The Presidential flag behind Roosevelt's desk does not flutter, but it is there.

As aristocrat he is able, first of all, to dress as inelegantly as he finds comfortable; preferably in an old sweater or boating jacket. It illustrates the man that he should be better dressed on his farm than in the White House. When his wife literally forces a new tie on him, or his outraged sons remove from his wardrobe an old suit which he inherited from his grandfather and still wore as President, he revenges himself by poking fun at the young Beau Brummells of Washington. He spent a whole festive evening satirizing a stately Washington club at which he had to appear, much against his will, in evening clothes, lest the Anglomaniac founders turn in their graves.

But when somebody wrote that as President he would go bald, he retorted resentfully that on the contrary his hair would grow longer in office.

His upbringing had important consequences. An aristocrat in the best sense of the word, he is endowed with an inborn integrity and justice which never leave him. His feeling for the people is not unlike that of the best Austrian archdukes for men like Joseph Haydn, which reminds us that Haydn and other great spirits derived from such relations the only advantage that mattered to them. Another consequence of this upbringing is that even today, after many disappointments, Roosevelt still finds it hard to believe in the possibility of treachery about him. Even today he is amazed—or so his friends assure me—when some one betrays him. For all the shrewdness of his actions, he finds it difficult to believe that the other party is not a gentleman. Yet he dismisses a man only for treachery, and while he was Governor he kept an incompetent man on for two years because it seemed to him not decent to throw a man out for stupidity.

He has shown himself the aristocrat in his campaigns too, as for instance when, standing for re-election as Governor, he answered the unrestrained attacks made from the platform by certain officials by saying that they were decent people but they had been misinformed. Roosevelt has never sunk to the level of his opponents.

Finding him, in the midst of the many people who seek him, inexplicably lonely, I asked him whether he had not in the struggle with his own class lost some friends. The answer was swift and firm: "I have always lost friends; but I still have friends." It was the aristocrat who spoke in that valiant answer.

His natural self-confidence permits him to go on meeting people who have publicly described him as insane, and he breaks with them only when they have offended his honor or that of his family. Only thus can we understand how he gave his consent to the marriage of his son with the daughter of one of the greatest enemies of his family, an incident which startled us Europeans. The way in which his grown-up sons kiss him good-by is a retention of the forms of a country gentleman's life. They are this more than anything else by virtue of their urbaneness, which is itself a kind of sounding board for his natural amiability.

He nods to the man addressing him, in order to help him over his embarrassment or to indicate an acquiescence which does not by any means always take practical effect later. The graciousness with which he receives people is such as frequently to disarm ill will. He is fond of using the phrase "a little bit" even when it has to do with a whole lot. As he never does these things unctuously, after the fashion much affected by Prince von Bülow, he wins the sympathies and often the hearts of strangers.

One must not look to him for the noisy, backslapping variety of friendliness with which the American often likes to show his confidence in a stranger. Roosevelt does not shout or slap backs; nor did he ever have to do it in the past. He may be compared to an ice skater flying over glittering levels. Such skill is regarded with suspicion by those who for lack of equilibrium cannot imitate it.

As against this, his relaxations are entirely American. He too is never alone when he happens not to be working but playing patience instead. The thinker, the artist, the misanthrope like to be alone. Roosevelt is none of these three, therefore he is always among people. Also because he would rather fight than hate, he must have people about him.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND STAMP ALBUMS

He has nothing to do with music, pictures, or the theater; prefers to skim the pages of a periodical and rarely reads a serious book, except when it deals with history, particularly American. Or geography, in which he is an expert. In the field of history he is thoroughly at home, and during an outing he will quote from addresses made in the first Congress and have something to say about every historic rock and river on the route. While on his honeymoon he became bored with churches and their paintings; right in the middle of the sunlit market place he delivered himself of a lecture on the history of Venice.

"At Harvard," he told me, "I read some Kant and a little of Rousseau, but in neither of these thinkers did

I find the decisive leader. I would dip into my father's good library, taking a book here and there. I studied the five-volume encyclopedia from end to end. Even today I still find experience to be my best teacher."

Like all wielders of power he studies his rivals of the past and present, and loves biographies in which he can discover parallels and comparisons. When I told him something about European statesmen he threw in cheerful interjections like: "That I never do . . . I know all about that . . . He is two years younger than I . . ."

When he cannot be on the water, Roosevelt has a hobby which fits perfectly into his will to action and his education: he is a stamp collector, and he turns to this hobby at once when a visitor fails to keep an appointment or when any other pause intervenes in the day's work. Here his activity can find manual satisfaction side by side with his interest in history and geography. In the days when he was Governor a colleague watched him, in the course of an interminable telephone conversation, sorting stamps into little heaps with his unengaged right hand, then pasting them in. On the Potomac a friend saw him cutting out stamps of his state letters. There you have the man without pretensions. In such a make-up art and philosophy and religion have nothing to do; in a certain sense there is no room for them amid such stormy power of action and joy of life.

There are a few rare instances to the contrary. On the morning of his first induction as President he went, without official obligation, to a church; and once, following an old superstition, he stopped after an election campaign at a fire station. But when as a young father he was asked by his wife whether the children ought not to go to church, he answered, "I really never thought about it. It is just as well not to think about things like that too much."

Nevertheless, after the attempt on his life he did use the word "destiny" in a public address and affirmed that it was impossible to protect oneself, such things were providential: almost the very words which Lincoln used after his life was attempted.

This infrequent and simple phrase rings very lightly across the harmony which he has created around himself in order to sustain his untragic and unoppressive world. When I asked him once about the sense of a mission he answered with cheerful openness:

"The sense of a mission? Don't know it. A historic sense for what one is doing, certainly. Wilson had too much of that. But mission? No single person is irreplaceable."

And yet he has his kind of religious feeling. When I asked him if the Ten Commandments remained always the basis of his morality, he answered, "Yes, for twenty-seven years."

"Why not for forty years?"

"Because I came into public life only twenty-seven years ago."

"So you found power developing moral feeling instead of weakening it?"

"Of course. Only, since I began to understand the responsibility for a whole community, I controlled my feeling and tried to simplify it."

HIS ESTIMATE OF THE EMANCIPATOR

In this connection the comparison with Lincoln suggests itself. The characters—profoundly different: a decisive difference in key, one minor, the other major; on the one hand a man who had no faith in his own fortune, on the other a man with nothing but faith in it; there a dreamer ripening toward activity, here a social being gathering its forces; the loneliest man and the most sociable of men.

And yet they are linked by two immense qualities, humor and friendliness.

When I asked Roosevelt what Lincoln meant to him he gave me, without a moment's hesitation, this answer:

"Lincoln? The greatest humanitarian! But as governmental figure, as war President, as pure politician in his handling of Congresses, not important. What remains, and what I shall never attain, is this: he was definitely the greatest lover of humanity."

There is another instructive historic parallel.

Roosevelt calls to mind Mirabeau, who also realized that only by the widest concessions to the new time spirit was the old power—in his case the throne and the aristocracy—to be preserved. And did not Mirabeau really take his stand between the two extremes, exactly like Roosevelt one hundred and sixty years later? Completely different in their lives and character, the two men resemble each other only in one point: their handwriting. And not unlike Roosevelt's was Mirabeau's struggle with suffering, for toward the end he was half blind.

As regards their effective action the two men present a striking parallel. Like Roosevelt, Mirabeau sought to save his own class, the ruling class, from a revolution by means of magnanimous concessions. Like Roosevelt he found his formula in a simultaneous struggle against radicalism and reaction. So alien to him was the extreme left that on the famous August night which saw the abrogation of all feudal rights he left the Assembly before the vote was taken; but he showed the same ardor in attacking the priests and courtiers who were the leaders of his class. Like Roosevelt he called a halt to the fury of the people: one moment of calm, and its privileged enemies were done for.

And could not Roosevelt apply to himself the words of Mirabeau: "The people would make me its tribune if I did not hold on to myself with all my strength"? Like Roosevelt, Mirabeau fought for a centralized administration, and when sixty districts were left with their original privi-

Why Pay
— MORE?

TRY THE ONLY REAL TEST OF A
WHISKEY

Pour some in a glass and drink it

ONE QUART
90 PROOF
EST. 1892
OLD AMERICAN Brand
Straight Whiskies
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO.

STRAIGHT RYE and STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES
90 PROOF

•

. . . If you prefer a 100 proof whiskey try
MEADWOOD
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY • *100 PROOF*

MEADWOOD
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

FREE horse-race games, "Old American Handicap," are yours for the asking. Have fun with your friends.
Write or mail the coupon and get 6
FREE GAMES

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO., Inc.
135 E. 42nd Street, New York City, Dept. LB3
Please send me my 6 *free* "Old American Handicap Games"
Name________________
Address________________
City________________State________

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO., INC.
EST. 1892 • PEKIN, ILL.
SAUSALITO, CALIF. • PHILA., PA. • GRETNA, LA.

leges, he spoke with derision of the sixty sovereign powers in a single great body.

The words his enemies applied to him are those which Roosevelt's apply: "The court sees in Mirabeau only a demagogue, the aristocrat a renegade, the majority of the Parliament believes that any alliance with him is dangerous."

Thus it was with Mirabeau, and thus it has been for thousands of years with every friend of the people who has fought his own class. Thus the last of the Gracchi fell by the hand of the patricians; thus they fought against Marius, who destroyed their privileges; and thus again, I heard a Chicago man who had made a great deal of money in public utilities say at his table:

"I'd give a thousand dollars if only this man Roosevelt were murdered."

He said it in the presence of his children. He said "a thousand"; he did not seem willing to risk more.

It is enough to glance at Roosevelt's character, to whatever extent this sketch reveals it, to see how in every respect it is the opposite of the dictator's.

The dictator seeks to allay his inner uncertainty by external pomp and tumult; Roosevelt's inner certainty permits him to waive even the compulsory forms of dignity. The dictator starts out with hatred and persecution; Roosevelt's desire is to protect the persecuted. The dictator speaks only of the national fortunes; Roosevelt speaks of the fortunes of the individual. The dictator lives in his party; Roosevelt lives in the struggle of parties. The dictator is ceremonious and dramatic; Roosevelt is courteous and ironic.

The dictator usurps power with fire and sword; Roosevelt received it from two popular elections and the vote of Congress. The dictator creates crises so that he may emerge as the rescuer; Roosevelt found the greatest national crisis in front of him and was implored to come to the rescue. The dictator's wish is to shatter the foundations of society; Roosevelt's, to preserve them.

The dictator's method is to hate, to kill and to exile; Roosevelt's, to unmask, to demonstrate, and to impose taxes. The dictator distrusts human beings; Roosevelt seeks them out. The dictator wants to be feared; Roosevelt wants to be loved.

He stands in the midst of confusion, more obstinately determined than ever to carry out the enterprise in social justice which destiny has en-

President Roosevelt's Own Story of the New Deal

☆

President Roosevelt is preparing a series of five volumes of his public papers and his addresses which give a running history of his administration, soon to be published. These will contain not only the official documents of his administration but the President's own explanation of what prompted them. Frankly and candidly he takes you behind the scenes of the national government and into the hearts and minds of himself and those who worked with him.

It is a source of great pride to the editors of Liberty that he has given us the right to advance publication of some of the most significant material from these historic volumes. They will contain a new statement of faith and a new definition of the New Deal objectives.

Be sure to get Liberty next week, as we will publish another important announcement concerning this forthcoming historic journalistic achievement. Don't miss any of the details. And, as usual, it happens in the pages of the most progressive and enterprising of American magazines

Liberty

THIS BEAUTY SECRET
Comes from a doctor

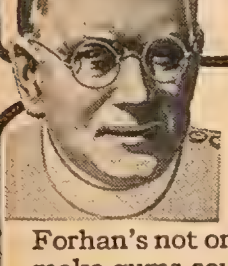
Most women don't need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexions and pimply skins are rarely matters for cosmetics. Because most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Dr. F. M. Edwards treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted remarkable improvements in their appearance. He used a purely vegetable compound —Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet peculiarly effective because *it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.* Try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Advertisements Guaranteed

Everything advertised in Liberty is guaranteed by the publishers to be as represented. Every advertisement in Liberty is examined to avoid misleading statements and false claims. Readers may buy with confidence.

9 PEOPLE OUT OF 10 SHOW SIGNS OF GUM TROUBLE



Guard your gums by massage with Forhan's. It is not only a good toothpaste, but has a special ingredient in it for the gums.

Twice-daily massage with Forhan's not only brightens teeth, it helps make gums sound and healthy. For generous trial tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Department 210-B, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

trusted to him. When the time comes for him to relinquish power, he will lose nothing of his inherent self-certainty, just as he lost nothing of it in office. The joy of life in him is too big to be discouraged by renunciation or even by defeat.

He once said to me that the will to success is itself half of success. That will he has—and his laughter too. He defends the post which destiny has assigned to him like a perfect warrior, and that because his game is in deadly earnest. Those rights which he was the first to insure to the overwhelming majority of his fellow citizens can never again be taken from them; and yet the day will come when the Capitol will raise to his memory a statue with the inscription:

"The Last Champion of the People."

But toward the end of this century, somewhere on a remote farm in New Mexico, grandfather will be telling his tractor-driving grandson how, when he was a boy, there was a certain President in Washington: he was born rich, and he fought against the rich; he was paralyzed, and he led the battle sword in hand; he came out of banking circles and was the first to break the pride of the captains of finance, for he was a genuine friend of the people, like Lincoln.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

1—Freddie Bartholomew.
2—N. B. (New Brunswick and *nota bene.*)
3—No, the saccharine substance is intended as food for themselves and their larvae.
4—An oil-well crew.
5—That of Secretary of Labor (Mrs. Wilson is better known as Frances Perkins or Madame Secretary).
6—The aurora australis.
7—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
8—He sat in a pirogue [dugout canoe], adjusting his peruke [wig] and smoking perique [tobacco].
9—The first photograph. The subject of Samuel Finley Breese Morse's pioneer photography was the tower of the Church of the Messiah.
10—Three per cent.
11—The color designation derived its name from the flower.
12—Christopher Columbus.
13—No; Dale Carnegie's non-fiction best seller sold 729,000 copies, whereas "only" 399,000 copies of Margaret Mitchell's novel were sold. 1937, however, was Gone with the Wind's second year, a million having been sold in 1936.
14—Rubbing the threaded portion with a bit of soap.
15—Thick as pea soup; dry as sawdust; cold as a snowball.
16—God Save the King.
17—No; yes; yes.
18—Charles City County, Virginia.
19—Nicaragua.
20—Mark Twain

"SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO!"

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD
REGISTERED AC SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION

Plug Cleaning Done
Wherever you see this Sign

DIRTY PLUGS
Cause Hard Starting

To protect the life of your battery, have your spark plugs cleaned regularly every 4,000 miles. Sooty, Oxide-coated plugs make an engine hard to start. Plug cleaning "by the AC Method" costs only 5¢ a plug. It is done while you wait.

Every 10,000 miles, replace worn plugs with
AC QUALITY SPARK PLUGS

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE HEALTH RESORT

. . . invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. •This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. •If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. •All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. •Write for information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
Incorporated
Dansville, New York, U. S. A. L 2-26-38

Smart travellers choose the HOTEL JEFFERSON because it has the newest, most modern rooms in St. Louis! . . .

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT

MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

THE UNBREAKABLE Mrs. Doll

Now love faces disaster—and a vivid, glamorous novel reveals the hidden places of a woman's turbulent heart

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of Modern Lady, No More Orchids, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN Jefferson Doll strikes oil in Texas, his first thought is to shower luxuries on Glory, his lovely young wife. He takes her to Dallas, where, with the help of Gilbert King, a business associate, she is introduced to society. The men flock around her, but the women, led by Mrs. King, snub her unmercifully. This, however, does not worry Glory. "I'm the unbreakable Mrs. Doll," she tells her husband. "I'll be a lady yet, and some day Kitty King will brag of knowing me."

There are two clouds on Glory's horizon. One is her love for Donald Frick, a wealthy Easterner—a throbbing love, so different from the quiet affection she feels for Jeff. And the other is her lack of children. This is due to an accident Jeff had suffered a few years before. The doctor holds out hope that he may be all right in a year or two.

Since the death of his wife in New York, Frick has seemed reluctant to be alone with Glory on his visits to Dallas. He has been paying attention to Constance Brimmer, a guest of Mrs. King. One night Frick explains his reasons. According to a pact he has made with Jeff, he, Frick, has promised to stay away from Glory for two years. At the end of that time Jeff has agreed to give her a divorce if she wants it.

The two-year period ends, and Jeff offers Glory her freedom. She begins to weep at Jeff's kindness to her and the hurt that he feels.

"That settles it," he says. "I'm going out and get drunk."

PART SEVEN—THE END OF A DREAM

EVIDENTLY, before Jeff carried out his threat to get drunk, he was big enough to send Frick a wire. Frick phoned Glory long distance not long after a luncheon had been served to her that she hadn't touched.

"Come on up to New York," he urged, his voice keyed to a joyous pitch that she could not share so soon after the scene with Jeff. "We'll plan everything then."

"But, Frick," she said dully, "I feel so wretched. About him. I feel licked."

"Naturally. Thing for you to do is get away. Do you good. Besides, if I were to come down there it would look so pointed. We don't want any scandal."

"No. Of course not." But she frowned, feeling strangely aggrieved. Then suddenly she said: "All right, Frick. I'll take the morning plane."

Her decision made her feel better, and packing was something to do. She refused to see any one that day, and the only phone call she took was very late that night, when the chief of police called. Jeff, it seemed, had convinced himself that he was a bull very much in need of a china shop. He had found one on the main street and proceeded to wreck it.

"He's sobered up some now," the chief reported soothingly, "but he refuses to let us take him home. He wants to go to Watching; but there's no train, and I don't want to hold him in jail."

"You do just what he wants," Glory instructed unhappily. "I'll send Maxie and the car down, and Maxie can drive him to Watching."

"I see," said the chief, and his tone made Glory wonder how much he knew. "Anything you say goes, Glory."

She wondered how many other people knew and how fast the fresh gossip about the Dolls might travel. Jeff, always inarticulate, was never one to discuss his intimate affairs. But Jefferson Doll on a tear in Dallas would naturally start rumors. Jeff being picked up by the police; Jeff not wanting to go home.

She thought irritably: I've never cared about gossip before; why should I now? And it occurred to her that things would be different now—with Frick, who had said, "We don't want any scandal."

She slept not at all, and was at the airfield far too early, impatient for action. Meeting men she knew who were flying up to New York was a relief, and she settled herself with one of them who was eager to tell her how repeal was going to save the country from the dogs.

Just before time to take off, a car skidded up with a howl of brakes, and Constance Brimmer ran pell-mell to the plane. Behind her two of the King servants hastened with her baggage.

Miss Brimmer seemed startled to find Glory a copassenger, and her pretty adolescent face took on an expression that bothered Glory. Was it fear? Anger?

But she smiled with exaggerated cordiality.

"Hel*lo!*" she called girlishly across the aisle. "Imagine you of all people on this plane! I heard about the terrible bender your husband was on last night."

"Did you?" Glory drawled. "It's wonderful of you to take such an interest in people who are practically alien to you."

Which sort of settled Constance. A faint freeze permeated the ship, and though she might seem unaware of it, the tension bothered Glory most of all. Even when she snuggled in her chair for a nap, her mind was racing with the problem of Constance. What did her presence mean? Because, certainly, it meant something. Miss Brimmer's eyes were too stricken.

It had, of course, to do with Donald Frick. But how? And why? Glory had not kept track of either Constance Brimmer or Kitty King, but she remembered reading of their having spent some months in New York recently. Had Donald been seeing Constance then? And what if he had?

As the plane circled wide for its final landing, both girls prepared to debark with careful nonchalance, and both searched the crowd for Frick's face with guarded excitement. He was easy to pick out, in the small group, in his carefully cut double-breasted topcoat and his white silk scarf. Yes, easy to pick out his eager face, even before he lifted his derby in signal.

Suddenly Constance Brimmer shrank back. Had she pretended to lurch? At any rate, she half fell against a chair, and her purse dropped, its contents scattering. She was bent over, helping a fellow passenger gather her belongings, as Glory stepped from the plane.

"Hello, Frick," she greeted him, her hand and eyes and voice steady.

His grasp clung to hers and his eyes called her all the endearments that would be too indiscreet to voice.

She said lightly: "I hope you brought a carton of cigarettes. Some day they're going to let you smoke in those planes. That's all—I only brought two bags."

"I have my car," Frick said, and turned to give instructions.

Glory glanced at the ship. Still no sign of Constance Brimmer. With a shrug, she followed Frick, glad that he himself was driving and that they were alone.

"I'm taking you directly to my mother's house." Frick's voice was warm and low. "Unless you feel you must go straight to a hotel?"

"I didn't sleep all last night," Glory sighed. "But I'm too keyed up to be tired."

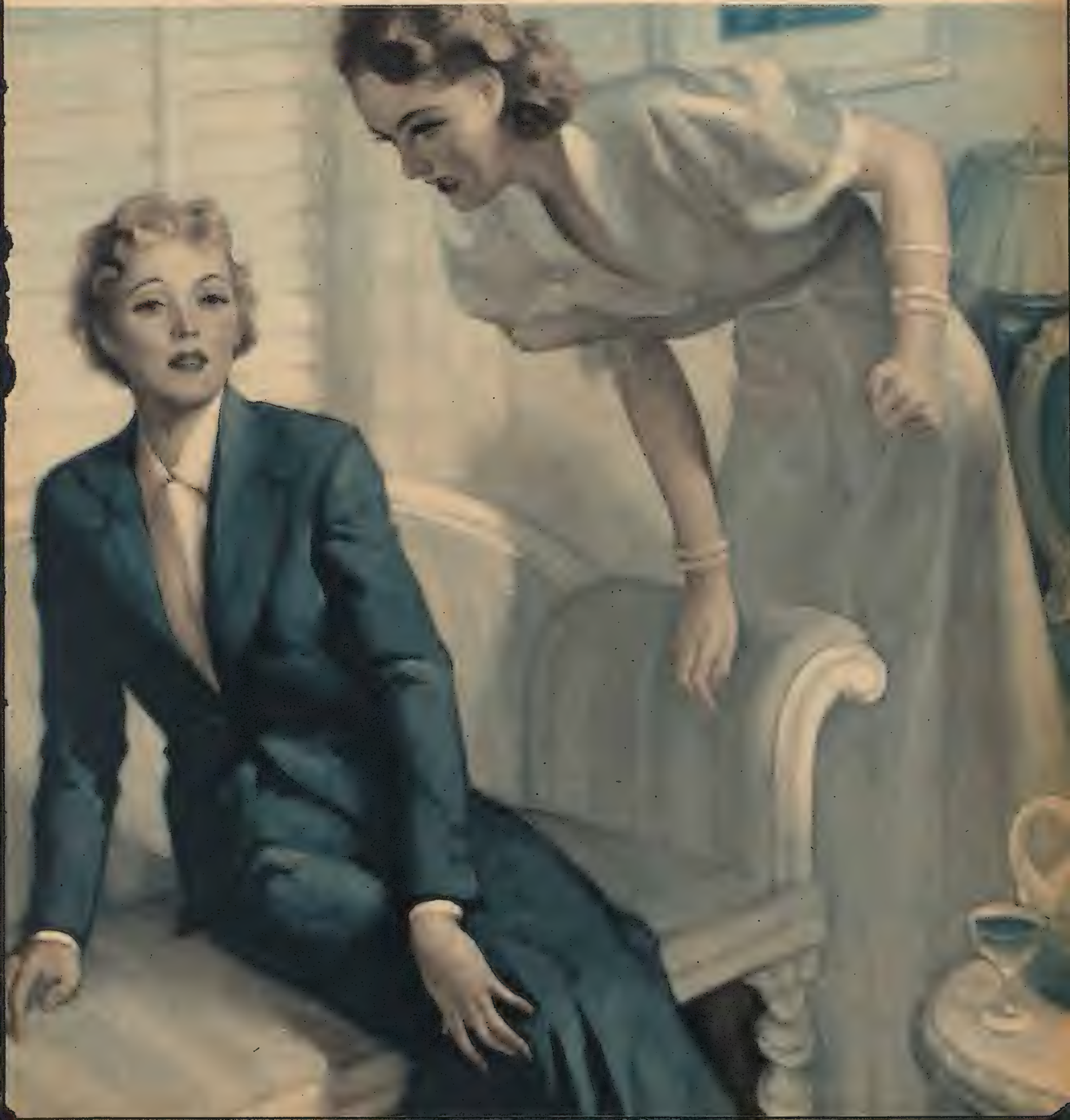
"I won't keep you out late, darling. Listen! *Darling*. Heavens, how I've wanted to say that—how many years?"

"Look *out!*"

He laughed and straightened the car deftly.

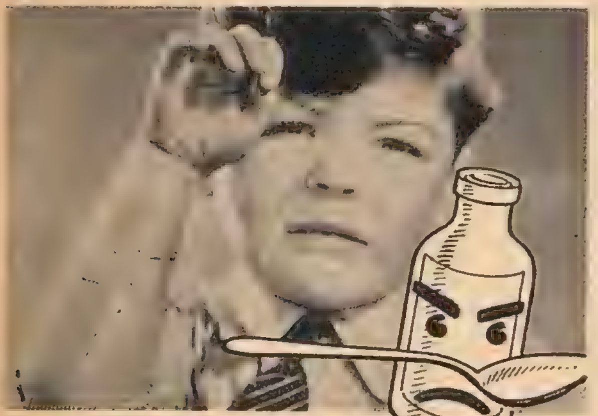
"Well, I engaged you a suite at the Waldorf, but I

She stopped and gulped. "What happened six weeks ago?" Glory prompted harshly.



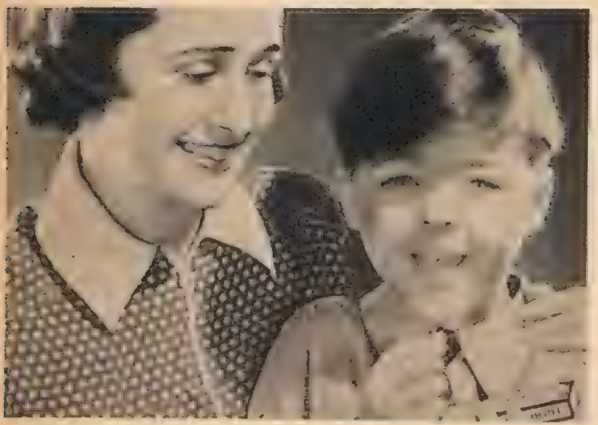
Boy meets grief!

One of childhood's greatest trials (and parents', too) . . . bad-tasting medicine



Boy meets joy!

Three cheers for Mother (she's cheering, too) . . . She got delicious FEEN-A-MINT



YOU can do real harm to delicate little systems when you force your youngsters to take harsh, nasty doses! Tantrums and upsets mean real grief for them—and grief for *you* as well.

Change all this instantly the modern way—with FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative in delicious chewing gum. Youngsters enjoy it—there's no medicine taste at all. But even more important, it gives them gentle, dependable relief without unpleasant after-effects. 16 million, young and old, use FEEN-A-MINT. They know, as you'll find, that—for children and adults both—no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does.

Ideal for you and your children because:

1. NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.
2. CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—FEEN-A-MINT'S tasteless laxative ingredient passes through the stomach without effect, and does its work in the intestine, where it should—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

No wonder FEEN-A-MINT doesn't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep! And it's wonderfully easy and pleasant to take! Try FEEN-A-MINT once—and you'll make it *your* family laxative for always. At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 29, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

thought we'd have dinner off to ourselves. My apartment in town might cause talk. Mother's house is perfect. She's away, but the servants are expecting us."

"What's all this about being afraid of talk, Frick?" Her tone was so honeyed that the words conveyed no criticism. "You never struck me as a man who listened."

"I don't. It's—well, it's because of my mother, Glory. Her world here is a pretty closed corporation. She's very ambitious for me still. And marriage, to her, is no twosome undertaking. I've told her about you and . . ."

"And she doesn't like me," Glory finished for him. "She refuses to be at home to receive me. That it?"

"I want you to win her," Frick half pleaded. "I know she'll like you when she knows you. You see, Glory, I don't suppose you understand . . ."

"I think I understand more than you guess," she said quietly. "I've read up on you. All the statistics. Your mother is an aristocrat. The Millings family. She was once a popular belle in European society. Played around with the Spanish court."

He reached over and squeezed her hand. "You're marvelous," he said.

"I bet she loved your first marriage."

"She did." He nodded grimly.

"I'm glad I don't have to meet her tonight."

"Get it straight, Glory. Whether she ever accepts you or not, she knows I'm going to marry you. As soon as you're free."

"Nice it's understood," she said crisply.

NOW, let's talk of nothing unpleasant," Frick coaxed. "Tonight we're together. We have a few hours alone. To plan our lives—the whole rest of our lives."

She said warmly: "I'd like it to be that way. Odd, Frick, but you seem almost a stranger to me. A sudden shyness. Silly, isn't it?"

"Silly—and sweet. I'll attend to it when we're in the house. How was your trip, honey?"

"Oh, fine! Constance Brimmer was on the plane."

"Well! I wonder what she came up for?"

She studied his carefully controlled profile.

"I thought maybe you'd know," she said firmly.

"I?" He turned swiftly, frowning. "Why?"

"Just a hunch."

"Well, forget it. Constance is a nice kid to play around with. She's sweet and amusing and a bit pathetic. Aside from liking her and feeling a little sorry for her, I haven't any interest. And she knows it. I've made it very clear."

Somehow the blood ran unimpeded through Glory's body for the first time in twenty-four hours. Because nobody could disbelieve Frick's tone. And he was definitely telling her that he had come to an understanding with Constance.

They had entered a long driveway, and Frick drew up now before an old-time estate high on the Palisades overlooking the Hudson. She turned to him with the first gesture of affection, and heard herself give a soft cry of comfort as his arms went around her and crushed her to him.

"Oh, Frick, I want to be happy," she mumbled. "I want our love to be happy."

She barely heard the words he answered. His kiss on her mouth was all the answer she needed, and she felt again the sweep of triumph, the surge of power that his possessiveness gave her. She held his face in her hands a moment, and then put back her head and laughed.

AFTER that the evening held no resemblance to ordinary life. There were big rooms, old homey rooms, and one had a fire blazing at both ends. There were wine and food and lights and flowers. But these things were hazy—the real pattern of those hours was sheer transporting elation. They were time out—those hours—never clearly to be remembered. Except in snatches. A picture of Donald at the organ, and the swell of his music inside her breast. Her laughter and his. An immense silver bowl of white violets on the table. Meaningless words, happy babble, while their eyes took over the true significance, so that sentences broke off and there were silences and promise in the laughter that was etched all through the pattern.

Through years to come Glory would try to remember that evening in detail. But she drove to her hotel with Frick in a happy blur, and crept into bed with a minimum of unpacking, to lie and cherish her bliss; to lie wide-eyed and dazed at her store of happiness ahead. Knowing that there *was* such a thing as true mating and it was to be hers. From the day, years back, when they had first met in the desert, she had known they belonged to each other; yes, from those far days when she was too young in most states to marry at all. . . . And all through those years he had been an obsession with her, and she with him. Now at last they could speak freely. And in less than a year they would be married—forever.

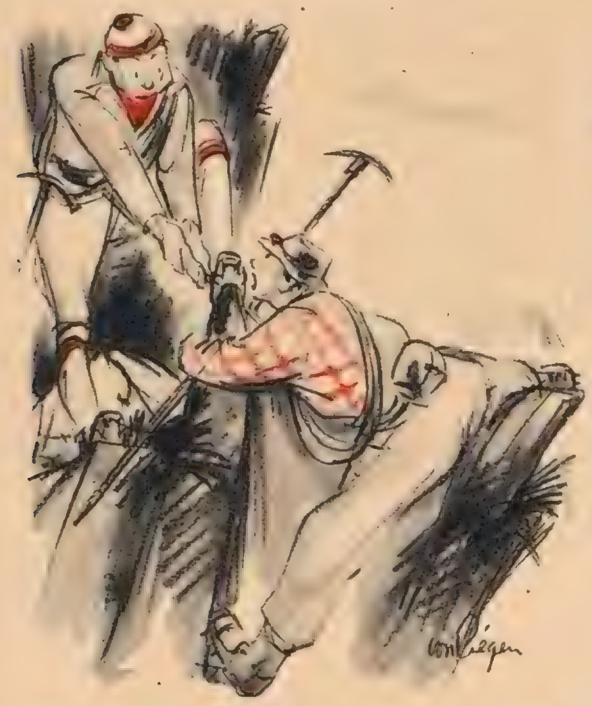
Jeff was wrong. Frick *was* the man.

In the three days that followed they saw each other constantly, and gradually sensible plans shaped up. It was Frick's idea that she should get her divorce in Paris. Less chance of indiscretion all around, and more distraction to occupy her. His mother, who did not wish to meet her future daughter-in-law until she was at least a free woman, would, however, give her some introductions. Glory was to engage a French companion and learn the language. His mother suggested a widowed baroness who could open to Glory the world's art treasures and give her a cosmopolitan viewpoint.

She would go down to Texas to dispose of her home and servants, close out her life down there forever. Then she would set sail for a new life.

Sandwiched in between the sentences Glory could see the plans they had for her. The training. The polishing and cutting to pattern. It would be a year of preparation. For the future Mrs. Frick.

But she smiled, happily, indulgently. Gladly would she apply herself to becoming a lady for Frick's sake. She had learned harder lessons than social graces. She would surprise him and his precious mother. They would see in a year's time how she would master the little tricks. Ah, it would be fun! . . . She could hardly wait to get to Paris and get started.



" What'll we do when we get up there, anyway? "

It was 1 A. M. when Frick left her that third night. They would have one more luncheon together. Then he would fly to Philadelphia for a house party his mother had asked him to attend, and she would return to Texas to end her life there. . . .

As she kissed him good night, her hair caught on a stickpin, unexpectedly hurting her, and for a few awkward moments she was trapped while Frick unsnarled the strands with careful fingers.

"That was my father's pin," he said, "and I've worn it ever since he died. I'll never wear it again because it hurt you."

She smiled at the odd old-fashioned spool head topped with a diamond.

"Nothing about you could hurt me," she murmured.

He said, "A year seems a long time!" And then, as she nodded, "*Please* be early for lunch."

Alone in her rooms, she undressed thoughtfully. So absorbed in these new little memories that it was some time before she spied all the messages. She glanced through the usual announcements of modistes and beauty salons, and then suddenly she stiffened into life.

Four messages from Constance Brimmer—four in the last six hours. And the final message, stamped 11.40 P. M., read: "Please call me, no matter how late you come in. I am in room 1229."

She thought: I don't have to. I can ignore it. What could she have to say to me?

But even as she thought those things she lifted the receiver and called room 1229. And listening to Constance Brimmer's nerve-fraught tones begging for a few minutes' talk, Glory felt a chill sweep through her.

She put up the receiver stiffly and gazed across the room at herself in the full-length mirror. Her eyes were wide and frightened, her face pale. She knew from that moment a feeling of doom. Why she had to live through the next few days was too puzzling to answer. Because she already knew in her heart what the end was to be.

Stiffly she crossed to the table and poured herself a small glass of Madeira. Then she lit a cigarette, and felt fully possessed when she answered Miss Brimmer's knock.

The girl was close to being a nervous wreck. The tortures she had lived through in the last few days were stamped all over her.

"I'm so sorry," she said lamely. "But I have to talk to you. I *have* to."

"You'd better drink this," Glory suggested quickly, and handed her a glass of the dark sweet wine. "Take it easy, Miss Brimmer. You want to talk to me about Donald Frick. Isn't that it?"

The girl nodded, her blue eyes bulging unhappily.

"Mrs. Doll, you expect to marry him, don't you? You're separating from your husband?"

"That's right."

"But you can't. You can't! I—I—he's got to marry me. He's got to!"

Glory caught her breath.

"Am I to understand you are in doctor's hands?"

Miss Brimmer nodded, her eyes filling with tears.

Glory got up abruptly. She stood for a while looking out at the lights of New York City.

"He told me the day I landed here"—she was surprised at the coolness of her own tone—"that you and he had come to an understanding. That you understood that there was nothing serious between you."

"That's right. It was six weeks ago we had it out. I've been mad about him for years. I've passed up good chances—just in the hope I could make him love me again . . ."

Glory turned. "Again . . .?"

"Oh, we had an affair some years ago. I was a wild kid then, but I was crazy about him right from the start. I never did get over him. And then, after his wife died, I—I thought surely . . ." She stopped and gulped.

"What happened six weeks ago?" Glory prompted harshly.

"It's pretty difficult to tell about," Constance faltered. "It sounds so much worse than it was. We were down at Long Island, a big week-end party, and I guess I made a fool of myself being so obvious about him.

MEN BUY GLENMORE

BECAUSE THEY LIKE IT

- ● *like its flavor*
- ● *like its fragrance*
- ● *like its smoothness*
- ● *like its body!*

Glenmore men have spent their *lifetime* perfecting *what men like* in whiskey. That's why Glenmore is the *whiskey of a lifetime!*

Whenever you see
THE COLONEL
think of Glenmore

Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE QUART
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

"My SKIN now invites a close-up"

"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

A SKIN that glows *naturally* bespeaks radiant health *beneath* . . . it is alive . . . stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple . . . skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow . . . to bring color to your cheeks . . . to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time . . . the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

So when we left Sunday night he drove me back to town and we went to his apartment. He told me pretty plainly where we stood. And that he was in love with some one else. And I acted like a fool. Told him how thoroughly I realized what a mess I had made of my life. And how I loved him on any terms. I guess I was pretty tight . . . The next morning I was myself again. Or the self people seem to want me to be. I said good-by decently enough and I promised never to bother him—never to make a scene."

Glory smiled icily.

"Well, I wouldn't have, ever"—Constance was suddenly angry through her tears—"on my own account. I couldn't believe, myself, at first . . . until the last week, when it was certain beyond all doubt. I sent him a wire asking him to phone me, but he never did. Then suddenly I got terrified and I couldn't stay in Dallas another minute. That night before I was to fly up, I heard about your husband . . . and the talk about a split-up between you . . ."

She covered her face briefly with her hands.

"He hasn't seen me since I've been here. He doesn't answer my calls."

She glanced up at Glory's silence, and struggled for some remnant of her old poise in the face of Glory's cold scrutiny.

"How do I know," Glory said slowly, "that it is Frick's?"

Constance Brimmer's sullen mouth twitched; but Glory went on relentlessly: "I have to be sure. Because I happen to be mad about him myself. He isn't the only affair you've had in your life. He intimated as much himself once, when you and I first met in Texas."

WITH a hand that trembled, Constance reached for a cigarette.

"I know," she said hollowly. "That's what he will say. I know it. He will say: 'How do I know it's mine, Constance?' That's what I get for the kind of game I've played."

She breathed deeply, with an attempt at rhythm. Then she said in a dead voice: "It is, though. I suppose I could prove it if I had to. There's been nobody else—not since his wife died."

Glory shrugged, with a suggestion of a shudder.

"Just one more question," she said firmly. "Do you want this child?"

The blue eyes stared at her vacantly.

"I—don't—know," said Constance Brimmer with such weariness that for the first time Glory felt a surge of pity.

"Do you mind going now?" Glory asked softly.

Constance Brimmer stood up.

"You will do something—won't you?"

"You knew I would, or you wouldn't have come to me."

"That's true." The same defeated tone. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Doll, terribly sorry, for the way I treated you. We were all pretty foul."

"Don't get maudlin," said Glory.

At the door, Constance said without turning: "Would you—Mrs. Doll, would you lend me a thousand dollars? I can't pay my bill here."

And Glory said: "Tell them you're my guest."

SHE never looked more beautiful than when she met Frick for luncheon the next day. She was gay, she was young, she was full of laughter and talk. He handed her a little package, explaining that he had turned Tiffany over on his knee to produce it on time; and, opening it, she marveled at his father's spool-head diamond stickpin made into a small brooch for her to wear forever. . . .

She pinned it over her heart, where it gleamed on black velvet, and she said in a muted voice: "Too bad I can't kiss you right here at the table. But look—this glass is your lips." And she drank sensuously of her cocktail.

So very lightly during the luncheon she mentioned Constance Brimmer.

"My rival! The only important female in my life—because I was jealous of her. I *am* jealous of her, Frick."

"I must see you meet the other two dozen."

"But, seriously—she was so obviously mad about you."

He frowned slightly, and nodded without thinking.

"It must have been tough—telling her off?"

"It was. Poor kid. I don't think there's ever been any girl I felt sorrier for than Connie. She's a product of an insane age. Most people who are very rich and become very poor are that way. Just as most people who are very poor and become very rich are pathetic. Few people can take it as you did."

"Oh, I imagine I could take anything in my stride. The unbreakable Mrs. . . . I mean, a superior woman like me. But seriously, Frick, how could you break with a girl like Constance?"

He leaned forward, his eyes clear.

"You're asking me for a reason?"

"Yes, I am. I'd like it straight."

"All right, Glory. You can have anything in my life straight. . . . The kid and I and the Kings were on a week-end. She put on quite an act. Kitty King said to me I had no right to keep her on the jump. I protested that my last desire was to keep Connie on the jump; that I felt my manner was plain enough for a blind woman to read. Kitty agreed with me, but she insisted Connie was too kindergarten and that I ought to have a big farewell scene."

"Nice of Kitty?"

"I suppose so. But I was in for it. So I took Connie home from that week-end and let her have it. The kid was a handful, let me tell you."

"She got you down, huh?"

"She sure did."

"Did you spend the night with her?"

He said: "Glory, we were both drinking."

She cut her chicken carefully.

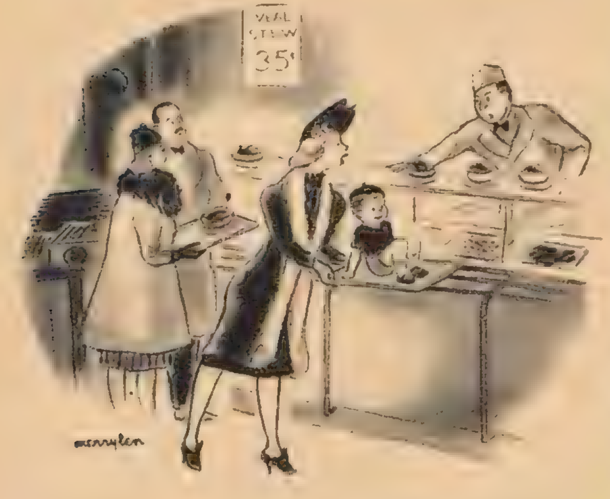
"You once told me she was pathetic," she said softly.

"She is," he nodded, and with a breath of relief picked up the salt.

"I'll say she is," Glory agreed. "Has your mother ever met her?"

"Oh, sure. She thinks Connie's swell. Connie's mother and mine were bridesmaids of each other. I don't know who was bridesmaid to whom. . . . I wish I didn't have to go to mother's week-end. I wish I could even see you to the plane this afternoon."

"Think of me when you dance with mother's friends," she grinned.



"He promised to eat spinach if I'd do it!"

"And I do wish, Frick, you'd go to a good oculist while I'm gone. I'm sure he'd find some tiny mote that causes those awful headaches that torture you."

He was to remember that. And the tenderness with which she kissed him good-by an hour later when she said to him:

"We planned a lovely future, my Frick. It was four days we will never forget—neither of us. Take good care of yourself, and when you play the organ in your mother's house, play Glory, Glory, Hallelujah . . . but don't play or sing it anywhere else."

Yes, he was to remember those things. Because that kiss of good-by and those instructions would recur to him often in the years he did not see Glory.

She went upstairs to her suite and sent Jeff a long wire:

SAILING THURSDAY FOR EUROPE AND A LADYS LIFE STOP PLEASE GIVE OUR HOME TO FATHER RENARD FOR AN ORPHANAGE AND SEE STEVE ELSIE AND MAXIE PLACED STOP IN CASE YOU ARE INTERESTED MY OWN OIL MAGNATE THERE WILL BE NO DIVORCE AND NO ROMANCE STOP ANY TIME YOU NEED ME BESIDE YOU LET ME KNOW STOP I WILL ADVISE YOU OF MY WHEREABOUTS WHICH AT PRESENT I DO NOT KNOW STOP SANS SOUCI GLORY

After which she called up some people she knew in Washington: men who had been at her house—her empty hollow Doll's house in Texas—where they had played for blissful hours as hard and as whole-souled as children. . . .

It was surprising how many influential people she knew. And how many men were excited that Glory was going to Paris. . . . It steadied her to see the number of people she would meet . . . all those introductions!

And the American ambassador to France was to be on her Tuesday boat. . . .

Strange that Jeff should know enough or listen to any one long enough to learn how to wire her at sailing time. But she read his message and felt safe:

MY OWN LITTLE DESERT RAT STOP STOP YOU HAVE LEARNED I GUESS AND BEEN HURT SO ITS NO PLACE FOR ME STOP AGAIN YOU PROBABLY NEVER WILL BUT IF YOU EVER COME BACK TO YOUR INADEQUATE JEFF EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST THE SAME STOP PLEASE HE COULD NOT BE HAPPIER BECAUSE HE HAS KNOWN THE BEST OF HAPPINESS AND SO IT IS ONLY YOUR HAPPINESS NOW THAT COUNTS STOP AND TAKE A BREATH I HAVE HIT SO MUCH OIL THEY CANNOT BARREL IT SO FIND YOUR HAPPINESS BABY IF IT TAKES MILLIONS IN DOLLARS AND MEN THATS ALL I CARE ABOUT AND I AM GLAD IT WAS NOT FRICK WHO HAS FILLED THE BILL BECAUSE HE IS REALLY A WEAK BROTHER IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN STOP NOW YOU WILL MEET DUKES AND COUNTS AND RULERS BUT IF EVER YOU NEED YOUR BIG DESERT RAT JUST SEND OUT THE WORD AND REMEMBER YOU ARE THE BEST WOMAN WAS EVER BORN AND SEE MATTHEW FIVE THIRTEEN AND NEVER LOSE YOUR SAVOR AND IF FRICK FOLLOWS YOU TO PARIS GIVE HIM THE SAME KIND OF LEAD YOU GAVE THE HOLDUP MEN IN THE BANK STOP I LOVE YOU BUT I WILL NEVER STOP BECAUSE I AM BUILT THAT WAY JEFFERSON

PLEASE SEND ME ALL SNAPSHOTS WHEN YOU HAVE TIME AND ALL NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS LIKE A DEAR WIFE

Yes, she got that at sailing time. And in the odd disturbance of boat whistles and the excitement of harbor clearance, she read it, and bent her head over the rail, weeping.

Not really weeping. She was bawling.

As a man some seven feet away noted.

What will Glory find across the water to take the place of the dream that has failed her? Does a new love wait? Don't miss the next chapter, in which, leaving regrets behind, she plunges into an exciting unfamiliar world.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **THE RISING TIDE** by M. J. Farrell. The Macmillan Company. The vivid story of an old Irish house and of how its sinister hold on a family was broken by a glamorous woman.

"JUST PICTURE ME..
having fun on my Greyhound trip"

"Just picture my surprise on being candid-camera-snapped by none other than Chief Ump-Ump-Wah, the solidest citizen of that trading post near the Painted Desert! It certainly proves you're always meeting up with the exciting and the unexpected when you go adventuring by Greyhound Super-Coach."

Seriously, you seem to be closer to lovely bits of scenery—more intimate with the strange and spectacular—on Greyhound travels. Before planning your next trip—for this week, this spring, or this summer—learn Greyhound's fascinating side of the travel story. Talk to your local agent or send the coupon below for a booklet packed full of pertinent facts about Greyhound's unmatched comfort, liberal stopovers, dollar-saving fares, and map-wide service.

GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

Cleveland, O., East 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa. . Broad St. Sta.
New York City . 245 W. 50th St.
Chicago, Illinois . 12th & Wabash
Charleston, W. Va., 155 Summers St.
Minneapolis, Minn. 509 Sixth Avenue, N.
Boston, Mass. . . 60 Park Square
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1403 New York Ave, N. W.
Detroit, Michigan . . . . Washington Boulevard at Grand River
Lexington, Ky. 801 N. Limestone
San Francisco, California . . . . Pine & Battery Streets
Ft. Worth, Tex., 905 Commerce St.
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
Memphis, Tenn. . 527 N. Main St.
N. Orleans, La., 400 N. Rampart St.
Cincinnati, Ohio . 630 Walnut St.
Richmond, Va. . 412 E. Broad St.
Toronto, Ontario . . . . 1501 Royal Bank Building
London, Eng., A. B. Reynoldson . . . . 49 Leadenhall Street

GREYHOUND Lines

MAIL COUPON FOR PICTORIAL BOOKLET

Just mail this to nearest information office listed above for colorful pictorial booklet "See America Best." If you want low rates, route suggestions on any special trip, jot down place you wish to visit, on this line:

____

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________ LI-2

Envy the old-time Tahitian

Early travelers to the South Sea Isles marvelled at the Tahitians' strong, healthy bodies, and magnificently sound, white teeth—kept well-exercised and healthy by chewing rough, primitive foods. Our own soft, civilized foods give teeth far too little exercise.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5¢

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

WE MODERNS NEED DENTYNE! Many dentists recommend Dentyne as a sensible daily health habit. Its specially firm consistency occasions more vigorous chewing—provides needed exercise—aids mouth health. A beauty habit too! It helps keep teeth whiter—your smile lovelier!

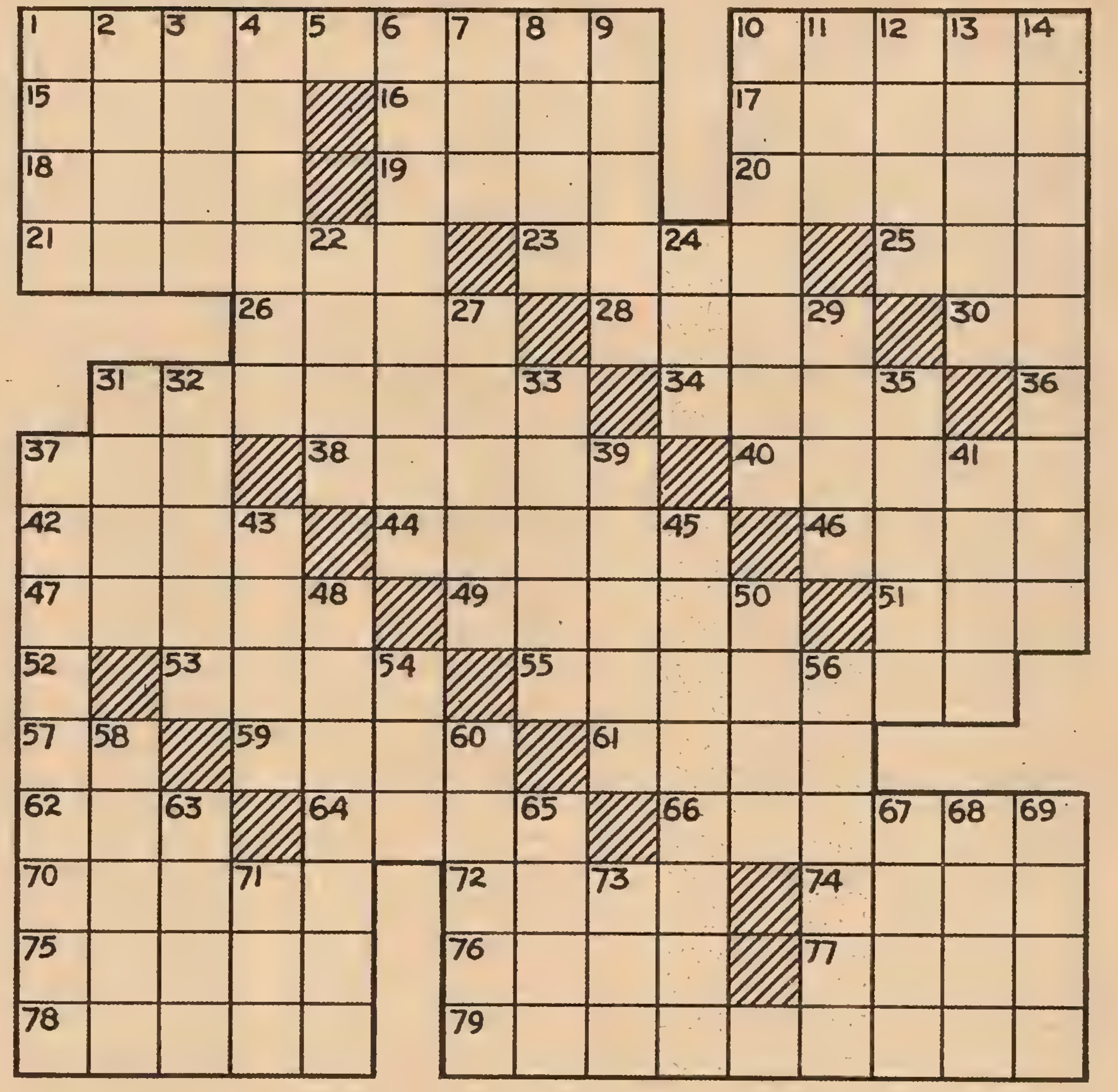
TASTE THAT SMOOTH, SPICY FLAVOR—a luscious treat in itself! And you'll appreciate another exclusive Dentyne feature—the shape of the package. It lies neatly flat in your pocket or purse—conveniently at hand.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

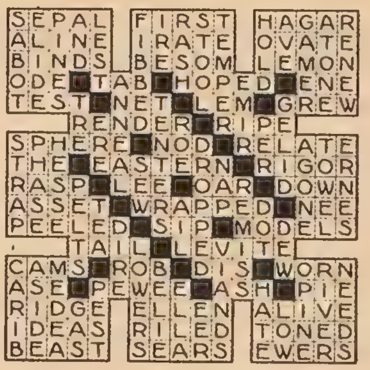
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 On vain quest for powder and paint,
This makes women what they ain't (two words)
10 Gal with a Chinese attachment, responsible for a strange movement in Harlem
15 When a door isn't a door, it's this
16 To New Yorkers: A man not born in the middle of Times Square; to others: A man from home
17 A Gallic farewell
18 An unprintable word
19 What goats have
20 Cause of baldness among cats
21 Two-legged shark
23 Their conduct is fishy and often shocking
25 Beginning, middle, and end of all cigars
26 What a big executive does after a two-hour wait in a poker game
28 Blackest thing in Harlem
30 The beginning of a street
31 Because of him Cuba is dictated but not red
34 Dine à la rat
36 First word Mussolini spoke
37 Big Ben of old Rome
38 Hardest thing for children to keep
40 A bit of ould Ireland
42 The little man in love
44 The newshawk's dream
46 Famous playing field where big battles were won
47 Wouldn't this burn you up?
49 Has St. Vitus of the hands and spins yarns
51 Terminal for a lot of stations nobody ever gets off at
52 Pillmaker's sign
53 Red cheese
55 Crabby



```
SEPAL FIRST HAGAR
ALINE IRATE OVATE
BINDS BESOM LEMON
ODE■TAB■HOPED■ENE
TEST■NET■LEM■GREW
   RENDER■RIPE
SPHERE■NOD■RELATE
THE■EASTERN■RIGOR
RASP■LEE■OAR■DOWN
ASSET■WRAPPED■NEE
PEELED■SIP■MODELS
   TAIL■LEVITE
CAMS■ROB■DIS■WORN
ASE■PEWEE■ASH■PIE
RIDGE ELLEN ALIVE
IDEAS RILED TONED
BEAST SEARS EWERS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

57 A word of thanks from the young
59 The upkeep on roses
61 Turkish tycoon
62 Carnera was an ambling one
64 This always falls on policemen's dogs
66 Cossack tycoon, father of ataboy
70 Found at the bottom of athlete's foot
72 Jewish priest
74 In hoc, veritas
75 Pluckiest of the Marxes
76 What Chinese laundrymen will do to their difficulties
77 Andy man
78 Step into something
79 Cause of increase of heart trouble in February

VERTICAL

1 Fully fashioned
2 Unreasonable brute who co-starred with Lightnin'
3 Kill Kare's one
4 Trying fellow
5 Kind of war boat
6 What Japan got out of the Panay
7 Springy jack-in-the-box, full of flowers
8 Wind machine
9 Gen. Franco drinks it with blood
10 Human pretzel benders
11 Purple Hindu pottery
12 What Frenchmen who fall off boats do
13 Fresh things Thos. Dewey has for brekker
14 Whys and wherefores
22 Portuguese rubles
24 The captain's diary
27 A few applications of this smarten up the younger generation
29 100-per-cent yarn
31 He stopped a Hamilton's movement with a bit of lead
32 Slipped from the downy
33 Where the last of the dogies seem to have gotten at last (thank goodness!)
35 The old-time toast of Salem
37 The indigestion of love
39 The Mississippi of France
41 The old run-around, stand-up, snoot (two words)
43 Things in the air during an Irish fight
45 Superindigestion
48 He's in the swim at Miami
50 It covers a multitude of skins, takes a man to fill one
54 Unsettled thing about France
56 Supertie
58 Gent's name
60 1154
63 Flirty and skirty
65 Jupe's ball and chain
67 Were you to c her, she'd turn into an ape
68 Later, maybe
69 Trombone played in one's sleep
71 He's always up to some monkey business
73 First half of a tome

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ENTER NOW TO WIN!

WORDS WITHIN WORDS WILL PAY $750 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

GET into this absorbing game today by completing Diagram 2. Your chance to win one of the big prizes is still excellent even with this delayed start. While the rules explain in detail exactly how to win, here is a summary of the game to help you get started:

The object is to fill in horizontal words, starting each with the letter of the key word which appears in the first space of its line, the horizontal words to be composed only of letters contained in the key word. Horizontal words may contain from two to eight letters, and no letter may be used in any one word more times than it appears in the key word. In other words, if the vertical key word at the left of the diagram has eleven letters, you will supply eleven horizontal words made up of letters in the key word and each starting with the key-word letter which appears in the first space of its line. In scoring, all letters increase one point in value for each successive use. Taking A, for example, mark 1 in the space above its first appearance. The next time it appears, mark 2 above it, etc. When you are through, each letter of the diagram, including the key word, will have its consecutive value entered above it. Total all these values to get the total score of your diagram.

It is easy to see that the more times you can use a given letter in building your words, the larger your score will be through this repetition. That's where skill comes in. Clip the diagram and save it until the end of the contest. Diagram 3 will appear next week.

A							
C							
H							
I							
E							
V							
E							
M							
E							
N							
T							

DIAGRAM 2 *Total*. . . . .

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed Diagram 1 in last week's issue you can obtain a reprint upon written request to the address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon each late-entry blank will be reproduced a completely worked-out Words Within Words diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.

THE RULES

1. This contest will run for five weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 19, 1938.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal blank squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters; the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Any English word found in Funk & Wagnalls' New Unabridged Standard Dictionary, the official reference of this game, may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the dotted lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of five is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them, together with a fifty-word statement on "The Contest I Like Best, and Why," to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total accompanied by the clearest, most logical statement will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the First Prize of $300. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; ten prizes, each $10; and forty prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Wednesday, March 30, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Mr. J. J. Pelley Speaks for the Railroads

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In January 8 Liberty appears an article entitled How United Is the United States? by Donald Furthman Wickets, in which certain erroneous and unjustified statements are made regarding the railroads.

The intent of the article apparently is to show that the bulk of population of this country stays at home because the cost of travel is too great. The American public is the greatest traveler of any country in the world, and this tendency has increased in the past fifteen years. The Federal Co-ordinator of Transportation, in his Passenger Traffic Report issued early in 1935, pointed out that in 1929 the American travel market had been expanded in volume over fivefold.

Declaring that " extensive motor tours still remain the privilege of those in the higher economic brackets," the article adds:

" And train travel is even more expensive. Fares are so prohibitive that many splendid trains rumble half empty from coast to coast, and several railroads are on the verge of bankruptcy."

The cost to the public traveling on trains today is less than it has been in the history of this country. Since 1921 there has been a gradual decrease in this cost. The average revenue received by the railroads for carrying a passenger one mile in the first eight months of 1937 was only 1.785 cents, a decrease of 42 per cent compared with 1921, when it was 3.086 cents. In the past year passenger traffic amounted to nearly twenty-five billion passenger-miles—that is, the number of passengers multiplied by the distance carried. This was an increase of 10.8 per cent compared with 1936, in addition to which there were gratifying increases in 1934, 1935, and 1936.

At another place in the article appears the following:

" The government has advanced to our railroads vast amounts of money. Could not Uncle Sam in return for these loans, which will never be repaid, exact special rates for large groups traveling under his auspices up and down the American continent? "

By what right can the author of this article assert that these loans will never be repaid? The history of American railroads is not such as would justify any such statement.

For example, at the time of the return of the railroads to private operation immediately following the World War, the railroads owed the government $1,080,575,463. Of that amount all but $30,590,233 has been repaid. The railroads, however, have paid the government $217,704,507 in interest on those loans, so that even should the government not receive one penny of the remaining $30,590,233 it still would have a sizable profit.

In regard to the present situation, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has made loans totaling $537,126,000 to the railroads of this country, of which amount $181,204,000, or 34 per cent, has been repaid. This leaves $355,922,000 in outstanding loans made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to the railroads. In the light of the record of the railroads in repaying to the government more than a billion dollars due after the World War, is there any justification for the conclusion that they will not repay the government the $355,922,000 of outstanding loans by the RFC?

The article further refers to the plan of John A. Hastings for " postalizing " passenger transportation of railroads. The article, however, does not mention that part of the plan under which it is proposed that the federal government, acting through a corporation to be organized by it for the purpose, would indemnify the railroads against any possible loss of revenue during a three-year experimental period.—*J. J. Pelley, President of the Association of American Railroads.*

WHAT AN EVENING!

DALLAS, TEX.—Boy, what an evening! For two hours I have been trying to work the Presidents puzzle appearing in January 15 Liberty, and used every conceivable kind of glue to assemble the cut-outs, but none would take.

Then I discovered it was the pros and cons of the Wizard Evans letters in Vox Pop appearing on the reverse side that was causing the jumble, and the mess was so complete I couldn't tell which was to blame.

So I bought a dime's worth of shellac and gave them both a good shellacking and have won the battle. In the future please get together with all cut-out contest editors and get a few *sheets* between you.—*W. E. Johnston.*

JUMBO'S TUSKS NOW CELLULOID

HASTINGS, NEB.—There seems to be some controversy about the disposition of the famous elephant Jumbo's remains. If Mr. Gabrielson (January 8 Vox Pop) will read Oliver Davies' book, Methods in Taxidermy, he will see that Mr. Davies describes the condition of the body when he obtained it for mounting and that he replaced the tusks with celluloid.

My understanding is that after the skin was removed the body was buried at St. Thomas, Ontario.—*A. M. Brooking, Director Hastings (Nebraska) Museum.*

MARGARET MITCHELL CHOSE HER OWN TITLE

ATLANTA, GA.—In the January 1 issue of Liberty, in the feature entitled Twenty Questions, there is an error about the naming of my novel, Gone With the Wind. In the answers to the Twenty Questions you state that Tomorrow Is Another Day was my choice for a title but that my publishers renamed the book Gone With the Wind.

Tomorrow Is Another Day was never seriously considered as a title, and it was only one of a score of titles I tentatively thought of and discarded. My publisher, the Macmillan Company, did not name my book.

Gone With the Wind was my own choice for a title. This phrase occurs on page 397 of the novel. When I suggested it for a title, the Macmillan Company found it acceptable.

I would appreciate it very much if you would make this correction, as so many people have phoned me about it asking if this was not an error.—*Margaret Mitchell Marsh.*

HOW CRIMINALS USUALLY END

HOUSTON, TEX.—I notice that Liberty is doing a lot of good work in crime prevention. Attached is a picture of a criminal who was cornered here and shot himself rather than surrender.

I think it would be a good plan for you to publish this picture in Liberty, so criminals and others may see how criminals usually end.—*A Citizen.*

LOOK AT CHINA, MR. KRIZAN

SANATORIUM, N. C.—Don Krizan (January 8 Vox Pop), criticizing Mr. Macfadden's editorial, The Savage Brutality of Modern War, asks, " Has Mr. Macfadden ever noticed what has happened to racketeers when they try to arm themselves for protection? Likewise nations? "

Has Don ever noticed what is happening to China, which *did not* arm herself for protection?—*D. C. McPhail.*

DRESSING OUR DUCK HUNTRESS PROPERLY

NEWARK, MD.—Relevant to the Vox Pop letter in January 15 Liberty by Mr. H. E. Griffin, Kalamazoo, Michigan, chiding Ellen B. Segner for dressing the duck huntress (December 4 Liberty cover) in bright red and green, I wish to express my doubts as to his familiarity with the delicateness of feminine idiosyncrasies.

The portrayal, I think, is just as any little lady would have tentatively sallied forth when the ducks first went into a huddle.

However, I don't claim to be any authority on femininity, so I suggest that Mr. Griffin consult Joe Penner for corroboration, being cognizant of Joe's intimacy with at least one of the duck family. From Joe's speech now, he has apparently learned to speak " duck."

Perhaps the old duck has told him some secrets Mr. Griffin doesn't know about?—*I. D. Clare.*

BEST EDITORIAL IN 44 YEARS

GLASTONBURY, CONN.—The editorial by Mr. Macfadden in January 15 Liberty, Are the Politicians on the Skids? is the best I have read in forty-four years. It's right to the point, and a reprint should be in the hands of every voter in this country. —*E. V. L.*

GLARING ERROR?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Why does an ordinarily alert Liberty spoil such a nice little tale, " Mine Enemy's Dog " (January 15), with an illustration that is contrary to the text of the story? I quote: " They had conversed only in glares for so many long years." — *Frederick G. Kiefer.*

MR. FORTE IS PIANO

DENVER, COLO.—In describing the word " pianoforte " in January 15 Twenty Questions, you state: " Pianoforte is from the Italian: *piano* means soft; *forte,* loud." Although my name is Forte, I am *piano.* Please straighten me out.—*J. B. Forte.*

Nominate J. Edgar Hoover for Gold Medal of Valor

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—During the second semester of the past college year I had the privilege of studying in a seminar class, which I directed, the record of one of America's most outstanding and useful citizens. As a result of this study and a similar one made by a faculty committee prior to awarding this man an honorary degree last June, I am convinced, as are several of my colleagues, that he should be considered very carefully for Liberty's Gold Medal Award for Valor in Citizenship. I refer to John Edgar Hoover.

Here is a man who typifies in so many ways the sturdy, determined, and unselfish spirit of America.—*Paul C. Staake, Kalamazoo College.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—We wish to nominate J. Edgar Hoover, and after nominating him close the nominations, because in our mind there is no one who so richly deserves this award as Mr. Hoover. There can be no doubt in any one's mind. Of all the citizens in these United States, who does not appreciate the fact that they go to bed each night a great deal safer in the sanctity of their homes than they could have done before the courage of this dynamic individual made itself so forcefully known?

Mr. Hoover, we believe, has done more to protect the rights of citizenship in our country, through his undying devotion to the cause of law and order, than any other man.—*Edward F. Hager.*

[Others who nominated J. Edgar Hoover were: Thomas Emmett Coll, Pittsburgh, Pa.; L. M. Rubens, Joliet, Ill.; G. A. Worley, State Attorney, Miami, Fla.; Joseph Otto, Miami, Fla.; W. Richard Glavin, Arlington, Va.; L. B. Nichols, Arlington, Va.; R. E. Vetterli, New York, N. Y.; Dwight Brantley, Kansas City, Mo.; Stanley Reuss, Brownsville, Tex.; and the following from Washington, D. C.: Clyde Falcon, W. H. Drane Lester, Clifford O. Smith, Clarence W. Toliver, Lawrence Walker, Myron Higgins, Austin Sobers, Robert B. Lewis, Norman W. Johnson, Jr., Charles A. Brown, Milton L. Lashley, Alphonzo Skirk, Richard W. Hall, John Goode, (Mrs.) Irene A. Smith, Dean and Mrs. Thomas Hawkins, Harold T. Hawthorne, Thomas Edwards, Jessie Costley, Clyde Carey, Marie B. Bowling, J. Archibald Smith, Rosabelle D. Hunter, Virlie S. Morrison, R. Robinson Davis, C. M. Sheedy, George M. Cefauve, Jr., J. C. Roca, William Jaffe, L. H. Ferguson, Anita Sheaffer, W. E. House, William Powell, Charles E. Allen, J. B. Patterson, Julia Smoc Kurn, Melvin W. Thomas, Octavius D. Polk, Lena M. Merriwether, Kochell O. Anderson, James E. Crawford, Glenn H. Bethel, Mary A. Myers, Esther Butler, A. A. W. Griffith, Nanon Jones, F. D. McLeod, Willie M. Lucas, A. B. Jackson, E. Russell Smith, Irma Belle Wedlock, Anthony Pierce, John Young, and Guy M. West.]

WANTS FICTION FOR HIS HARD-EARNED NICKEL

FARGO, N. D.—For the past seven years I have been in the habit of spending a hard-earned five-cent piece on your publication, and liked it. But now, when I get Liberty, there is very little fiction. Won't you stop all this ballyhoo about Wallis Simpson, etc., and give us something that is really interesting—more fiction?—*J. H. Nolin.*

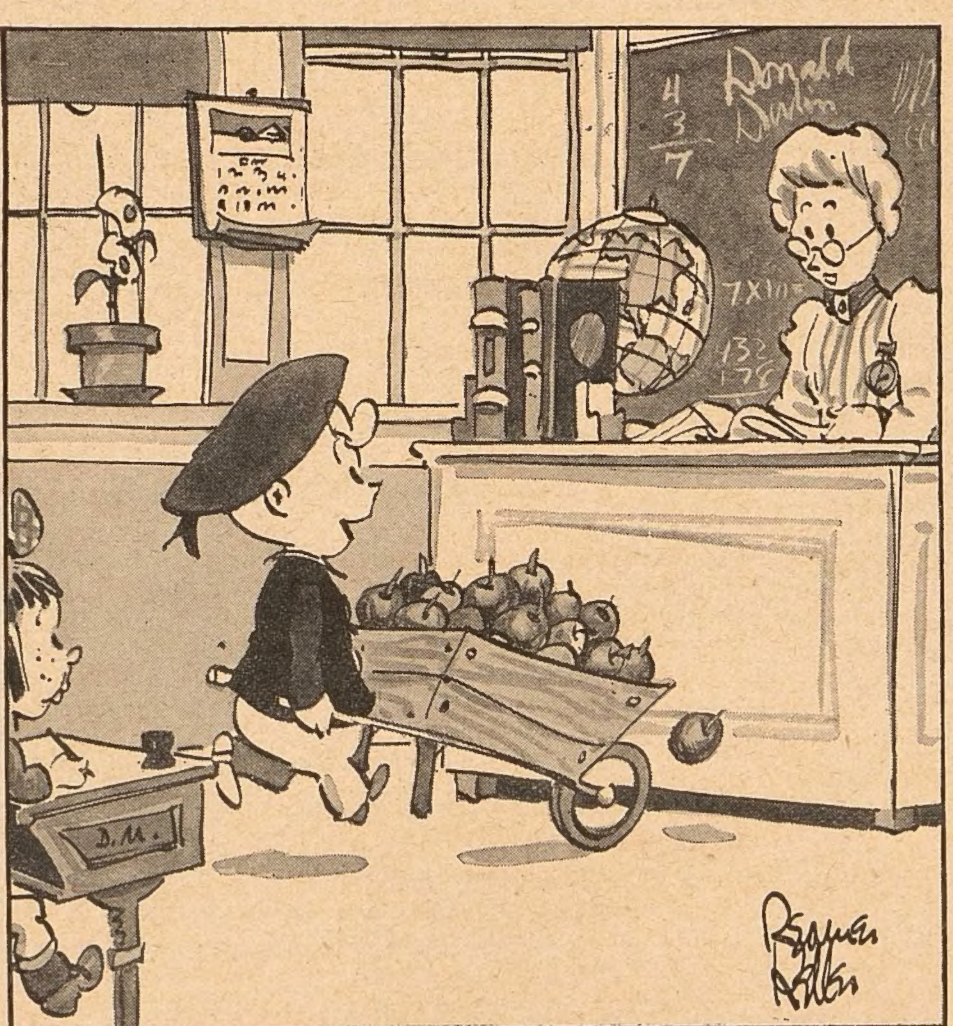
BOUGHT EXTRA COPIES FOR NEGRO SCHOOLTEACHERS

MORRILTON, ARK.—That was a wonderful article, Black Man's Miracles—The Story of a Great and Good American, by Fred Allhoff, in January 8 Liberty.

I was first directed to the article by my seventeen-year-old son, a high-school senior, who insisted that I stop what I was doing and read it. And I did—and then had all the family read it. I bought all the extra copies I could find in town, and passed them out to Negro schoolteachers, asking them to have the article read in the schoolrooms. Oh, that is just the doctrine we need so badly here in this beautiful Southland. But a heap of the folks in our territory don't read Liberty and missed the story of Dr. Carver, so I wonder if the rules would permit us publishing this article in our country weekly, giving Liberty full credit?

You are doing a good work—keep it up. We can yet save our country—if those of us who love the traditions that made it possible keep on the job as you and your staff are doing.—*Curtis B. Hurley, Editor Morrilton Democrat.*

"HARDTACK"



" This takes care of the three weeks I was out with the mumps."

Another American Tells the Duke and Duchess

NOW THAT UPTON SINCLAIR has told the Duke and Duchess of Windsor how they should manage their lives, others have caught the fever to advise them. . . . Having heard that Sinclair was writing an article for Liberty on the subject (you will find it on page 11 of this issue), Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., John Erskine, and others came forward with notions of their own. . . . That they differ widely from Sinclair's goes without argument. . . . That they contain surprises of their own makes them really exciting. . . . Next week Mr. Vanderbilt speaks to the loving wanderers with a certain affectionate asperity born of old acquaintance which he will not let be forgot. . . . With a slightly churlish audacity, Mr. Vanderbilt reminds the former King of some conversations they had together in former days, and proceeds to speak his mind frankly on the quality of some of the couple's present playfellows. . . . While he does not become too specific, Vanderbilt no doubt means to suggest that the two exiles for love could do with fewer playfellows and perhaps some workfellows. . . . Vanderbilt calls a spade, with a slight clearing of the throat, a spade. . . . The lives of this great pair will continue to interest the world, and since they seem to have been most unwisely advised for a long time now, we do not feel especially apologetic in offering them a little friendly but entirely unsycophantic counsel. . . . A FAST-MOVING and truly agreeable novel begins next week, a tale told by one of the favorites among Liberty's authors. . . . The story is called She Woke Up Smiling, and the author is our old friend, since as far back as White Pants Willie, Elmer Davis. . . . We can safely guarantee you a good time with his new yarn about a darn fine gal and the always bedeviling predicament of love against riches. . . . A PLEASANT FEAST of fiction is spread in our next issue, including three fine short stories: Lina, by John Erskine—and of course that is another tale of the rogue Casanova; Manhunt, a G-man yarn of suspense and emotion, by Will F. Jenkins; and Dead Man's Secret by Llewellyn Hughes. . . . H. G. Wells brings us an important article called The Future of Liberalism, and there is a corking sports double feature—a baseball argument between Charles Gehringer and Joe Medwick. . . . "I Hit the Next One," says Charles; and "So Do I," says Joe, and the fun is on. . . . You don't have to be a baseball fan to enjoy these two pieces. . . . HOMER NODS and even Liberty slips up badly now and then. In our Twenty Questions, January 29, was: "A human being can go about how long without food? Without water? Without air?" When you turned to the proper page you found us answering cocksurely, "Forty days, four days, four minutes—according to Dr. Morris Fishbein of the American Medical Association."

Now it is Mr. Bernarr Macfadden himself who chastises us for going pretty far wrong. Says he, "I personally conducted a fast on one occasion for ninety days. A woman doctor out West who manages a fasting sanatorium has conducted fasts from fifty to seventy days. Dr. Tanner, on his second fast of forty days, went without water the first two weeks. But I doubt if any ordinary individual could live four minutes without air."

Three answers. Three errors. Nice work!

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Prepare to Fight or Face National Death . . Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Tough or Tender . . . . Patrick Quentin 14
The Girl and the General . . . . Howard Fast 32
Annual Visit—Liberty's Short Short . . . . Steve Fisher 46

SERIALS

Beginning

Doctors Don't Tell . . . . Dr. "George B. Raymond" 6
What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?—Part V
Former Governor Harold G. Hoffman 24
One Woman Against the Narcotic Ring—Conclusion
Frederick L. Collins 43
Emil Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt—Conclusion 47
The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll—Part VII . . . . Grace Perkins 52

ARTICLES

A Plan of Life for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor
Upton Sinclair 11
Must Japan and the United States Go to War? . . Hirosi Saito 19
Why Japan Is Not to Be Trusted . . . . . . Mayling Soong Chiang 21
(Madame Chiang Kai-shek)
Why Married Men Become Champions . . . . Joe Louis 22
Springboard: The National Scandal of Parole
Judge George E. Q. Johnson 39

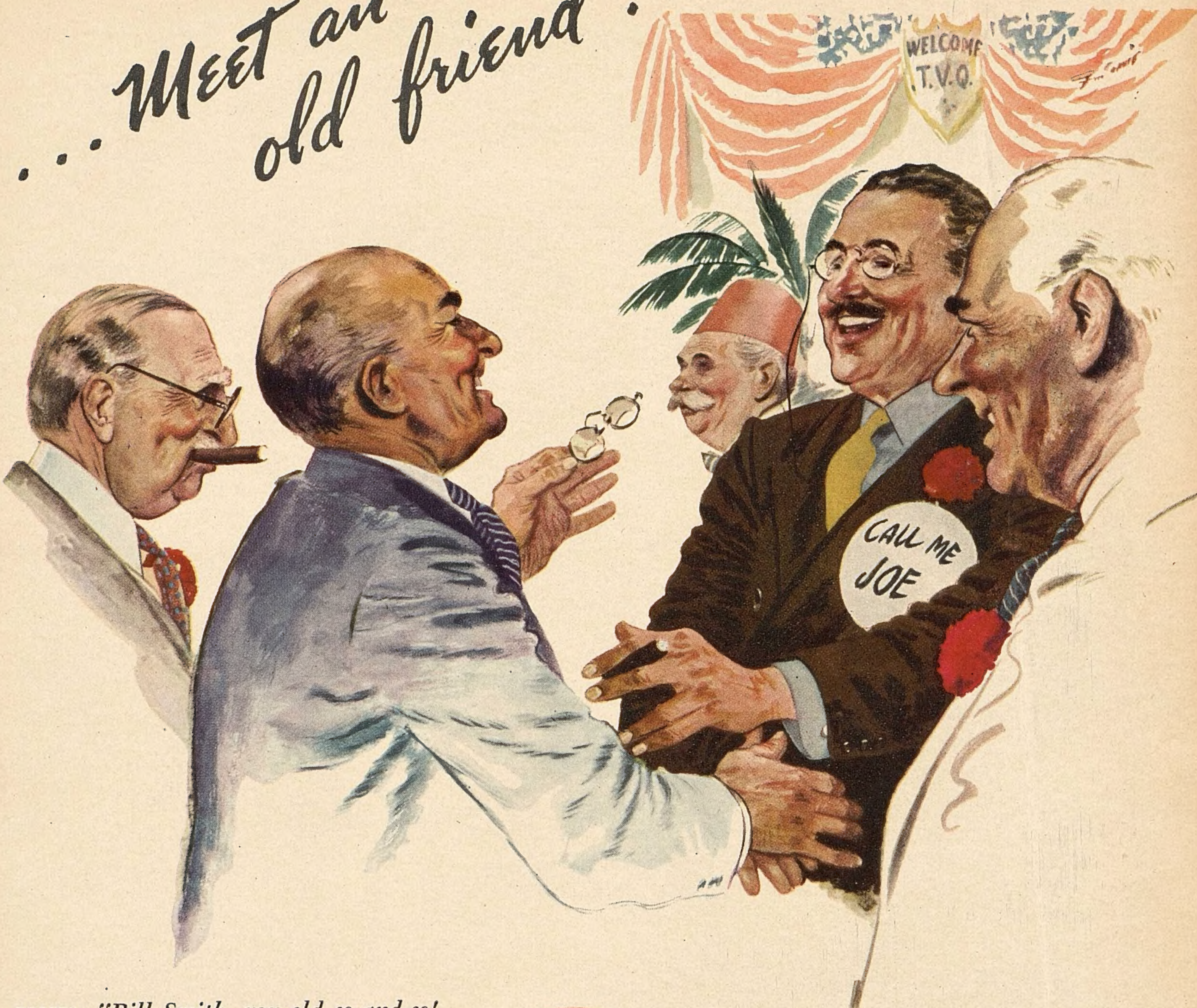
FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 18; Twenty Questions, 38; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 41; Crossword Puzzle, 58; $750 Words Within Words Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY C. D. BATCHELOR

. . . Meet an old friend?


WELCOME
T.V.Q.
CALL ME JOE

JONES: *"Bill Smith, you old so-and-so! Am I glad to see you!"*

SMITH: *"Joe Jones!... Say, come on into the bar and we'll Double Our Enjoyment with a Ten High or two."*

JONES: *"It's been ten years, Bill—but I see we still speak the same language... Let's go!"*

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high-spot occasion? Then you'll want Hiram Walker's TEN HIGH! For this famous bourbon with "No Rough Edges" slowly ripens winter as well as summer in modern weather-controlled rackhouses, week after week, month after month, 2 long years thru!

THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD
Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH

Double your enjoyment with

Hiram Walker's

THE HIGH-SPOTS OF LIFE

TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

CALL FOR TEN HIGH

90 PROOF Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois; Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.

"Are Camels Really different from other Cigarettes?"

A QUESTION OF INTEREST TO EVERY SMOKER

"I've never been very fussy about cigarettes. Do you think that Camels are really as different as some people say, Bill?"

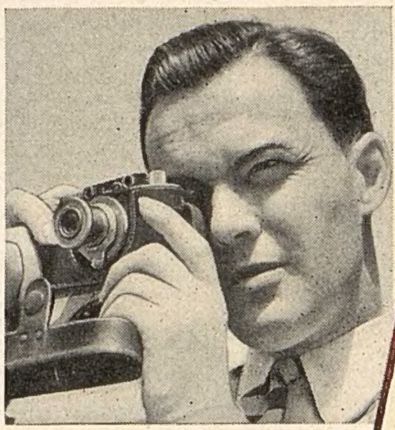
"You bet, John! A fellow in any work as hard as selling has to figure a lot of angles on his smoking, such as how it agrees with him. And just notice how many salesmen smoke Camels. I changed to Camels—smoked 'em steadily—and I found a distinct difference in the way I enjoyed all-day smoking and the way I felt. Camels *agree* with me!"

A FRIEND DROPS IN to see Bill's model racing sloop. Daly passes the Camels and answers a question about smoking: "That all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't square with my experience. Steady smoking is the test that shows Camels in a class by themselves. They don't make my nerves 'edgy.'"

...When H. W. DALY, 34, rayon salesman, says: "Yes, Camels *are* really different," millions of other smokers back him up. And that explains why Camels are preferred by the *largest*, as well as the most enthusiastic, body of smokers ever known.

A KISS FROM MARITA (Mrs. Daly) and Bill is off to his job in the city. The Dalys agree about Camels. Mrs. Daly smoked them first, soon noticed a difference. "Now we find that Camels agree better with both of us," she says.

MARITA'S PLANNING a grand feed. "We enjoy entertaining," she says. "I like plenty of Camels at the table. Camels cheer up digestion. They even cheered up Bill's disposition."



ON WEEK-ENDS, Bill's a candid camera fan. On week days he "pounds the streets." "When my energy begins to fail," he says, "I get a quick 'lift' with a Camel."

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

A matchless blend of finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
—Turkish and Domestic

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. **"Camels agree with me"**